Sept. 25, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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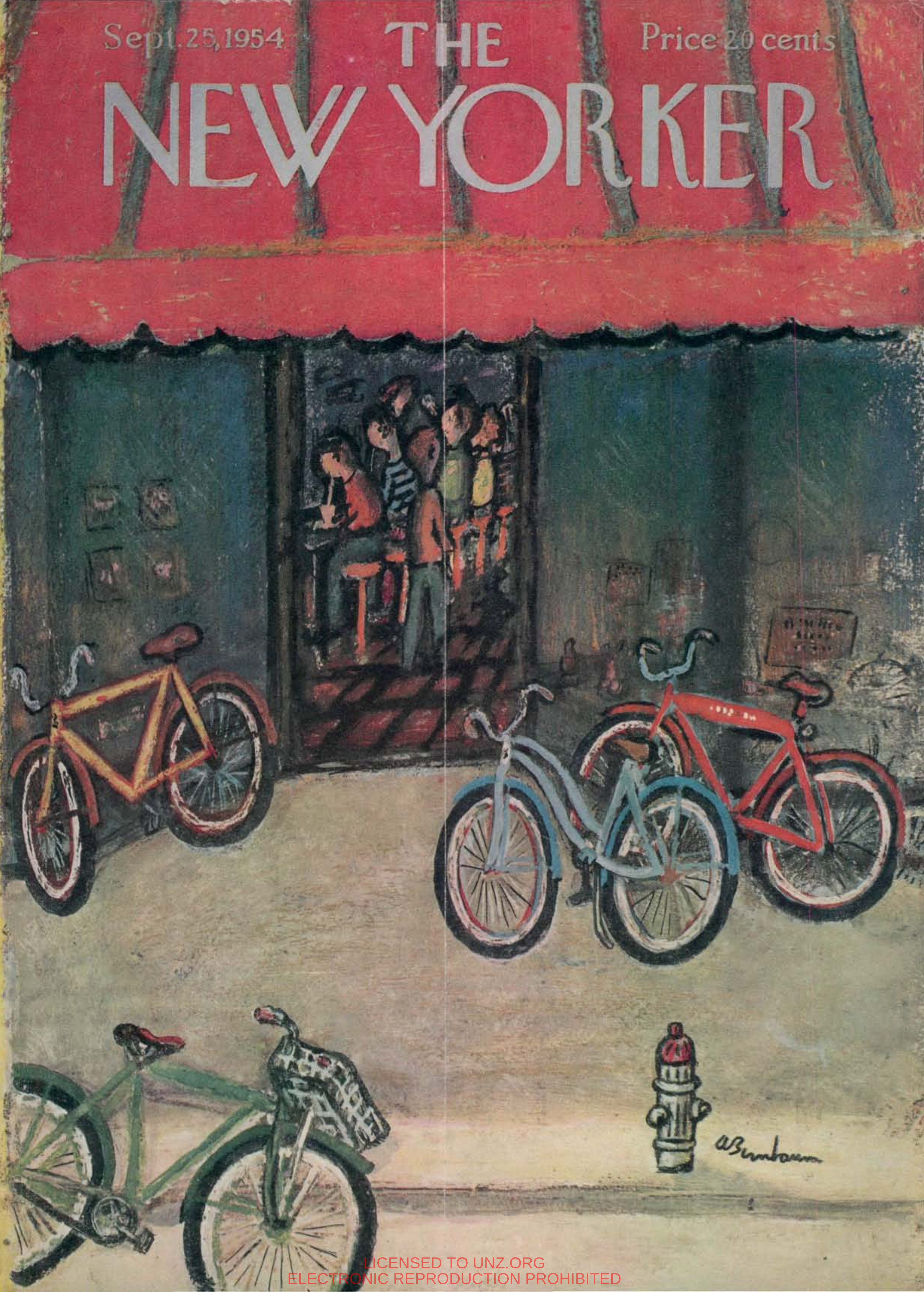

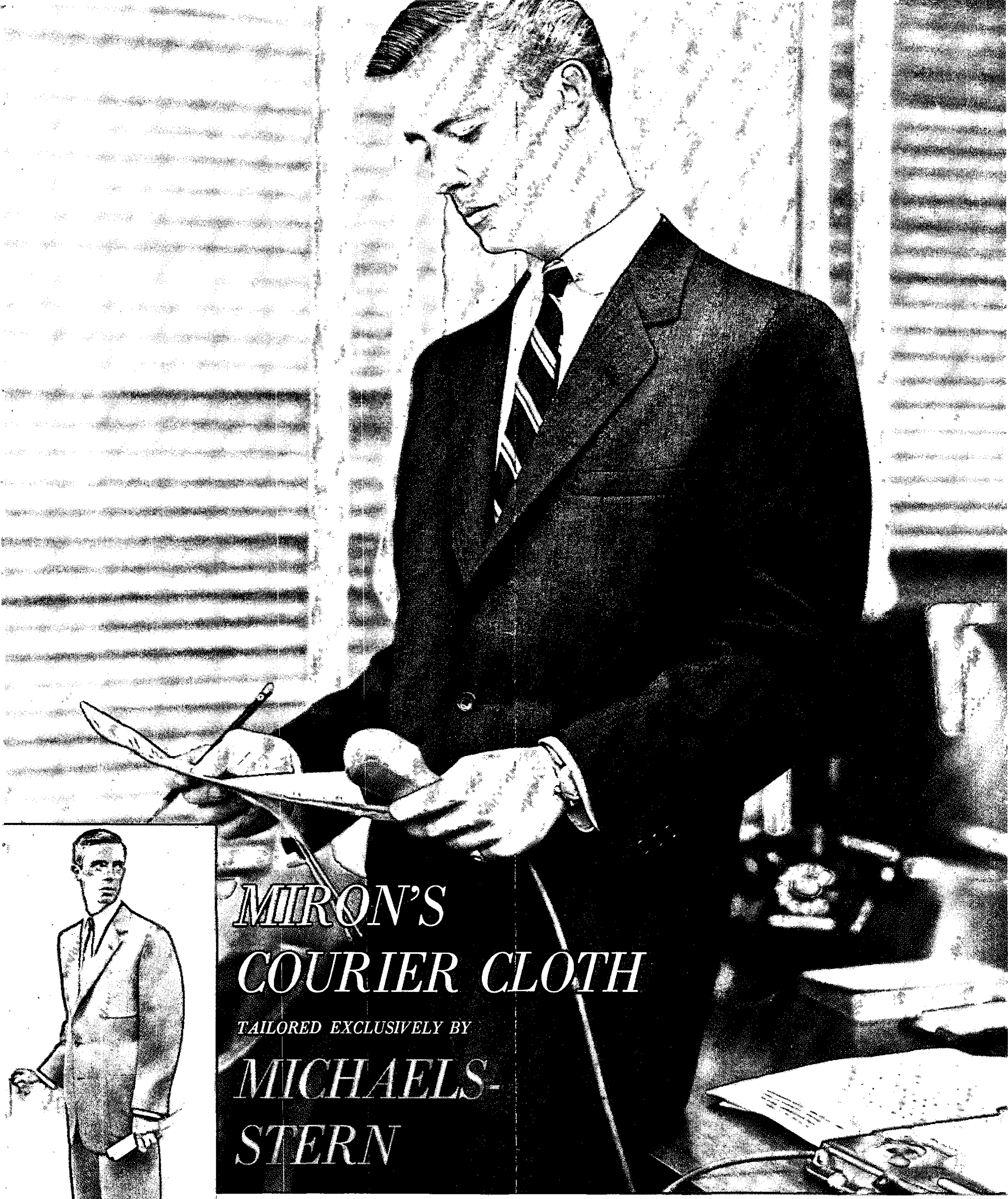
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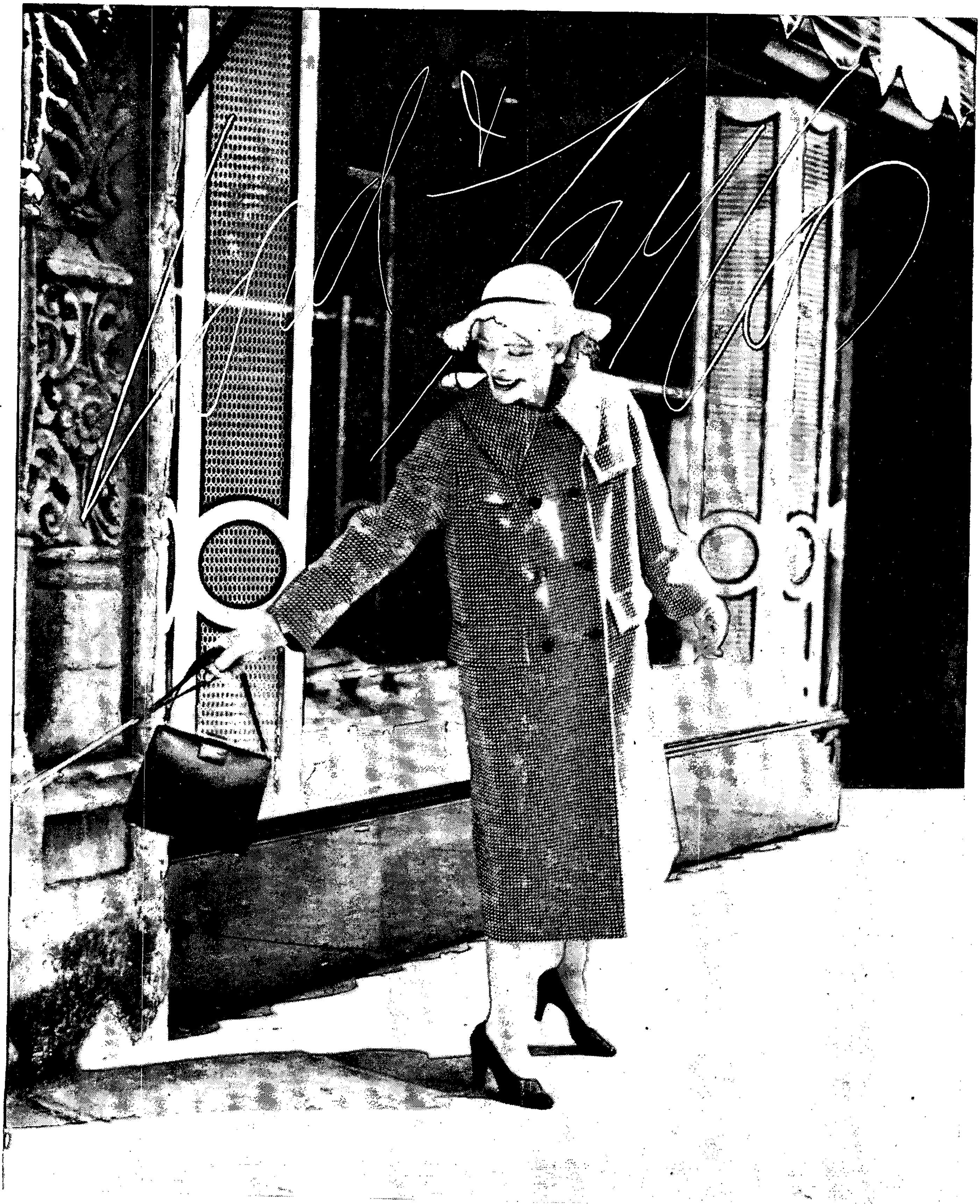

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

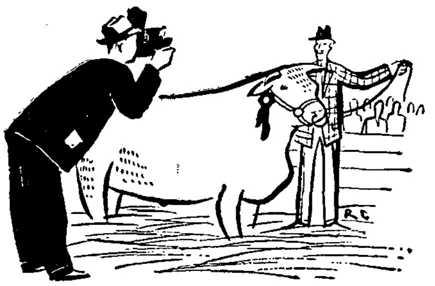
Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak is very good indeed as the defendant in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, in which Barry Sullivan is now appearing as the defense counsel. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead brings all her enormous talent and vitality to this revamping of a comedy that was around here ten years ago, but the odds are heavily against her. With Fred Keating, Robert Coote, Hugh Reilly, and Werner Klemperer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Monday, Sept. 27, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE FIFTH SEASON:** Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff are currently the stars of this play about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!:** An account, by Edward Chodorov, of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. At present, Lloyd Bridges is the analyst, and Tony Randall and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly confused. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Elliott Nugent currently is the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Josephine Hull, who has had a shocking string of bad luck, is again out of the cast, but Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are still on hand. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** A play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa. Burgess Meredith and Scott McKay have taken over for David Wayne and John Forsythe as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Home is the Hero—An Irish drama by Walter Macken, with Peggy Ann Garner, Glenda Farrell, and the author heading the cast. Produced by the Theatre Guild and Worthington Miner, who also directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—S. Hurok presenting the Old Vic Company, with Robert Helpmann, Moira Shearer, and Stanley Holloway, and augmented by a symphony orchestra and a corps de ballet, in a four-week engagement of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Michael Benthall, costumes and scenery by Robin and Christopher Ironside, and choreography by Mr. Helpmann and Frederick Ashton. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-2165. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15. Through Sunday, Oct. 17.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 26.)

Page

BOOKS 131
THE CURRENT CINEMA 61
LETTER FROM PARIS 118
MUSICAL EVENTS 124
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  FEMININE FASHIONS 104
  ABOUT THE HOUSE 112
THE RACE TRACK 129
A REPORTER AT LARGE 65
TEE AND GREEN 59
TELEVISION 86
THE THEATRE 56

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The Pajama Game—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to what is certainly the best musical around. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and direction by Mr. Abbott. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake is a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

All Summer Long—A new play by Robert Anderson, adapted from a novel by Donald Wetzel. John Kerr, Ed Begley, and June Walker are in the cast. Presented by the Playwrights' Company, directed by Alan Schneider, and with sets by Jo Mielziner. Opens Thursday, Sept. 23. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Boy Friend—A musical written by Sandy Wilson, directed by Vida Hope, and imported from London by Feuer & Martin. Included in the cast are Julie Andrews, John Hewer, and Eric Berry. Opens Thursday, Sept. 30. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Sept. 24: "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—A three-week return engagement of "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with Morris Carnovsky and Jacob Ben-Ami. Opens Friday, Oct. 1, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 29. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Through Sunday, Sept. 26: "The Cretan Woman," a play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. . . . ¶ Starting Saturday, Oct. 2: Jacqueline Brookes in David Garrick's Restoration comedy "The Clandestine Marriage." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Evenings at

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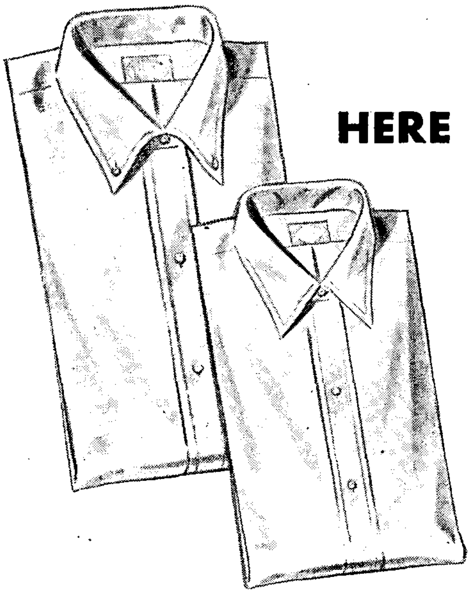

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:45. Matinées Saturday, Sept. 25, and Sundays at 2:45.)

Theatre de Lys—"The Pony Cart," a new play written by Roger Garis and staged by David Pressman, with a cast headed by Louisa Horton and Lamont Johnson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Sept. 23: "Scotch Symphony," "Ivesiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 24: "Con Amore," "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 25: "Four Temperaments," "Harlequinade," "Fanfare," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 25: "The Five Gifts," "Pas de Trois," "La Valse," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 26: "Fanfare," "Ivesiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Scotch Symphony." ... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 26: "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Trois," "Fanfare," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Mata and Hari—With their company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1955," produced by John H. Harris, offers a frozen abbreviation of "Wish You Were Here," a Mother Goose charade, and eight other creations, ranging from "Ave Maria" to a narrated parody of "Dragnet." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

Rodeo—Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, and a couple of hundred cowhands will be holding their first roundup on Thursday, Sept. 30; the last tired steer departs on Sunday, Oct. 17. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play waterhole music in an oasis called the Palm Court every day but Sunday at the cocktail hour, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—With its aging templed hills and its rumpled extras lolling about, it looks like lunch hour on a summer-stock set for "The Egyptian." The only noteworthy characters in this hodgepodge are Joe E. Lewis, a pillar of the parimutuel industry, and the Billy Williams Quartet, which sings up a storm.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band perform for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde (the most celebrated *diseuse* of all Paris, Wisconsin) and Jack Whiting (the young gray Mayor of Broadway) have cooked up a sort of breakfast-with-the-family broadcast in the Cotillion Room, where there's dance music by Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—It's unlikely that Julie Wilson will ever replace Bernhardt or Piaf as a serious thinker, but she's still lots of fun when she starts sashaying through her let's-be-wicked ballads. Ted Straeter's virtuoso dance band is a great help to both her and the guests, and Mark Monte's boys also chip in with cheerful music. The scene is the Persian Room. Thursday, Sept. 23, is a benefit night. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—For the hundredth time, the Grill has the dance music of Guy and any number of other Lombardos, none of it designed for reckless drivers. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, which is a trip to Europe in the royal suite of the Queen Mary, there is perpetual dance music by the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) songs both grave and gay by the presentable Constance Moore, who manages the requisite transition from Circe to Calliope with consummate skill. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

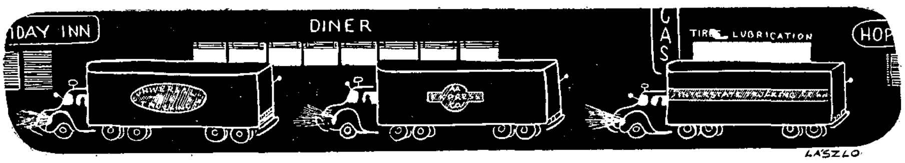
Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge is thoughtfully serving up two Dorseys (Tommy and Jimmy) for the price of one. Their band operates every evening but Sunday.

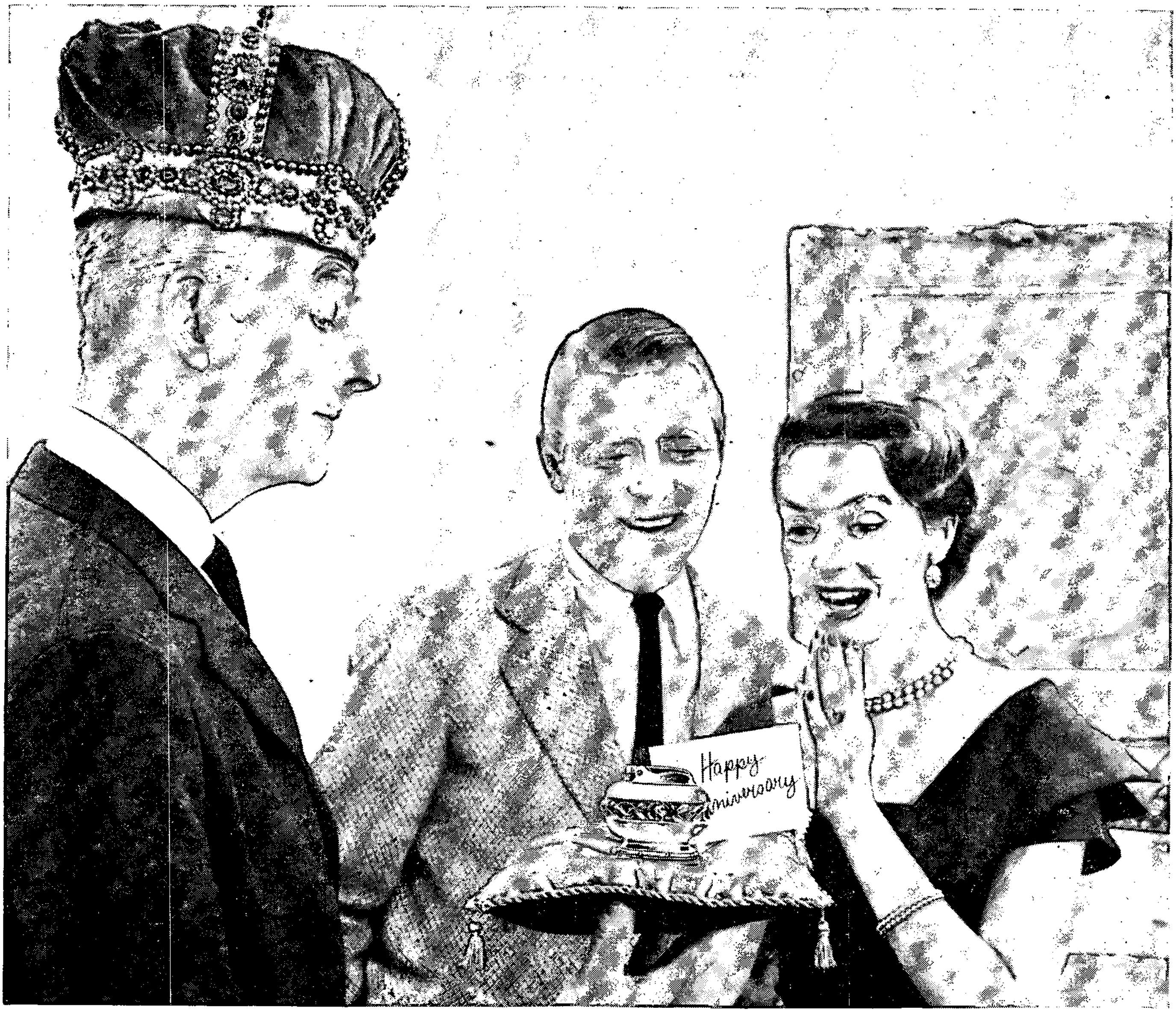
Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—If your problems are little ones, you're more than likely to find them dancing their young hearts out here almost any evening. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band amuse the children.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dame Nature, or one of her feathered friends, is apt to come sit in your lap on the open-air terrace of this ancient barracks. Dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, and greenery at all hours.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A heaping spoonful of fine old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been folded into a miniature musical comedy for the likes of such blithe youngsters as Louise Hoff, Tommy Wonder, and Rain Winslow. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Betty Clooney has been equipped (if that is the word) with a trip-hammer, this-should-lay-them-in-the-aisles mishmash of songs. It is hard to figure out what this pleasant little girl is doing in such company. Henry King's orchestra plays music that is sweet and low and yet perfect for dancing, and the three Andreas do a period-piece circus dance act with loving care. They're all on the dim and beautiful Starlight Roof, which will be closed Sunday, Sept. 26, and will close for the season on Wednesday, Sept. 29.... ¶ Next evening, the Empire Room reopens with a benefit performance. Los Chavales de España, a group of singing musicians who are an odd but interesting blend of Andalusian and American know-how, will be onstage, along with Trini Reyes, who dances to their music. The customers' dancing will be paced by the lush strains of Nat Brandwynne's big band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The





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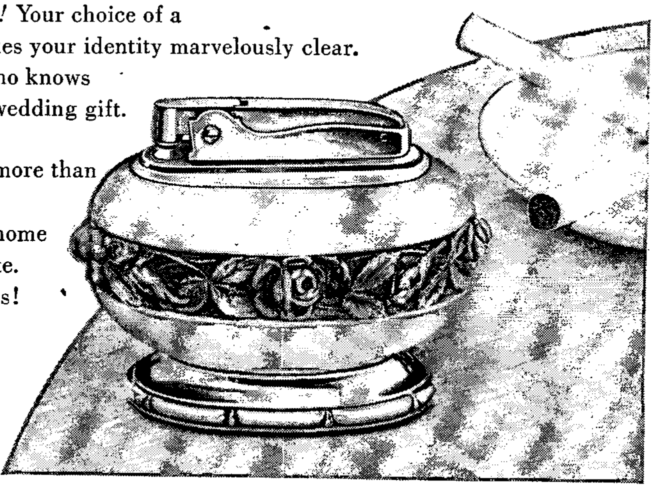

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vast complex called Peacock Alley will also reopen on Thursday, Sept. 30. After eight-thirty, dancing to Michael Zarin's band; as of next evening, the polished piano interludes of Alex Fogarty will be added. Sundays, Mischa Borr's boys will go it alone.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which is fairly far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferry house, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid music (not for dancing) bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

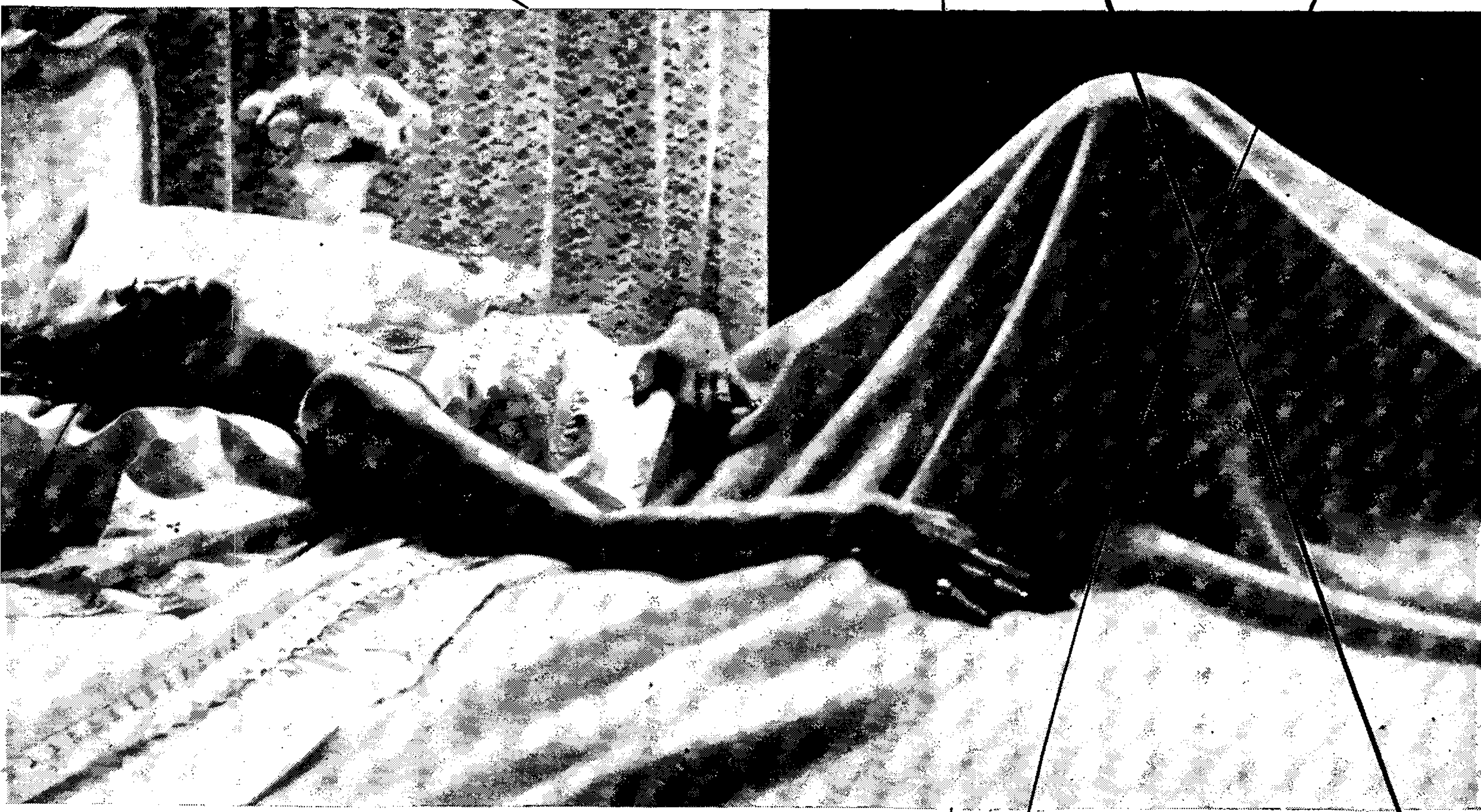
LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts a deft and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): From nine o'clock on, Eddie Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, still manipulates his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the honors in a more local idiom at the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The songs of Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is) raise the roof a good six inches. Also on the premises are Jimmie Komack, a fountainhead of rhymed words of wisdom and what passes for it; Charlotte Rae, a parodist who plays absolutely no favorites; and George La Faye's almost living, breathing puppets, whose all too human tribulations have an unexpectedly hilarious ending. The background is the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge every night but Saturday, the Davis-Ponder ménage throws a rent party from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The usual happy Ruban Bleu family—Lee Goodman's offbeat wit, June Ericson's sweet words and music, the part singing of Terry and the Macs, and the comic remarks of Alan Carrier. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the incomparable Norman Paris Trio is the setting. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The strong man of this tiny nation is Robert Clary, whose songs, dances, and funny sayings are all spellbinders. Ada Moore contributes a few real hot-shot chansons, and Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and snatches of songs (John Juliano) and comedy (Patricia Bright). Miss B. is off Sundays, Mr. J. is off Mondays. Ancient movies are added on Sundays. . . .

North Star



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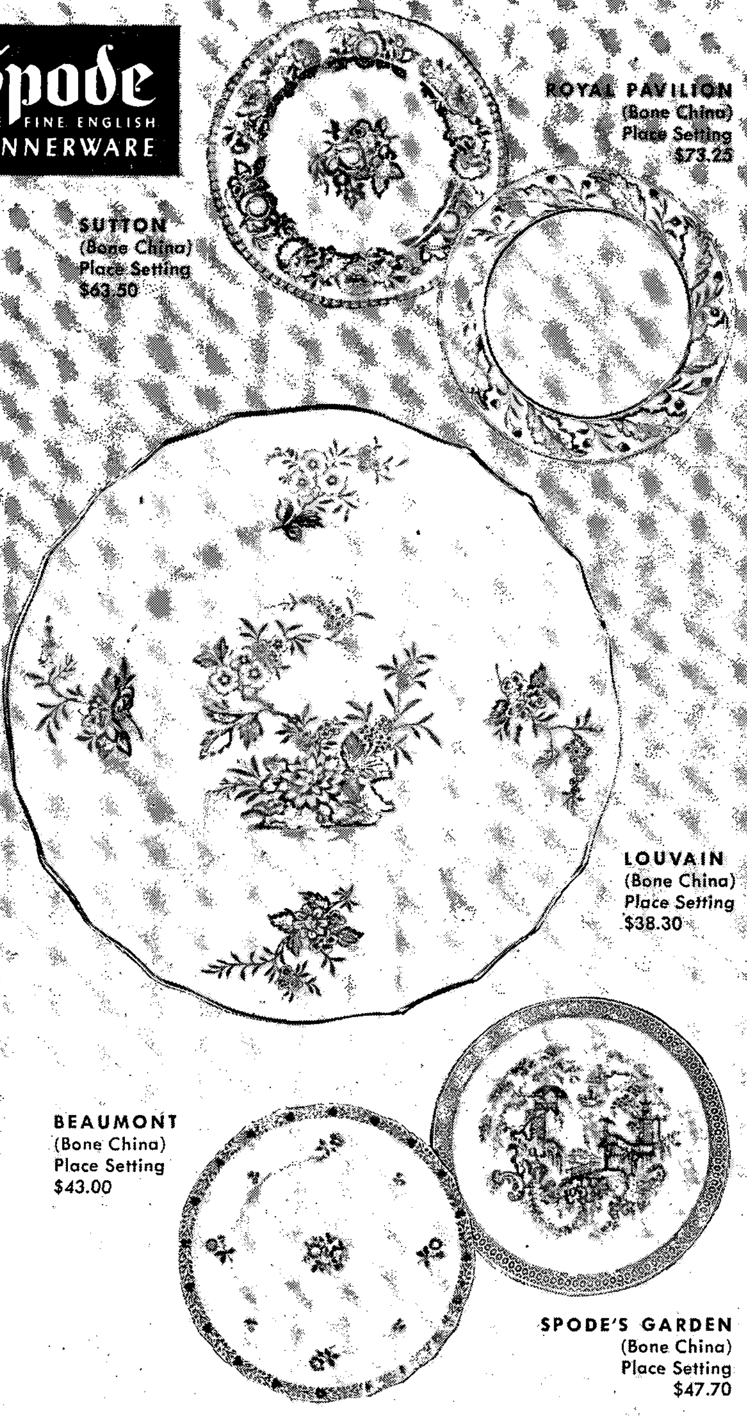

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SINCE 1770

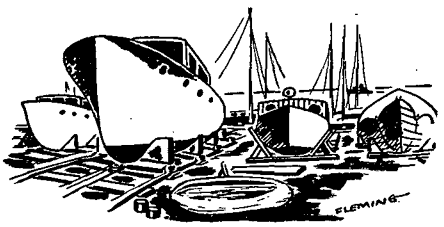
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

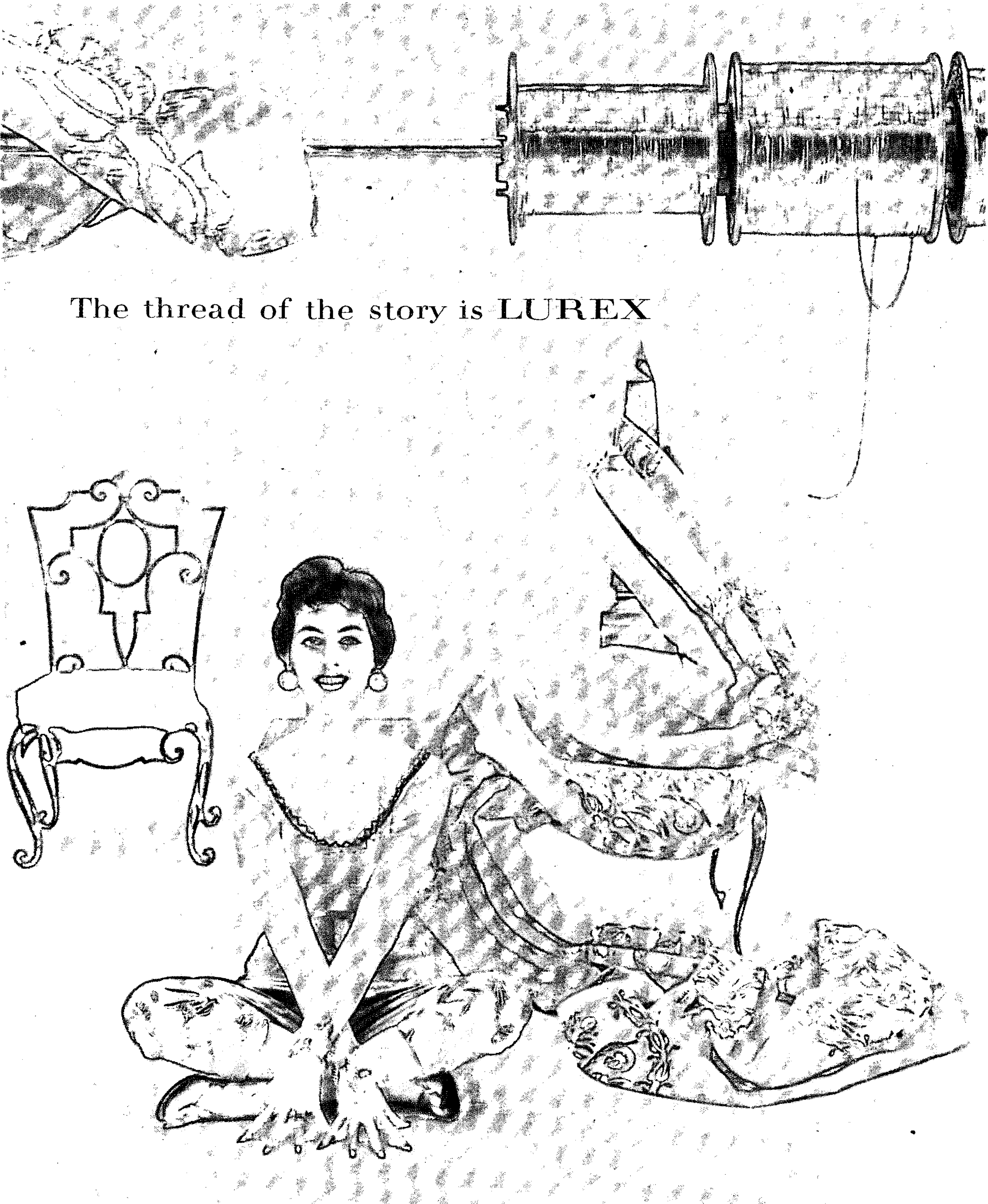
BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic hearing by Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis offers up a soothing and knowing pianoforte recital. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Top banana here is Ceil Cabot, a wee sprig of catnip, who gives some songs of the people a capital kind of punishment. Other friskiness is let loose by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, however, apt to stray too far off bounds; by Tiger Haines, the Three Flames, and their *Walpurgisnacht* music; and by Jimmie Daniels, Thelma Carpenter, and Norene Tate, whose ballads are all fairly jaunty. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boîtes*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials making their favorite sound, which is loud, pristine, and fun. Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside, are responsible. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off some solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Wild Bill Davison returns to the fold on Friday, Oct. 1. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This comfortable little Steinway Hall opens shop at seven with Don Shirley's piano, which is Debussy with a few jazz dynamics. Later, he and his bassist are spelled by the trios of Alex Kallao, a vanguard pianist, and of Dorothy Donegan, a middle-ground pianist. The Donegan section is off Sundays, the Shirley section is off Mondays, the Kallao section is off Tuesdays. These three days, Hank Jones, whose piano is up-to-the-minute advanced, fills in. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Through Sunday, Sept. 26, Jack Teagarden, the great traditionalist, offers his trombone, his songs, and his All-Stars (such as Ray Bauduc and Norma Teagarden). Lionel Hampton's motley crew of cannon crackers is also audible. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, Dave Brubeck, one of the very best friends of modern music, will bring his piano and quartet to town. The other arrivals will be Earl Bostick's band and the combination of Carmen McCrae and the Matt Matthews quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is again rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs, plays jazz as it was in the beginning and as they hope it ever shall be. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Things get so progressive in this turbulent rathskeller that now and then the musicians forget to bring their music. Through Wednesday, Sept. 29, Chico O'Farrill's band, Chris Connors, and the Sal Salvador quartet will be holding the floor, or what's left of it; next evening, Pete Rugolo





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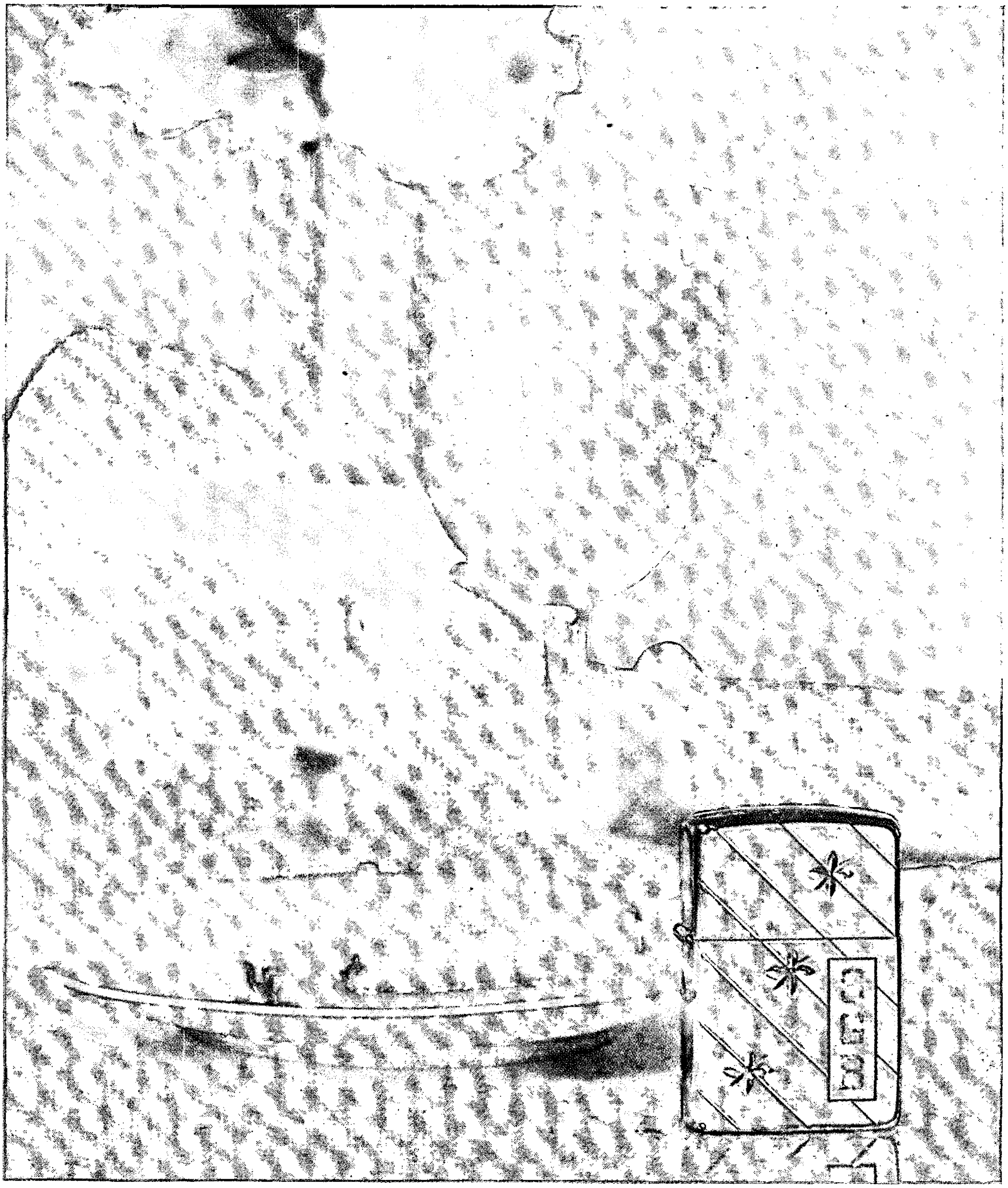

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and his twenty-piece orchestra and the Lester Young quintet will be taking over. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, a handful of Early Americans—Turk Murphy and his San Francisco Jazz Band (Wally Rose, Bob Helm, Bob Short, Frank Haggerty, and Everett Farey)—are on display after six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and after five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. Sunday, Sept. 26, Jimmy McPartland will be the major afternoon guest. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is modern without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Sept. 24, the cats (mostly Kilkenny) on parade should include Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, Sammy Price, Zutty Singleton, and George Wettling. Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, it is promised, there will be a battle royal between the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Billy Butterfield, Willie the Lion Smith, Danny Barker, Jimmy Archey, and Art Trappier.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

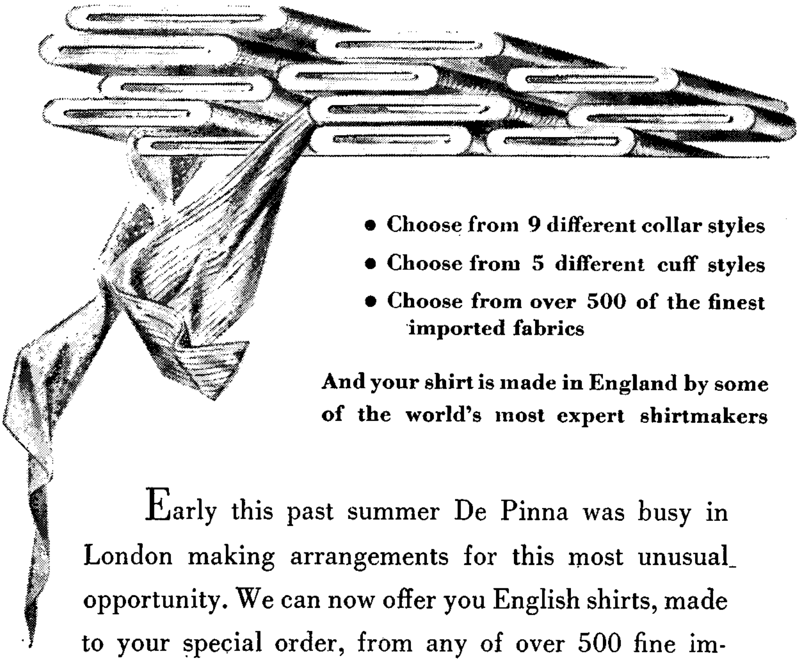
GALLERIES

CARL SPRINCHORN—A retrospective show of water-color, pen-and-ink, and pencil drawings; through Oct. 9. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 12:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: New paintings and a couple of sculptures by Karl Zerbe, Jack Levine, William King, and the nineteen other artists who are associated with this gallery; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Albert Ryder, George Inness, and Charles Sibley are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters represented in the current display; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . BORGENICHT, 61 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and mosaics by present-day artists, including Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, José de Rivera, Gabor Peterdi, and Max Spivak; through Saturday, Sept. 25. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show by a large group of American artists, including both old and new members of the gallery; through Friday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Thirty Chicago artists, showing a wide range of styles and mediums; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, Gordon Grant, and many others; through Nov. 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, John Heliker, and Robert Laurent are three of the six painters and sculptors who have contributed to this show; through Oct. 15. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Saturday, Sept. 25.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS: GROUP SHOWS—KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Pierre Soulages, Ibram Lassaw, and David Hare are a few of the artists who have both paintings and sculptures on view; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . VALENTIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alexander Calder, Jean Arp, Paul Klee, Graham Sutherland, and thirty-five other artists whose work has been regularly shown at this gallery; through Oct. 6.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Chagall, Derain, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The



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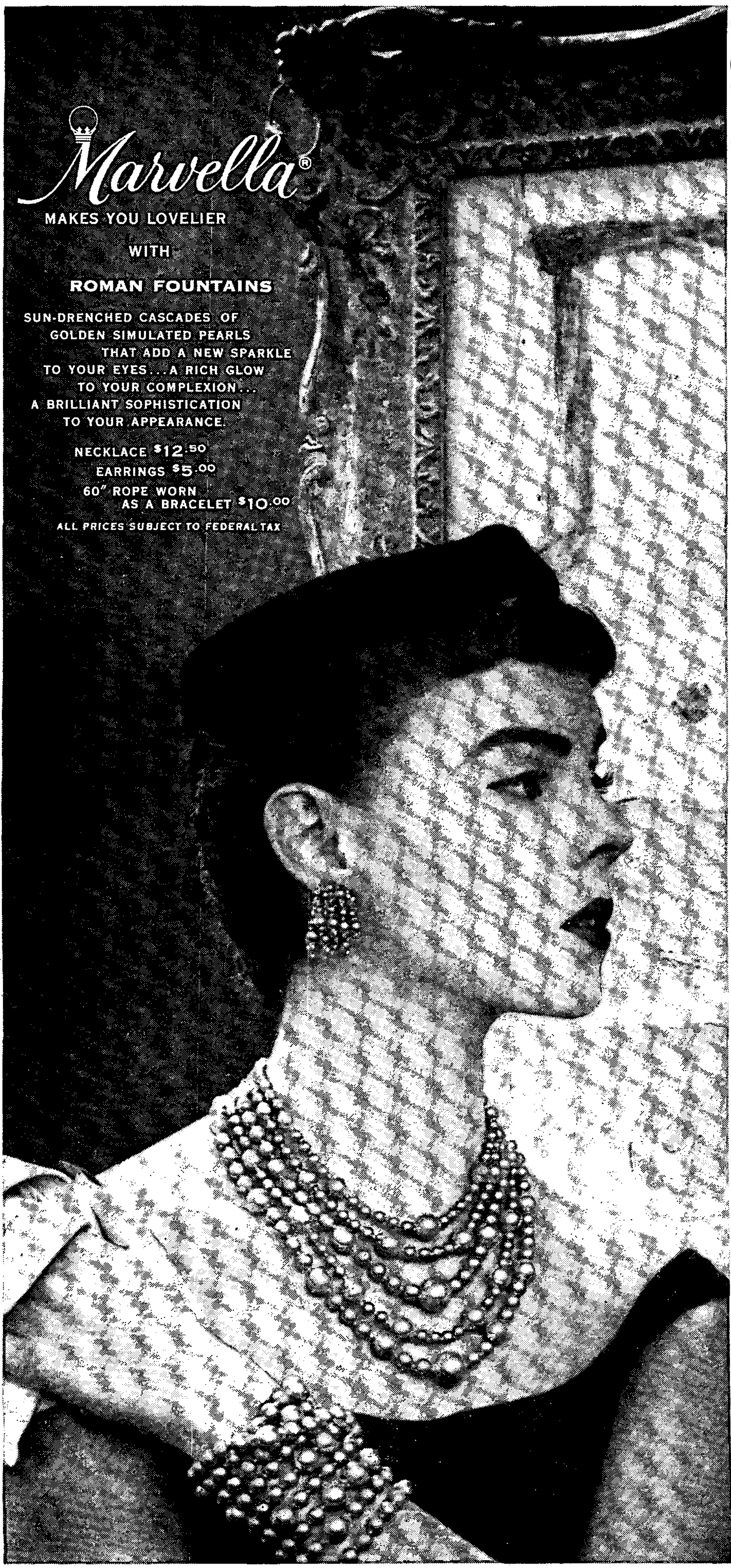

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

first show in an old gallery's new home displays oils by such modern French painters as Vlaminck, Braque, and Rouault; through Saturday, Oct. 2.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 3.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and Posada; through Nov. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Works by thirty-six artists, formerly students at the Museum's art school; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," nationwide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sunday, Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Oct. 31—Wednesday evening, Sept. 29: "Aïda."...¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 30: "La Cenerentola."...¶ Friday evening, Oct. 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English)....¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 2: "Carmen."...¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 2: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—A group of thirty-six German children, under the direction of Edith Moeller, making their first appearance in this country. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25-26, at 3.)

Interval Concerts—The last two in a series of ten programs—Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:40: David Davis, violin, and David Garvey, piano....¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3: Rawn Spearman, tenor, and a chorus directed by Margaret Hillis in a program of chamber music by Sam Raphling. (Carnegie Recital Hall. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

Jazz Concert—Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie's band, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Bill Davis's trio, and the Modern Jazz Quartet, made up of Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Kenny Clarke, and John Lewis. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:15, and 11:45.)

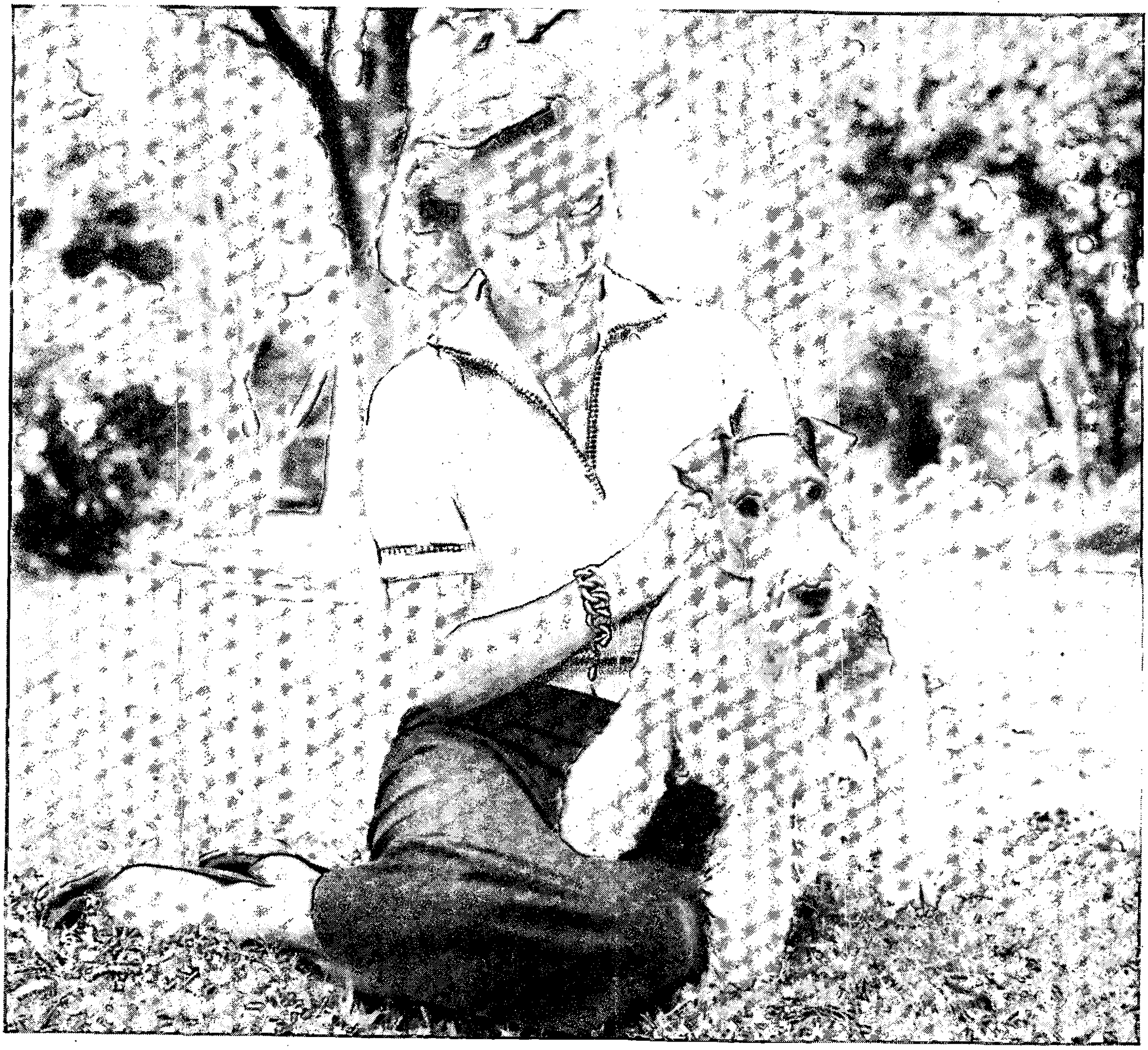
SPORTS

Baseball—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 24, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2.... WORLD SERIES: First two games, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, at the home park of the National League contenders (at this writing, the outlines of the Polo Grounds are discernible); the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in Cleveland, Friday through Sunday, Oct. 1-3. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

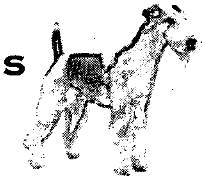
College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 25 (all at 2): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence....¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca....¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover....¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis....¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton....¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 2 (all at 2): Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field....¶ Dartmouth vs. Navy, at Hanover....¶ Harvard vs. Massachusetts, at Cambridge....¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester....¶ Rut-

Peck and Peck

Litwin



PROVED CHAMPIONS



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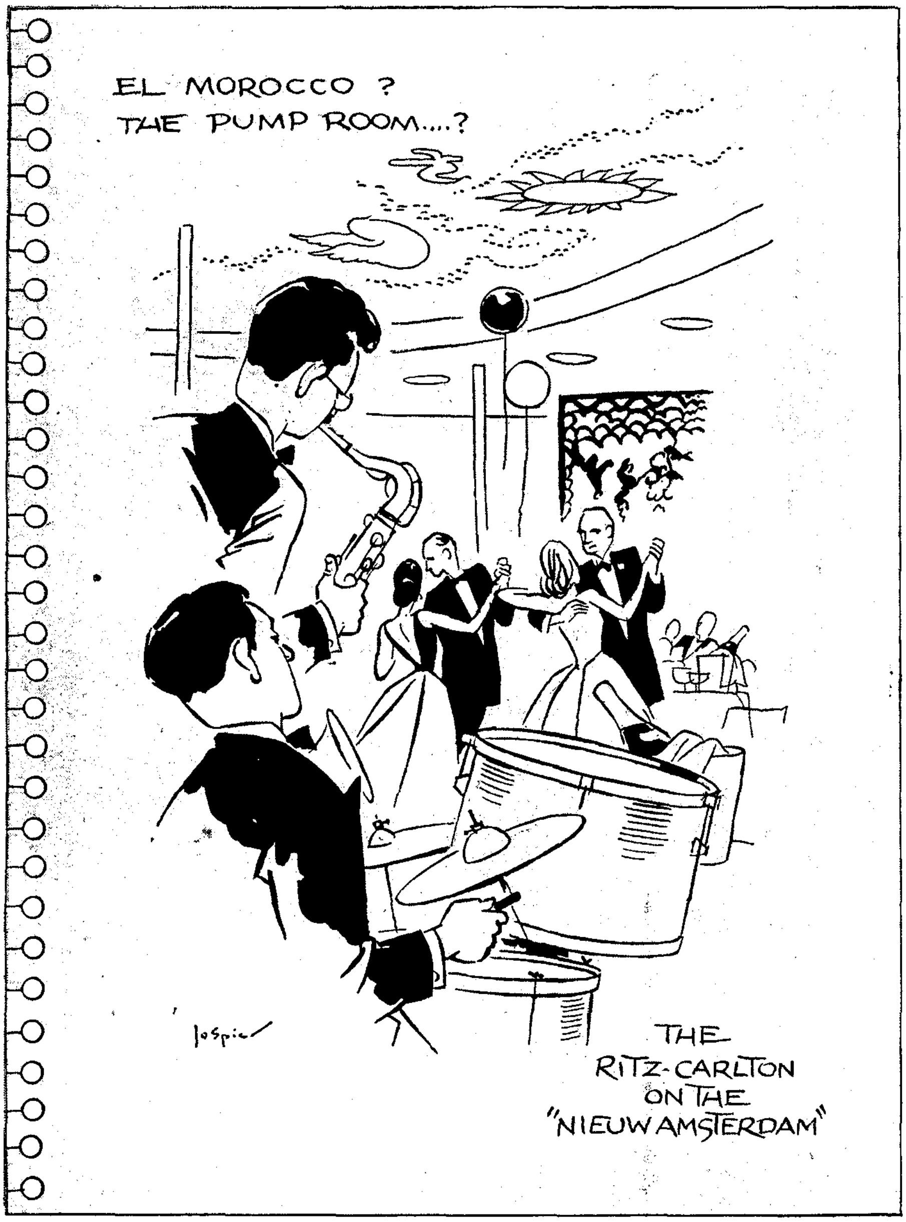
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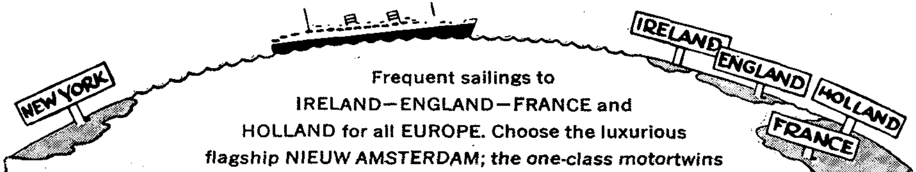

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (The Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Through Thursday, Sept. 23.)

Horse Show—Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Sept. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 2.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 20. The Jerome Handicap, Friday, Sept. 24; the Sysonby Mile, Monday, Sept. 27; and the Matron and the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 25. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia; starting Monday, Sept. 27, it will leave at 10.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 5 to 5:30.... ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Morgan Library—An exhibition drawn from the Library's collections of stone tablets, Egyptian papyri, illuminated and autograph manuscripts, printed books, and other examples of the written word; through Oct. 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The Planetarium will be closed until Sunday, Sept. 26, when there will be a new show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.... ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start each night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 23-25, at 1:45: Georgian, Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other furniture; decorative objects, including mirrors, chandeliers, and wall sconces; ivory carvings; paintings and drawings; Oriental rugs; and various other items. From the collections of the late Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris and S. J. Breslin.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture, a group of Oriental rugs, nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings and drawings, Herend and Dresden porcelains, and other objects of art; from the estate of Alan Rutherfurd Stuyvesant and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 25.

Daylight-Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

Election Registration—The first two of six registration days for the Nov. 2 elections will be Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, from 3 to 10:30.

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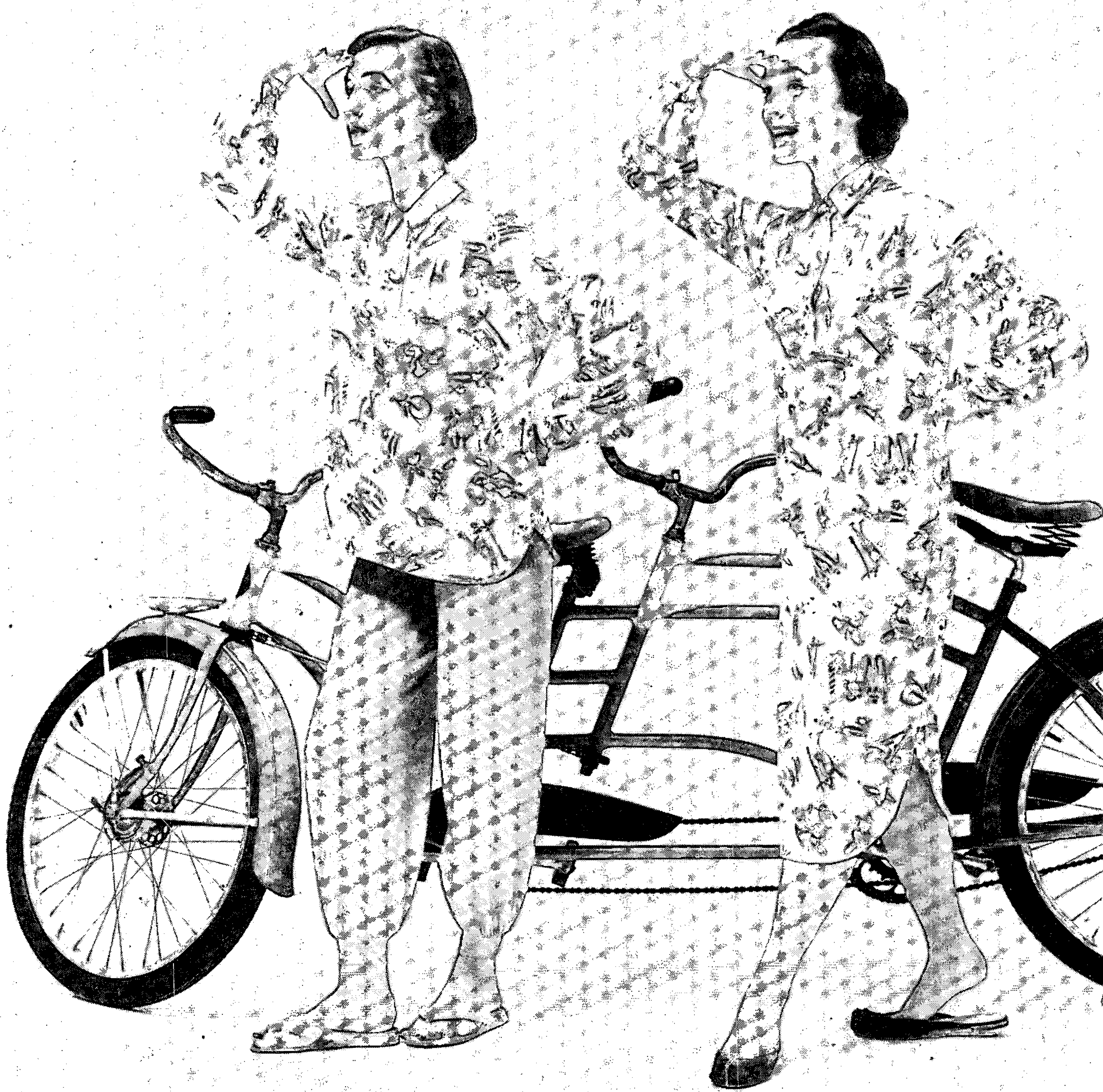

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Caine Mutiny—An overly detailed but occasionally amusing adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about a naval officer who is provoked by the psychopathic condition of his captain to assume command of a vessel only slightly more impressive than a lifeboat. Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson are excellent as the mad captain and the man who supersedes him. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through Sept. 28.)

Genevieve—An engaging British film about a quartet of highly entertaining types who are in transit from London to Brighton on some sort of annual excursion involving ancient automobiles. With John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 26-28. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 29.)

High and Dry—Some Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, all brought on when a native crew determines to deliver a cargo of household goods owned by an American shipping magnate who has severe misgivings about the whole project. Among the Scottish mariners in this English production are Alex Mackenzie, James Copeland, and Abe Barker, and pitted against them is Paul Douglas. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

It Should Happen to You—A funny comedy about an odd young lady (Judy Holliday) who spends her life savings putting her name on a billboard on Columbus Circle, and winds up feeling even odder after a whirl with advertising men and television wizards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor, and with Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford in the cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 24-25. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 29.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye in a merry romp about an emotionally upset ventriloquist or something (it doesn't really matter), which launches him into all kinds of fine old comic routines. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 23.)

The Little Kidnappers—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whitely and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Maccrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—Jacques Tati, a notable comedian, in a French film that has its funny moments as it describes, with no superfluous dialogue, some of the doings at a lively seaside resort. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

On the Waterfront—A first-class circumstance by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan that works out to the utter satisfaction of anybody who views it. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Paris Incident—A Gallic trifle, and a delightful one. A Parisian telegraph boy falls off his bike, loses his telegrams, and arouses most of Montmartre in his search to recover them. With Gérard Gervais and Pierrette Simonet. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 29.)

The Pickwick Papers—A lengthy treat for Sam's aficionados. An English film, with James Hayter, Nigel Patrick, and a lot of other good people. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 25.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Coyotes, prairie dogs, buffaloes, whooping cranes, and an extensive and active assortment of other wildlife, trying to make a go of it on the lonely American prairie. A Walt Disney nature film, and quite impressive. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

The Pennywhistle Blues (1952)—A genial thief trying to dispose of forty pounds in the native section of Johannesburg. Formerly called "The Magic Garden," and with a cast of amateurs. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 29.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 29, tentative.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 29, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 26: The second half of a two-part film of the 1936 Olympic Games, in Berlin. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 27: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Sept. 28: **THE CAINE MUTINY.**
From Sept. 29, at 8:30: "The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien. (Opening night will be a benefit for CARE.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Sabrina," Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 24: "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams, Patric Knowles.
From Sept. 25: "Jesse James' Women," Peggie Castle, Donald Berry, Jack Beutel.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Brigadoon" (in CinemaScope), Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 27: "The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.
From Sept. 28: "Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Van Heflin.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

AUCTION TODAY
AL FABRY

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Flamenco" (in Spanish).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Sept. 26: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.
Sept. 27-28: "Niagara," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten; and "Don't Bother to Knock," revival, Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 29: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 28: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux.
From Sept. 29: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Sept. 25: **THE PICKWICK PAPERS**; and "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.
Sept. 26-28: **GENEVIEVE**; and "Always a Bride," Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan.
From Sept. 29: **THE PENNYWHISTLE BLUES** (formerly called "The Magic Garden"), revival; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Noël-Noël.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 28: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
From Sept. 29: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 26: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.
Sept. 27-28: "Niagara," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten; and "Don't Bother to Knock," revival, Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 29: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Ugetsu" (in Japanese).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): **ODD MAN OUT**, revival.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Sept. 23: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Golden Mask," Van Heflin, Wanda Hendrix.
Sept. 24-25: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas.
Sept. 26-27: "Francis Joins the Wacs," Donald O'Connor, Julia Adams; and "Ride Clear of Diablo," Audie Murphy.
Sept. 28-29: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 28: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux.
From Sept. 29: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Sept. 23: **KNOCK ON WOOD.**
From Sept. 24: "Angelika" (in German), Maria Schell, Dieter Borsche.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 28: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
From Sept. 29: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Sept. 23: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.
Sept. 24-25: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 26-27: "The Merry Widow," revival, Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas; and "Decision Before Dawn," revival, Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.
Sept. 28-29: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 25 (tentative): "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.
Sept. 26-28 (tentative): "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds.
From Sept. 29 (tentative): "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 26: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.
Sept. 27-28: "Niagara," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten; and "Don't Bother to Knock," revival, Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 29: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 28: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
From Sept. 29: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Sept. 23: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 24-25: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU**; and "The Bad and the Beautiful," revival, Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas.
Sept. 26-27: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory; and "Playgirl," Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.
Sept. 28-29: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 28: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Sept. 29: **GENEVIEVE**; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 29: **PARIS INCIDENT** (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 28: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
From Sept. 29: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 25: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux.
Sept. 26-28: "Dream Wife," revival, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Body and Soul," revival, John Garfield, Lilli Palmer.
From Sept. 29: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU**; and "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

R. K. O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 26: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.
Sept. 27-28: "Niagara," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten; and "Don't Bother to Knock," revival, Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 29: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 25: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 26-27: "Clipped Wings," revival, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall; and "Operation Secret," revival, Cornel Wilde.
Sept. 28-29: "Sudden Fear," revival, Joan Crawford, Jack Palance; and "The Mating Season," revival, Gene Tierney.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
A program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons, plus "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 27: "Cangaceiro" (in Portuguese), Alberto Ruschel.
From Sept. 28: "Africa Adventure," a documentary film written and narrated by Robert C. Ruark.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Bread, Love, and Dreams" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 28: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.
From Sept. 29: "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd, Jill Bennett; and "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 23: "A Cossack Beyond the Danube" (in Russian), revival, Patorzhinsky; and "Stars of the Ukraine" (in Russian), revival, Boris Gmirya.
Sept. 24: **THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (in French), revival; and "The Congress Dances," revival, Lillian Harvey.
Sept. 25: "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, David Wayne; and "Concert of Stars" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Sept. 26: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Tosca" (in Italian), revival, Michel Simon.
Sept. 27: **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, revival; and "The Paris Waltz" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps.
Sept. 28: A program of six short nature films—"Water Birds," "Nature's Half Acre," and such.
Sept. 29: "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), revival, Raimu, Fernandel.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Sept. 26: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
Sept. 27-28: "Niagara," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten; and "Don't Bother to Knock," revival, Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 29: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Sept. 26: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.
Sept. 27-28: "Niagara," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten; and "Don't Bother to Knock," revival, Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 29: "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo; and "The Bounty Hunter," Raymond Scott, Dolores Dorn.

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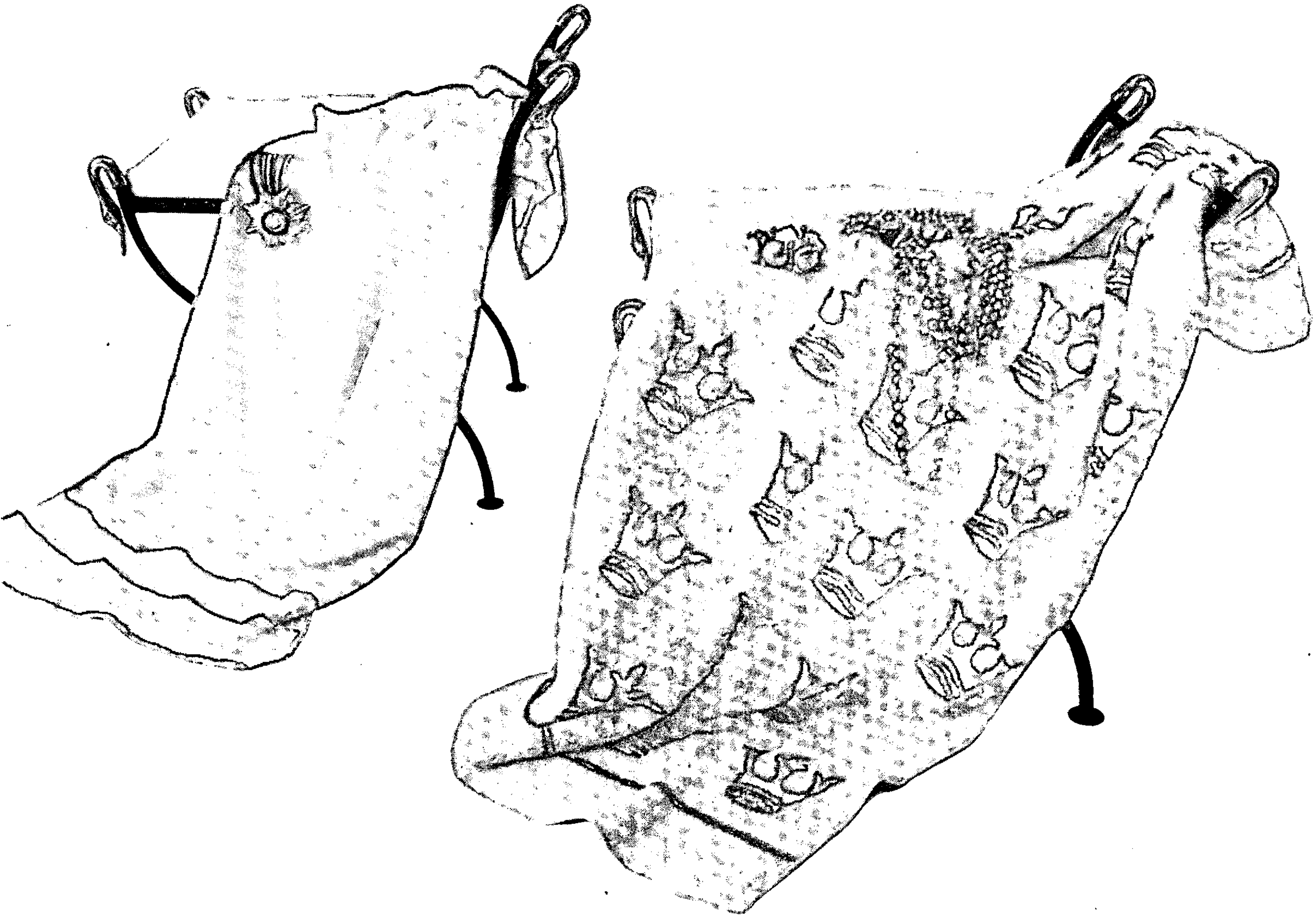

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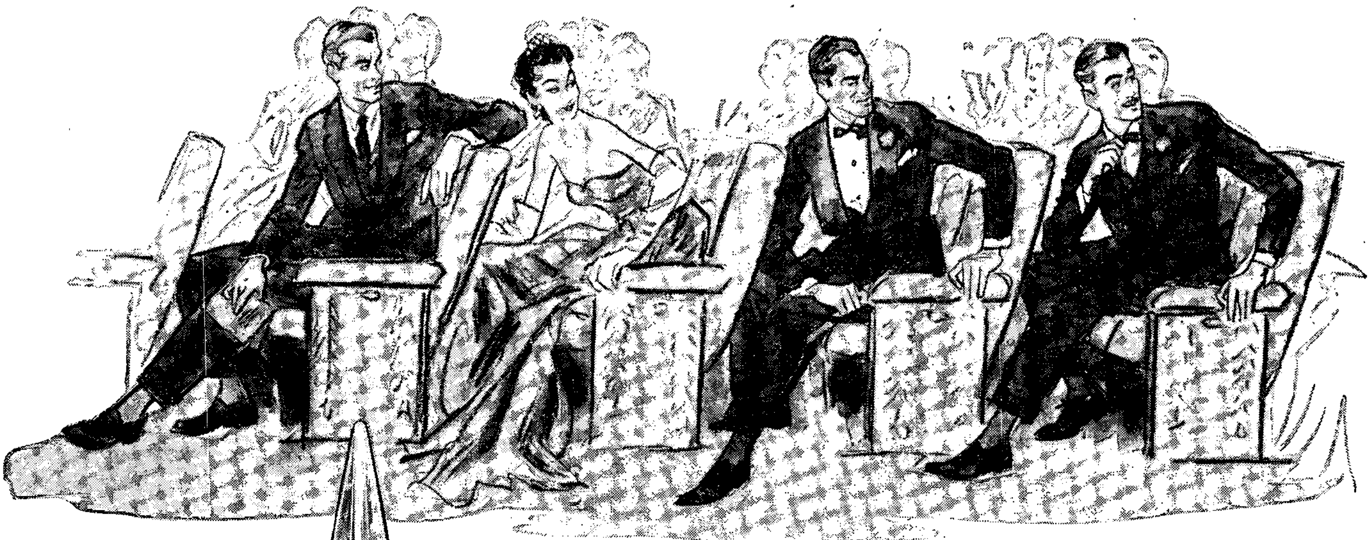

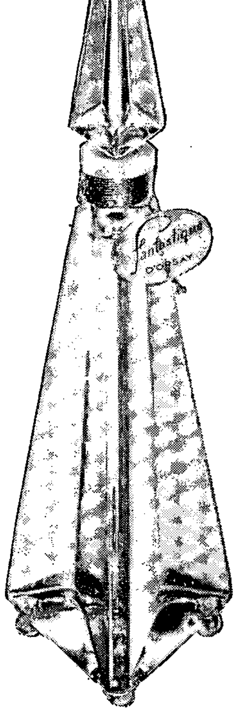

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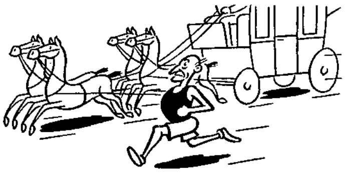
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN one's childhood and early youth, heroes are likely to be twice or even three times one's age, but we have noticed that as we grow older we tend to choose for heroes men of about the same age as ourself. Or else we favor heroes who have made good comparatively late in life—men, at any rate, who have come to fame so tardily that they must have supposed that that last infirmity of noble mind had long since passed them by. One of these late-blooming heroes of ours, a marathon runner named Charlie Hart, died in London the other day. Charlie was eighty-seven, and our sorrow over his death was somewhat mitigated by the fact that, being so old, he couldn't have had many marathons left in him. Oh, not that he was raced out! Only last year, according to his obituary in the *Times*, Charlie ran eight miles in the creditable time of a hundred and two minutes, and at the age of eighty-four, to win a thirty-two-dollar wager, he raced a coach-and-four from Windsor to Twickenham Green, and beat it by two minutes. Nevertheless, his great track days were some decades behind him. The *Times* estimated that he had won five hundred long-distance races and had run a total of seven hundred and fifty thousand miles, but from our point of view the significant thing about Charlie is that he didn't become famous until he was forty-seven—for a track man, a prodigious age at which to be sprinting into the headlines. What Charlie did to gain immortality was run non-stop from Brighton to London and back again, a distance of a hundred and fifty-four miles. Fortune's darling after that? Well, we should hope so!



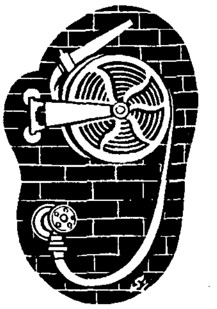
The *Times* went on to mention the occasion, in 1925, when Charlie competed against a couple of mettlesome race horses. The horses were two-year-olds and Charlie was a fifty-eight-year-old, and he raced them for eleven hours a day for six days and beat them by eight miles. Three years afterward, he came to this country, and entered and won nobody knows how many of those marathon-dance contests that were all the rage in the twenties. In one of them, held at Long Beach, California, Charlie danced for a thousand and sixty-two hours without stopping, which he claimed was a world's record for continuous ballroom dancing, and we wouldn't be surprised if he was right. Later, he took part in a transcontinental marathon from Los Angeles to New York, but threw a shoe in Chillicothe, Ohio, or suffered some similar misfortune, and lost the race; nothing daunted, he returned to England and walked twelve hundred and fifty miles in a thousand hours.

CHARLIE'S obituary is just about the cheerfulest we've ever read. From first to last, he appears to have had a glorious time in life, and we forgive him posthumously for having done what every octogenarian does, which is to give the world the secret of longevity. To the total abstainer, it is total abstinence; to the pipe smoker, it is pipe smoking; and to Charlie, who probably never sat still a moment of all his eighty-seven years, it was, of course, exercise. We, who spend much of our day sitting perfectly still in front of a perfectly still typewriter, assume that Charlie was wrong, but that doesn't cause us to admire him less. A privilege of age is that one isn't obliged to imitate what one admires. We wouldn't dream of jogging out to Patchogue and back non-stop, and if it came to a race for money between a horse and us, we'd hand the purse to the horse and take a taxi home. The *Times* doesn't say so, but we wouldn't put it past Charlie to have been doing pushups on his deathbed. As for Heaven, where *everything* is long-distance and non-stop, it should suit Charlie fine.

Burden

THAT vexatious old hobgoblin Karl Marx has thirteen living descendants, all French. One of them, Robert Jean Longuet, a lawyer in Paris, is fond of this country and comes over here as often as possible to gather what he calls "freshening ideas." Just before he returned home from one of these cerebral holidays, we had a talk with him, in the course of which we clambered up and down his family tree, acquired considerable Marxian domestic lore, and got some notion of what it feels like to be a great-grandson of the man who, though he died in 1883, has done more than any other single figure to turn the modern world into armed camps. The eldest son of the eldest son of Marx's eldest daughter, and, as such, the present *chef de famille*, M. Longuet is fifty-two, has an overhanging brow and bent, slender shoulders, is gentle in manner, and, as far as he knows, bears little resemblance to his portentous ancestor.

M. Longuet told us that his grandfather Charles Longuet was also a lawyer in Paris. A firm believer in the French Republic, Charles strongly disapproved of the setting up of an empire by Napoleon III in 1852 and used much of his patrimony to found an opposition newspaper, *La Rive Gauche*, to which Victor Hugo, among others, contrib-



uted. In 1871, upon being forced to flee France after the collapse of the Commune, Charles went to London, which was then, as it is now, a favorite resort of political exiles. He became a professor of French at King's College, London University, and, like all exiles, paid a call on Marx, who had been living in London since 1850. Marx converted Charles to his brand of Socialism, and Charles fell in love with and married Jenny Marx. At first, Marx didn't approve of the match, partly because—a proper Victorian in this, at any rate—he didn't want his three daughters going off and getting married when they could perfectly well stay home with Papa, and partly because he didn't like Frenchmen, who he claimed made bad husbands. (It has been passed down in the family that Marx also didn't like Russians, admiring their mental powers but distrusting their interpretation of things. Of the United States, the family recollects, Marx said that it was the only country that would evolve without a revolution.)

Charles and Jenny Longuet's first child, Jean, was born in London. Marx was devoted to him, often getting down on all fours so that the child could mount his back and ride him boldly round and round the parlor rug. The Charles Longuets had three children besides Jean: Edgar, who became a doctor; Marcel, who became a journalist; and Jenny, who never married. Jean, who became a lawyer, married and had two sons. One of them is *our* Longuet, who has been married and divorced and is childless; the other is Carl Longuet, a sculptor in Paris, who is married and childless. Edgar Longuet married and had three sons: Charles, who is a musician and automobile salesman in Paris; Fred, who is a landscape painter there; and Paul, who is a senator from Madagascar, where he owns tobacco plantations. Paul has two children and Charles has four—three boys and one girl—the oldest of whom recently became the father of the first Marx great-great-great-grandchild. Marcel Longuet married and had one son, who is married and childless. Marx's two younger daughters, Laura and Eleanor, had no children. All of Marx's children and grandchildren are dead, which leaves us with thirteen living descendants. Q.E.D.

Not one of the descendants is a member of the Communist Party, or even, for that matter, much interested in politics. According to Robert Jean Longuet, his cousin Paul, the senator, comes closest to being in politics but doesn't really give a hoot for it. An agrarian economist, Paul lists himself as a member of the center-bloc Rassemblement des Gauches Républicaines instead of a Socialist, which is what most Longuets are and have been.

Longuet vividly remembers his Great-Aunt Laura, Marx's second daughter. She was the wife of Dr. Paul Lafargue, a wealthy and radical young owner of sugar plantations in Cuba who had come to Paris to study medicine and had stirred up so much revolutionary excitement among his fellow-students that he was barred from one university after another and finally retired to London. He paid the usual firebrand's call on Marx, met and married Laura, and took her back to France, where they established themselves in a big country house at Draveil, near Paris. Like her two sisters, Laura spoke English, French, German, and Italian, and Longuet, who as a child often played in the garden at Draveil, recalls her as being both charming and impressive. Lafargue, too rich to bother to practice medicine, held that a well-rounded intellectual should be able to work with his hands as well as his brains and became an accomplished cabinetmaker. He held, further, that no intelligent person should permit himself to live on into senility, and in 1912, on the threshold of extreme old age, he and Laura dispatched themselves by taking an overdose of drugs. Eleanor, Marx's youngest daughter, had killed herself thirteen years earlier, before Longuet was born. Her suicide was the result of despair, not calculation. The handsomest and most brilliant of the Marx girls (she had acted as her father's amanuensis in the writing of "Das Kapital"), she had married a fascinating and notorious rascal named Edward Aveling, who deserted her.

Marx sent Charles and Jenny Longuet to Paris, to take charge of publishing "Das Kapital" there, and in Paris they remained. Charles died in 1903, Jenny in 1883—two months before her father. Their son Jean, our man's father, was elected a Socialist deputy in 1914 and founded the Socialist newspaper *Le Populaire* during the First World War. Clemenceau was an old friend of Jean's, but when he came into power he warned Jean, "I'll slice that paper of yours in two, like a pear," and he often did. For twenty-five years, Jean served as mayor of Châtenay, the pleasant suburb of Paris where Robert Jean grew up, in a house that he remembers as being constantly awash with political refugees from Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and way stations. In 1936, in a bitter campaign for reëlection, Jean was defeated by the Communists. He had been fighting them since the early twenties, when word sifted through from Russia that, since he was Marx's grandson, he had better submit to becoming a Communist possession and being used as the Party saw fit. During the campaign, Jean infuriated the Communists by saying, "It is my grandfather's economic method and his theory of the evolution of history that constitute his important political heritage, not the rigid doctrines the Russians have drawn from his works. His aim was to liberate the proletariat, not to have them put in Russian labor camps." Jean died in 1938. It was just before Munich, and as he lay dying he appeared to believe that the war had already started. In his last delirium, speaking nothing but English (he was, after all, the only Longuet whose mother tongue was English), he cried out, "We must see our English friends! What is America doing?"

Early in 1939, Robert Jean Longuet paid a visit to Canada. He was there when the war broke out, and he promptly applied for work with the French government, and was assigned, as a lawyer, to its purchasing commission in New York. After France fell, he became an instructor in French for the Army Specialized Training Program at Rutgers. By then, he says, he was thoroughly intoxicated by the United States. "And that intoxication lasts," he told us. "I practice law in Paris, I write editorials for various papers—my family has been writing editorials for generations now; it seems we do not know how to stop—about France's colonial policy, which I believe is wrong, but I feel alive only when I am here." We asked if he and his family had any souvenirs of Marx. He said that they had a good many, including a watch that Engels gave Marx, the chair Marx sat in while writing, innumerable letters, and an oil portrait of Marx's grandmother-in-law, Frau Westphalen, of Trier. (Marx's stern German mother in Trier is supposed to have complained, "Ah, poor Karl, if he had only collected some capital instead of merely writing about it.") Last summer, Longuet went to Trier for the first time, to see his great-grandfather's birthplace. The house had been badly bombed by the A.A.F., but, in the best German manner, the local inhabitants had saved every stick, stone, and splinter, and today the house looks precisely as it did before the war. From time to time, Longuet is buttonholed by European Communists and told, "You belong with us." He always replies, "No. You have falsified my great-grandfather." As for what it feels like to be of the seed of that troublesome old man, Longuet merely shrugs his slight shoulders and says, "It is a burden our family is used to."

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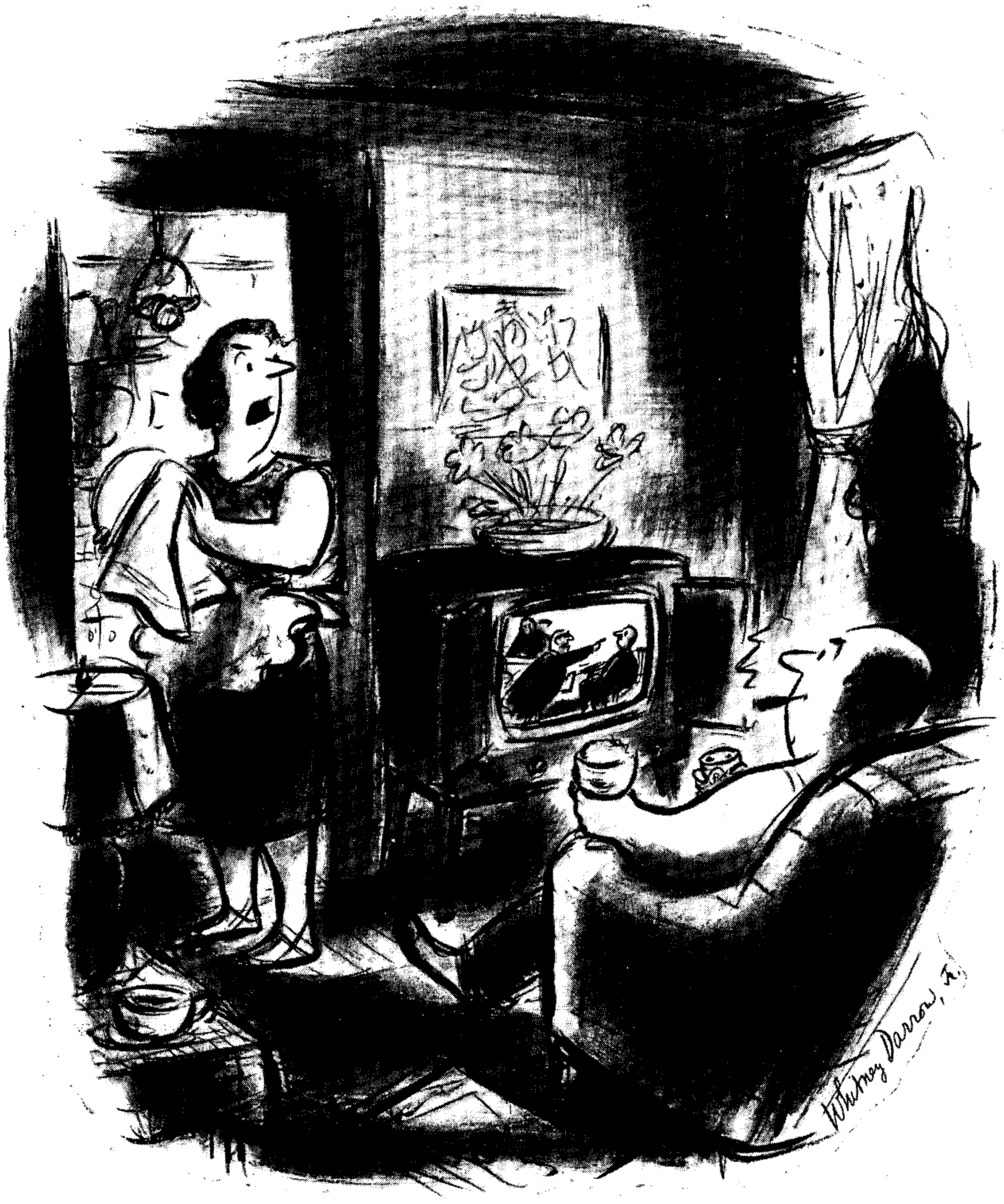
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Hudson is not in view from any point on the premises of the Hudson View Restaurant, on West Fifty-seventh Street.

Travellers' Aid

THE Bronx Zoo is kept busy this time of year taking care of birds that have got lost while they were passing over the city on their way south for the winter—got lost or been knocked woozy against the sides of buildings that stick up into the birds' thruway and, in bad weather, are a terrible hazard to bird traffic. Ordinarily, lost or injured birds don't arrive at the Zoo themselves, on foot, though from time to time an overoptimistic, or maybe nearsighted, bird will come down right *in* the Zoo grounds, apparently mistaking the Bronx for Brazil; the usual thing is for sympathetic rescuers about town to pick up distrait birds and carry them to the Zoo, in makeshift palanquins ranging in comfort and elegance from cotton-padded shoe boxes to bare hands. The biggest rescue operation of recent years was carried out in September, 1948, when a great number of migratory birds flew smack into the Empire State Building. Most of the birds died then and there, but a dozen stunned specimens were rushed to the Zoo and restored to health by the skill and loving care of the Zoo staff. The patients on that occasion included a northern water thrush, a yellow-throat, a redstart, a yellow-breasted chat, an assortment of warblers, and a red-eyed vireo. (Who wouldn't be red-eyed after an experience like that?)

Miss Grace Davall, Assistant Curator of Mammals and Birds at the Zoo and the person in charge of avian waifs and walking wounded, has told us that while she's busy enough these days with the rehabilitation of grown birds, her busiest time is spring, when the annual run of fledglings starts. The fledglings hatched in city trees leap or fall from their nests and, finding the pavements too hard to scratch a living in, appeal twitteringly to passersby, who carry them, still twittering, to the Zoo; a special cage is set aside for them in the Bird House each spring, and there, *still* twittering, they're bedded and boarded until they are ready to fend for themselves. The majority of the Zoo's fledglings are the ordinary sort of city bird that anyone can spot—robins, sparrows, and the like—but Miss Davall says that New York is a natural habitat for birds and sustains a much greater variety of them than mere robin-spotters realize. The result is that her telephone is forever being rung by ignorant urban folk who announce breathlessly that they have just seen an albatross



"If they ever asked me *where I was on any night, I could sure tell them."*

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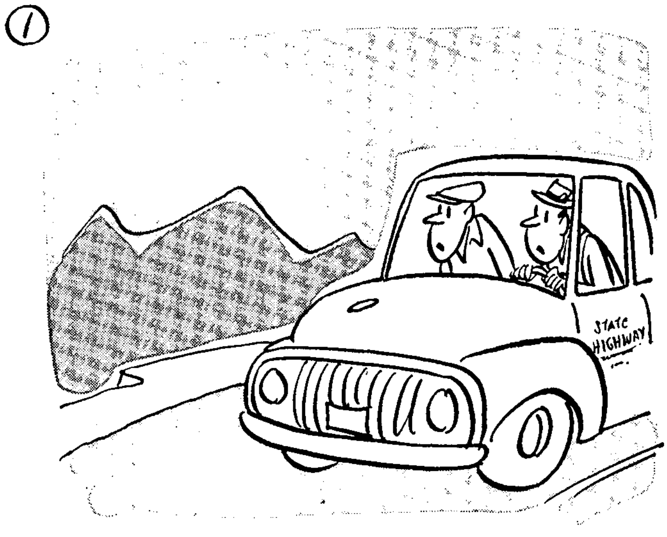

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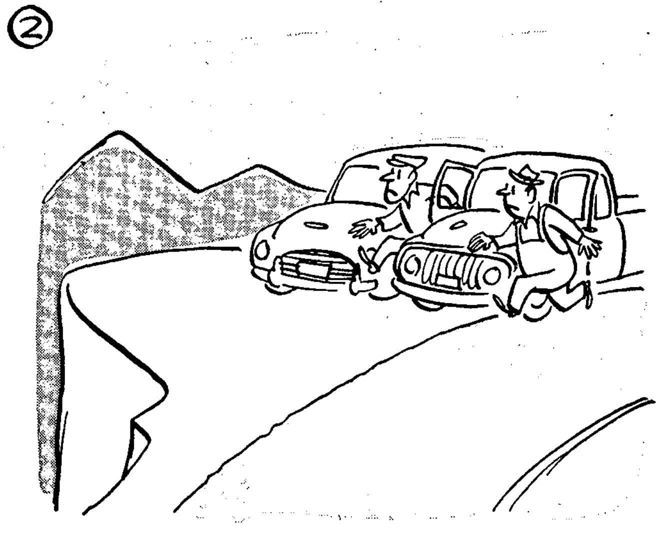


at the kitchen window and who, having been prevailed on to give a description of the bird, must then be informed that what they have on their window sill is nothing more exotic than a clapper rail, a large, ploverlike bird that is to be found in abundance among the reedy creeks and inlets of this marine city.

Scarcely a September goes by that the Zoo doesn't give shelter to a number of ruby-throated hummingbirds; their route from Canada to Central America apparently lies directly above the city, and if they happen to miss their usual feeding grounds, they are quickly exhausted. Other migratory birds that Miss Davall can tell the season by are orioles and scarlet tanagers. Less predictable visitors are birds that are picked up at sea and brought to the Zoo by solicitous sailors. About a year ago, a sailor showed up with an osprey that had landed on the deck of his ship a hundred and fifty miles at sea. The Zoo people fed it by hand for a few days, until it got its strength back, then set it free. "Ospreys don't do well in captivity," Miss Davall said. "Now and then, though, a bird will arrive here that we're glad to keep. A lady gave us a Florida gallinule the other day—quite an addition to the family." The Zoo is constantly being offered parakeets, of which it already has as many as it needs. "I don't entirely approve of this parakeet craze," Miss Davall said. "Poor things, people buy them just to be amused, and after a while they're no longer amused. The only reason to have birds is that you love them."

Normal

THE seven-year-old daughter of a Scandinavian diplomat, we've been told, persuaded her parents to let her stay downstairs for the first time during one of those Washington cocktail parties. When it was over, she was asked how she had liked it. "It was all right," she said. "It was just like being on the school bus."

Collector

THE people who admire ballplayers of the calibre of, say, Dusty Rhodes, and Sal Maglie, and Wes Westrum must be close to legion, but how many of them get off their back and do something about it? Something *concrete*, we mean, like seeing to it that they get presents. Well, Louis Kleppel, a sturdy, tanned, bespectacled man in his late forties who is known at the Polo Grounds as King of the Bleachers, does something about it. He presents exemplary Giant ballplayers with wristwatches, paid for with money he collects, mainly during Giant home games. Later, he presents them with a picture of himself turning over the watch. The majority of the contributors toward the watches, whose names and donations Mr. Kleppel keeps track of on cards he carries around with him in a neat brown suitcase, are bleacher fans, and the watches are known as Kleppel's Bleacher Watches. Most of them cost several hundred dollars. In the past four years, Mr. Kleppel, a retired furniture mover who sees about fifty Giant games a year, has presented eight watches to Giant players, and when we paid a call on him at the Polo Grounds one recent afternoon, he got a small contribution from us for the ninth. We found Mr. Kleppel without difficulty. He was in the bleachers and was wearing a Giant baseball cap, a blue sports shirt, and brown slacks, carried a pair of large binoculars around his neck, and held an Al Dark baseball bat, along with his suitcase, in his lap. Having squeezed into a nearby seat while the Giants were having infield practice, we learned, amid exchanges between Mr. Kleppel and his friends and his shouts of encouragement to the pitcher, who was warming up over a hundred yards away, that the ninth watch was to go to Don Mueller, the right fielder. "Mueller deserves it for the way he's banging the apple," Mr. Kleppel called to us. "If Amalfitano was hitting like Mueller, I would get a watch for Amalfitano."

As the Giants headed for their dugout, Mr. Kleppel turned to call to a tall, loose-jointed man who was making his way down the row. "Where you been, F.B.I.?" Mr. Kleppel asked. "You want to kick in for a watch for Mueller?"

F.B.I. paused, glumly handed Mr. Kleppel a dollar, and went on his way.

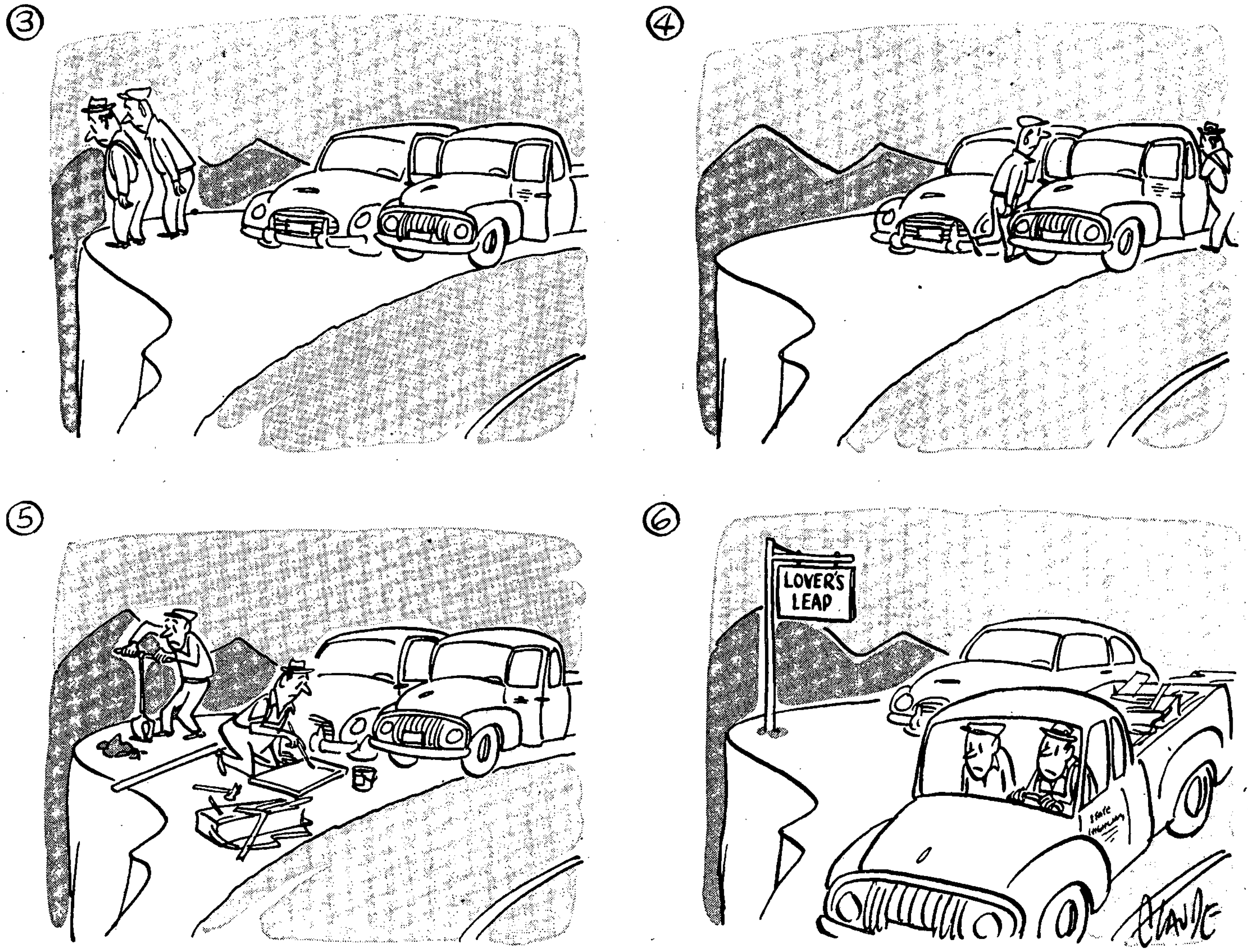
Mr. Kleppel unzipped his suitcase, extracted a card, and made a notation on it. He nudged the spectator next to him, who had curly hair and was holding a pencil in one hand and a score card in the other. "I've only collected twenty-five dollars and fifty cents so far," Mr. Kleppel remarked to him. "Not so good. Back in 1951, I used to get dollars. Now it's mostly quarters."

"I was to a hundred and thirty-five games last year and scored every one of them," the curly-haired man said. "This year I'll score a hundred and forty."

A man walked by carrying an orange cowbell, and Mr. Kleppel, addressing him as Third Rail, asked him for a donation.

Without stopping, Third Rail waved his hand disapprovingly and sat down among a group of people with whistles.

"Some of these guys think I go on a joy ride with this money," Kleppel told the curly-haired man. "I do all the work, and all I get is abuse. Too



many morons in this generation." He fished through his suitcase and took out a photograph. "That's me and Whitey Lockman and his wife and baby and mother-in-law," he said, showing it to spectators on either side of him. "It was taken when I gave Whitey the watch down in Charlotte last winter. Who paid for the trip? Louis Kleppel." He replaced the picture and took out another. "Here's Louis Kleppel with Willie Mays," he said. He passed it around, replaced it when it was returned, and tapped the shoulder of the man sitting in front of him. "You want to examine my books?" he asked. The spectator shook his head. A roar went up, the cowbells jangled, and the whistles started tootling as the Giants trotted out onto the field.

Mr. Kleppel stuck the handle of his bat through the handle of his suitcase, flung it over his shoulder, and rose to his feet. Cupping his hands close to his mouth, he shouted, "Leo! Why don't you bring back Ebba St. Claire?"

"Ebba is having trouble," a knowledgeable man behind him observed.

Mr. Kleppel sat down and took out his binoculars. "Laraine Day has on white gloves," he announced, and offered his glasses to the man sitting on his right.

The spectator refused the offer. "I got glasses at home I took off Rommel during the war," he said. "Night-and-day glasses."

A large man walked by, and Mr. Kleppel, after appraising him, asked him if he wanted to donate. The man said he'd see Mr. Kleppel in hell first.

We took advantage of a lull in the excitement to lean down and ask Mr. Kleppel where he lives.

"Stuyvesant Street, downtown," he said. "I play ball with the kids there. I have a glove and a major-league ball in the suitcase besides my books."

A man came along handing out plastic whistles. He shook his head at Mr. Kleppel before Mr. Kleppel could ask him for a donation. Mr. Kleppel looked discouraged.

Suddenly, shouts went up, spectators rose, and whistles blew as Mueller made a daring catch. Mr. Kleppel appeared fortified. Standing up and waving his bat, he asked rhetorically if Mueller didn't deserve a watch. "Didn't he earn it?" he called. "Donate! Only ninety-eight dollars to go!"

Curiosity

WELL, the summer's over, all right. Here's a letter a local travel office just got from an out-of-town travel agent:

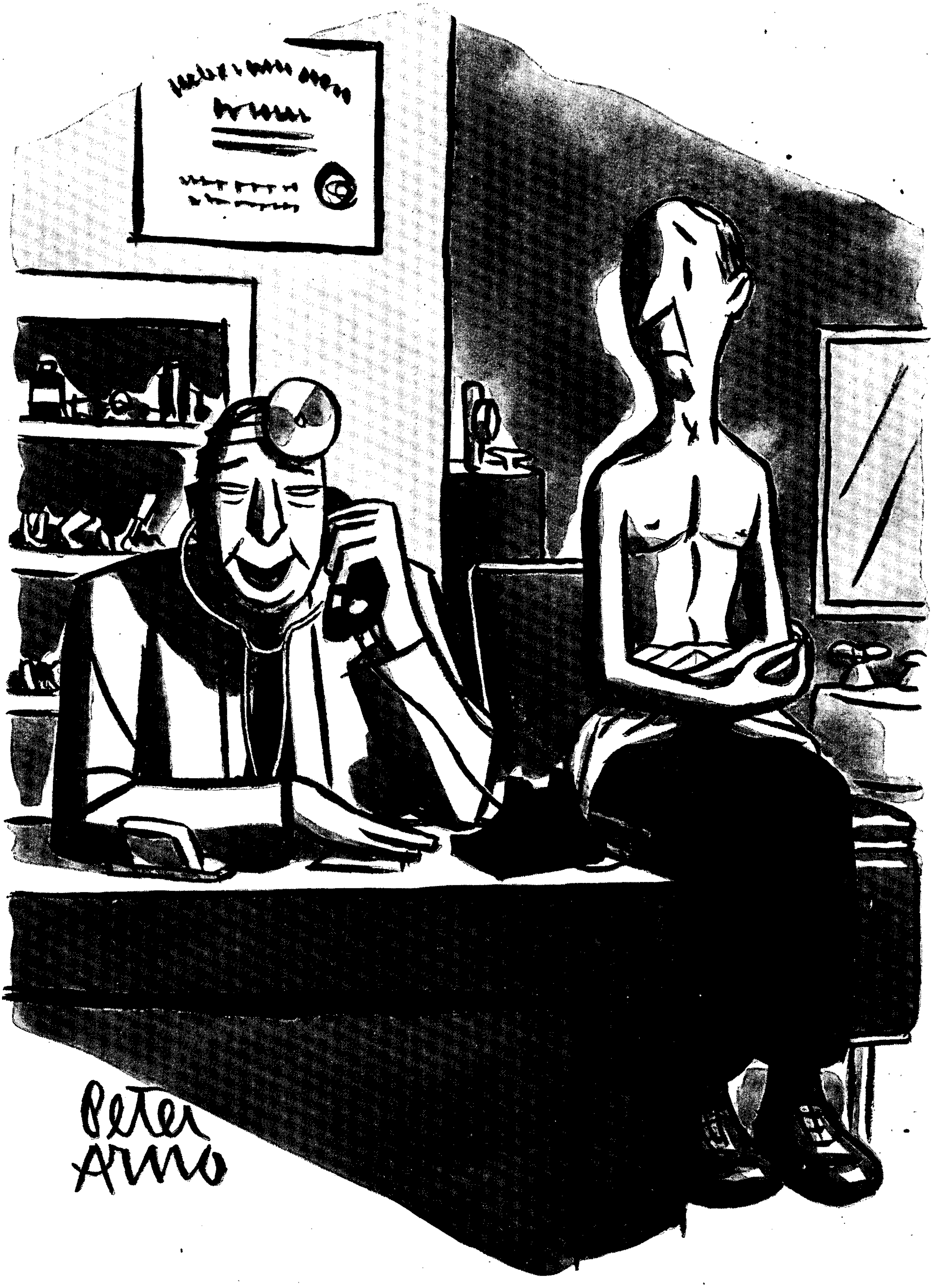
GENTLEMEN:

Our good client, Mr. Name Deleted, took a three-day tour commencing on July 14th to Mont St. Michel and the Normandy Beaches, as arranged by your Paris office.

Mr. Deleted was the only American on this tour and hasn't the slightest idea where he went or what parts were covered, French having been spoken.

May we kindly request you to contact your office in France to obtain a printed itinerary and map of this trip and a transcript of the information contained so that Mr. Deleted will know where he has been?

Your kind coöperation with us in this regard will be very greatly appreciated.



"By all means, dear—buy it if you really want it. We'll find the money for it somehow."

THE BIRTH OF APHRODITE

THERE was a woman in the sea, naked. When the tourists came out of the convent cloister and stood on the cliffs of Cyprus, above the shore, they saw her, sitting in a rock pool and lazily showering water over her shoulders with cupped palms. She was a broad peasant woman with big breasts and long dark hair.

"Dear *me!*" said one of the Englishwomen, turning her back on the beach.

Her husband, a tall, black-haired colonel in shorts and knee socks, said, "Capital idea she's got there—what? We ought all to join her."

"Cedric," his wife said.

Camilla Mathers, an American girl, feeling but not wanting to appear embarrassed, turned slowly and began to examine the cloister gate, through which six or seven hens were scampering. The afternoon was terribly hot. All the convent buildings were of earthen brick the color of the sun, as though permeated by centuries of this fierce sunlight. No nuns were in sight, except the one who had trotted along beside the tourist party, patiently smiling and nodding at them all; she spoke almost no English. There was no wind to rattle the dry palms in the cloister, and the blue sea lay where it fell on the rocks like limp blue silk. Only silly hens and tourists, Camilla thought, dash about in this heat. And the English, of course, because the song says so, although she had heard Cedric remark that he would rather be back on the hotel veranda with a gin-and-bitters.

Behind the convent and its orchards of carob trees, the barren mountains rose in a glaring mist of heat. On a clear day, the party's Thomas Cook guide had said, one could see Turkey from the slopes. But there were no clear days in August, although it never rained. There was always this shimmering pall all around the horizon, and overhead a sky too bright to see.

"Don't go to Cyprus in August," people had said to Camilla. "You might as well spend your vacation in an oven." But to Camilla, who worked as a secretary at the American Consulate in Istanbul and did not like the job, it had seemed, as she looked through guidebooks, that she could not ignore an island floating in the eastern Mediterranean, the birthplace of Aphrodite and the citadel of medieval queens.

She had come abroad to improve her mind and to serve her country and because she had been bored in Providence. A fanatical worker, she had the best of the secretarial jobs in the Consulate, even though she was only two years out of college, and she was considered by the other young Americans prim, bookish, and even eccentric. She spent Saturday afternoons with a guidebook, pattering through mosques in her stocking feet, while the rest gathered in one another's apartments to play bridge. She tried, much more diligently than any of them, to learn Turkish, and, from a Circassian refugee, took lessons in tile painting. Pilaus and kebabs abounded in her kitchen, while her colleagues delighted in baked beans from the PX and hams from the Sixth Fleet supply ships.

But for some reason that she could not understand, her program was not a success; Istanbul, in spite of all her efforts, dwindled to a dirtier and more inconvenient Providence. And even if she had been husband hunting, as she believed she was not, there was no one who might possibly do. All the men she met seemed, as those at home had, too young or too short, too dull or too frivolous. She tired of the pursuit of culture in byways where she was in constant peril of being pinched, for she was an ash blonde, and even though she wore glasses, flat-heeled oxfords, and a determined and severe expression, she was never overlooked on the streets of Istanbul. Whatever she had wanted, leaving Providence, was not forthcoming. She gave up the tile painting, which was making a mess of her apartment, and, like the others, began to tick off the months on the calendar until her tour of duty would be up. Meantime, she came to Cyprus.

The woman in the sea was, strangely, the first sight that had stirred her. She turned now, almost in spite of herself, and looked down again to see her there in the rock pool with the gentle sea curling around her. The woman had seen the group of tourists and had turned her broad back to them. There was something at once ugly and beautiful about this broad naked back; it was like the back of a strong, white farm horse.

"I say, she looks bloody cool," Cedric said, leaning on a rock to gaze down.

"She is Aphrodite," Camilla said suddenly.

Cedric's wife looked repelled. "Surely," she said to Camilla, "Aphrodite was a lovely young girl. Do come along, Cedric. We haven't seen the frescoes."

Cedric, before he followed his wife, gave Camilla an enormous wink. Alarmed, she fell back a step. She had been thinking, during the afternoon, that Cedric was attractive, and she was afraid he had somehow found this out. He looked, Camilla thought, like a Scottish chief—very weathered, very strong, with black hair, graying, and blue eyes. She could imagine him striding in kilts on a moor.

There were no unattached men at the hotel where they all stayed, the guests being mostly old ladies come out from England to enjoy a vacation in the Sterling Area, and English couples on holiday from outposts of Empire like Khartoum and the Anglo-Iranian oil concessions. These couples seemed resigned to the heat; undoubtedly it was hotter where they had come from. In the evenings before dinner, most of them sat in pairs on the veranda, sipping drinks that had no ice in them and reading Penguin books. Camilla had thought of saying boldly to one pair, "May I sit with you?" but imagined the astonished eyes, the Penguin book put down with a finger holding the place. She was not brave enough, and, with a feeling of helplessness, had her drinks with two American typists from the Embassy in Cairo.

THE tourists and their guide now followed the nun into a dark, frescoed chapel, cool, stuffy with incense, and lit only by candles fluttering inside red glass holders. The frescoes, from whose shadows loomed only a vague, saintly face here and there, a robe, a hand lifted to bless, were tenth century, the guide said, and the carved-oak reredos had been brought from Byzantium by a light-fingered Crusader. The greatest treasure of the convent, he explained, was a particularly holy and miraculous icon of Saint Palombaros, which stood in an alcove near the altar. This icon, when held aloft in a stormy wind, would prevent shipwreck up and down the coast. The nun genuflected before the icon and kissed it.

"How odd," Cedric's wife said. "Think of the germs."

Camilla, inspired by dislike of Cedric's wife, kissed the icon, too, and was rewarded by a radiant smile from the nun, who now laid her small hand, light as a bird's foot, on Camilla's arm and indicated that she and the whole group were to follow her. They passed out of the chapel through a low side door and entered a room where there were benches and a table.

"She wants to give you a treat," said the guide, and they all sat down. The nun vanished and the group sat—five English pairs, two women from Israel, and Camilla. No one spoke. The room, apparently the sitting room of the nuns, contained nothing to look at. There were only the benches, the table, a crucifix, and four whitewashed walls. The windows were deep and iron-barred, as though to thrust away from the nuns the burning sunlight, the hot blue sea. In winter, Camilla thought, the world and the convent would not be so at odds with each other. She felt Cedric's eyes on her and wished she had not said anything about Aphrodite. Perhaps it had given him the Wrong Idea. ("Always be very discreet with strangers," Camilla's mother had told her. "Otherwise they might get the Wrong Idea about you.")

Presently the nun came back, carrying purple flowers, one for each of the tourists, and for Camilla, a lemon as well.

"A lemon?" Camilla said to the guide, thinking it might have some special religious significance in the Greek Orthodox Church.

"She says it is the first from her garden," the guide said, having consulted with the nun. "It is for you."

The nun again put her little, claw-like hand on Camilla's arm. "I," she said, pointing several times at her bosom, "love"—and she made an embracing motion with her arms—"you." She patted Camilla.

The lemon was a very small, pale one, queerly shaped, like something a child might make. Camilla felt unaccountably touched.

"Thank you," she said in an embarrassed way. And she smiled stiffly at the nun, feeling awkward, repressed, and New Englandish in the face of this Mediterranean gesture.

"God bless," the nun said.

They walked back toward the waiting cars.

"I say, you are in luck," Cedric said, falling back to walk beside Camilla. "A lemon! Just what you'd been wanting?"

His wife turned and gave Camilla a sharp look. "Are you a Greek?" she said.

"No, I'm American."

"But I mean *before*. All of you were *something* before you immigrated."

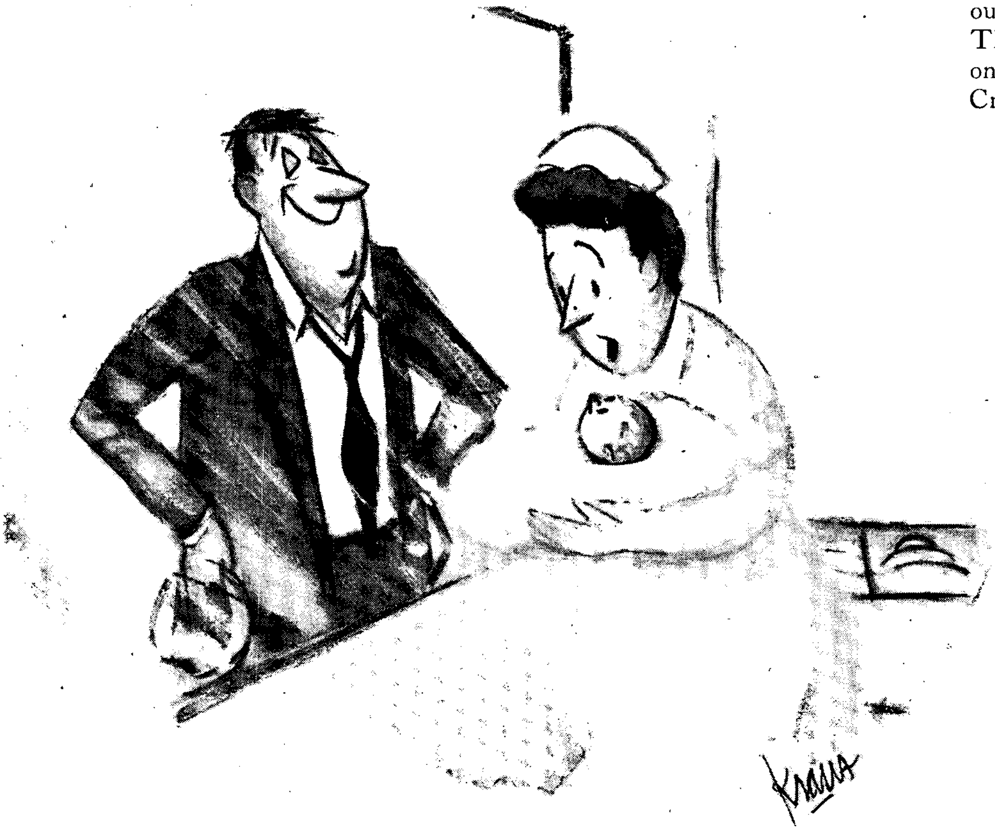
"My family came from England," Camilla said.

"Fancy!" Cedric's wife said, and got into one of the cars.

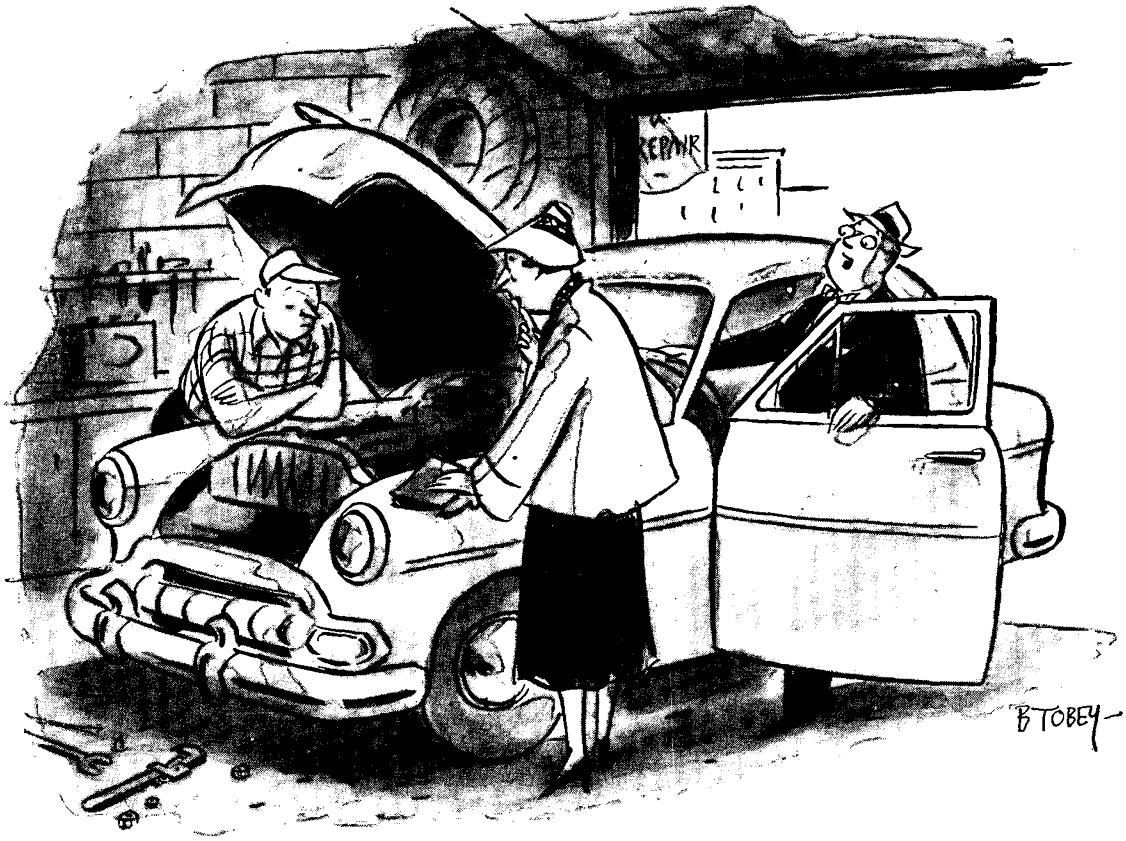
BACK at the hotel, Camilla changed to her bathing suit, and headed for the pier just as the gong sounded for tea. The siesta quiet of the hotel was broken by the clinking of cups and saucers on the veranda. The old ladies collected themselves at tables, beaming happily as though a familiar holiday, like Christmas, had come around again. Waiters produced an abundance of scones, round and heavy as paperweights, and small gray sandwiches sweating jam; there was never any compromise with the heat at this hotel. For breakfast there was oatmeal porridge, for lunch an entrée and a roast, and for dinner always cream soup, fried fish, meat and potatoes, and pudding. ("Good-oh! Roly-poly pudding," Camilla had heard Cedric's hearty voice proclaim the night before through the steamy dining room. "Spotty Dick, we called it at home. Violet, my dear, a spot of Spotty Dick?")

Camilla walked down the pier to a pavilion where a few people were sitting in deck chairs. There she put on the snorkel that she had bought in the village—a face mask with a tube to enable one to breathe while floating face down—and slipped into the soft, not-cold sea. She had a feeling of having earned this, of treating herself to something, after her stint of castles and convents. Beneath the surface, the late sun thrust beams of light like the light in a church. Fish, silver and red, and yellow striped with black, darted and turned beneath her; weeds nodded. It was a world minding its own business. Absorbed, she swam in slow, wide circles, and when she raised her head again and took off her mask and shook the water out of it, the sun was noticeably lower. The heat mist had begun to lift, and one could see quite clearly the turreted Crusader castle that stood above the village. The guidebook spoke of battles here on this rocky shore—Romans, Saracens, Venetians, Turks, dying where the old ladies now ate scones.

Presently Cedric and Violet appeared at the pavilion. Violet was not in a bathing suit; she complained, Camilla knew, that the sun gave her a headache, and she now wore a large straw hat tied under her gaunt chin with a kitten bow. Cedric arranged a chair for her so that it faced away from the sun. Then he handed her her knitting bag and settled himself beside her with a newspaper. Camilla wondered if he had noticed her there in the water, and then dismissed the thought at once. He is a devoted, kind husband, she thought. Perhaps he loves that woman. Probably she used to be pretty, with a soft, fresh English complexion, now ravaged by sun. And all the time that she was losing that fragile English beauty, Cedric had grown more muscular



"That's your daddy, dear. I'm afraid he's been celebrating your arrival."



“Now, Phyllis, I’m going to start the engine. Listen carefully and tell us exactly when you hear that strange whining noise.”

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and brown, more like a Scottish chief. Poor Violet, Camilla thought, it really isn’t fair. And there she is, kindly knitting him socks.

Camilla put her mask back on and continued to float above the fish world. She tried to envision herself, complexion and disposition worsening, knitting beside a husband, but the husband was faceless. She had always presumed that someday she would be married, and whenever she pressed herself for details, she imagined that her husband would be something like her father, a good, upright, if somewhat timid, man who had never given her mother a minute’s trouble. The young men who had paid attention to her in Providence were usually not very different from him. They liked a studious and serious-minded girl like Camilla. They took her to lectures, they had their mothers invite her to dinner, they sat on the beach with her in the moonlight and discussed their next raises. “How that Donald does remind me of your daddy!” Mrs. Mathers would say. “Such lovely clean shoes, and always on time.” Sometimes, though, before she went off to sleep, Camilla would imagine that a voice said to her, “Darling, I love you.” But this voice was no voice she knew.

When she lifted her head again from the water, she saw that Cedric was sitting on the edge of the ladder, peering down at her.

“So that’s *you* out there, is it?” he said. “How are the fish?”

“Would you like to see them?” she asked. She observed that Violet was no longer with him. The other people had gone, and the sun was behind the castle.

“Thanks, I’ve had my bathe for the day. Coming out now? Here’s a hand up.” She took the large brown hand that reached down to her, and swung up out of the water.

“Sit down for a bit, won’t you?” he said. “First cool bit of wind there’s been all day.”

“Where is your wife?” Camilla asked sedately, seating herself in a chair some distance away from him.

“Poor girl, she’s got a headache. I told her not to knit in the sun, but she would do it. Collapsed for the day now, I expect.”

Camilla said that that was too bad. She sat up straight, not looking at him but gazing out to sea, where an anchored freighter was being loaded. She felt him looking at her, and pressed her hands together nervously.

“I wonder what they’re loading on that freighter,” she said.

“Carob. They grow a lot here.”

“Is it to eat?”

“For cattle, I’m told. You know that frightful stink in the village there by the dock? That’s bushels of carob pods. Smells like bad cheese.”

Camilla could think of no response to this. She stole a look at him and saw his kind blue eyes studying her.

“Do you like Cyprus?” she asked.

“It’s a good change from where we are. We’re at Khartoum, you know. Have been for three years.”

“Do you like that?”

“Well, it’s not exactly London or Paris,” he said. “But we’ve got a good Officers’ Club.”

“What is the population of Khartoum?” On this ground, she felt safe. But he was not listening to her.

“I say, you know, there’s a little sort of night club in the village here where you can go in the evenings for a drink, and a chap plays the piano. Have you been?”

“No,” Camilla said, and got rapidly to her feet, like a person who has heard distant firing.

“Like to go? I mean if you wanted to go, I’d be glad to—to see that you got there and back all right.”

“Well, thank you,” Camilla said, “but I’m leaving tomorrow for Istanbul.”

“But I mean tonight. About nine or so?”

Camilla gathered up her towel, bathing cap, and snorkel. “I don’t believe I could,” she began; then she saw that his big, kind face looked quite unhappy.

“Couldn’t you?” he said, stammering a little. “I mean just for a bit?”

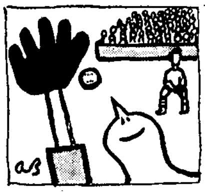
She thought, and couldn’t help smiling, how surprised his troops would be to see him now. And this made her feel pleasantly powerful, to think that she had made the Scottish chief stammer.

“Well, perhaps I might go—just for a few minutes.”

“Good-oh!” he said. “Nine o’clock, then?”

THE night club was very respectable and looked like a tearoom, which in fact it was during the daytime. It had dotted-swiss curtains and red geraniums in the windows, and the clientele this evening consisted of two old ladies dawdling over crème de menthe, and several couples with Penguin books. The piano player sang British music-hall ballads, which, after the two old ladies had paid their checks and left, became gently risqué. Except for this, Camilla felt that her mother and father might quite properly have been along. However, she was glad they were not.

Cedric talked most of the time about hunting. He had gone on several safaris during his tour in Africa, and remembered each one of them in detail. Camilla had never had much of an interest in hunting, but she felt quite content to sit there with Cedric, sipping a drink, and feeling his admiring eyes upon her. Through the window she could see what looked like a musical-comedy set—a small moonlit harbor, a clean quay, a café with chairs and tables set under a single pepper tree. All that is needed, Camilla thought, is a duet by the tenor and soprano.



After the third round of drinks, Cedric's big hand came over into Camilla's lap and swallowed up both of hers.

"Fellow down near Nairobi got nine Thomson's gazelle in a day's shooting," he said. "Damn good show, I thought."

"Terribly good show," Camilla said, and let her hands stay in his.

The piano player closed the keyboard and went over to the bar.

"I'm having a most awfully nice evening," Cedric said.

Camilla smiled at the effort he was making to mute down that loud, hearty voice. "I'm glad you have such a good time living in Africa," she said.

"Well, as I said, it's not Paris, but one can manage."

"I can see you do."

"I'd like Paris, though. Imagine, Camilla, if you and I were in Paris." He said this in the same tone in which he spoke of Thomson's gazelle, so that Camilla, equally casual, allowed herself to answer, "I wish we were."

He took her hands in both of his, as though, Camilla thought, they were little birds he had caught but would not harm.

"You know," he said, "I should like most awfully to be in Paris with you. And, another thing"—he lifted one of her hands to his lips and kissed it—"you are most awfully pretty. I don't think you know that, so I'm telling you."

"Thank you," she said, a little unsteadily. It was true; she did not know it, although she had been told before. She had an impulse to put her hands on his face, around his neck. But instead she sat up very straight, assembling her purse and gloves.

"Goodness, it's late," she said. "I must go. I must pack tonight."

"Not yet."

"Yes."

He sighed, and signalled for the check.

OUTSIDE, the moon was half under a vaporous cloud, and the stage-set café had closed, so that the principal light was a street lamp, glowing through the pepper branches. In the dark, they could hear the water lapping around small boats in the harbor.

Cedric put his arm around Camilla, and they walked so, slowly.

"Not cold, are you?" he asked. She was trembling.

"No. It's just that—that I can't approve."

"Can't approve? And you're the lady who approved of Aphrodite this afternoon?"

She drew away from him. "I wish I'd never said that," she said.

"But you did approve, didn't you? Thought she was having a jolly good time? And so did I."

She said nothing.

"Very sweet, that little nun giving you the lemon," he said.

"It was just because I kissed the icon."

"No, she liked you. 'I love you,' she said."

"Nuns love everybody. It's their business, isn't it?" She said this casually, but as she said it, she remembered how awkward she had felt. If only, she thought, she had been capable of giving back a word or a touch. "I must send her a Christmas card," she said, but it didn't seem exactly enough.

"Have a cigarette," Cedric said, "to settle your nerves." He gave her one, and they stopped while he lighted a match. In the brief glow, she saw the longing way he looked at her.

"It would be nice if you would, you know," he said.

"Would what?" Camilla asked.

He turned her chin up to him and gave her a quick kiss. "If you would spend the night with me. I should like that very much."

She was shocked. "Oh dear, why do you say such things to me?" she said. "It's all because of that woman bathing."

"It's all because you're a damned attractive woman. Anyway, shall we have a dip in the sea?"

"No, we'd better not," Camilla said primly.

"Something wrong in that, too?"

"We'd just better not," she said. She could not contemplate the thought of being with him in the dark, soft water.

"I've never known an American girl before. Are they all like you? It must be that ice you put in your drinks."

"For one thing," Camilla said, "and this is just *one* thing—you're married."

"Well, there you've got me," he said. "So I am. Can't argue with that, I expect."

Camilla had supposed that he might argue about it, that he might tell her that he was misunderstood or unhappy. She liked him for sticking to facts; much as he might have preferred at this moment to be a *boulevardier* in Paris, he was married to a woman named Violet and lived in Khartoum.

"Cedric," she said. They were nearing the hotel. "Thank you for a very nice evening."

"Not as nice as it might have been—but awfully nice," he said. "Don't forget you're a pretty woman."

"I had a wonderful time," she said. Yet she couldn't really tell him how she felt, any more than she had been able to tell the nun.

BUT what is it? she thought, as she stood by the window in her room. It's too hot, I'm given a lemon, Cedric isn't the sort of person I could— She thought of the nun's touch on her arm, and the way the pepper tree looked in the lamplight, with all the little leaves shimmering like green rain. Something she had not known was in her had begun to move, like sap in a tree. She picked up from the window sill the small, hard, queer-shaped lemon, and held it in her hand, and smiled because she felt so absurdly happy.

—MARY CABLE

THE TORTOISE-SHELL LORGNETTE

I have here a tortoise-shell
Lorgnette, beautifully made, but frail;
It has outlasted many kings.
Closed, one sees one speckled brown
Rectangle made of tinted glass;
Sprung open, two, and each is framed
By amber, brown, and shaded tan,
Bordered by tiny diamonds.
Seeming as light as air, it hangs
On a silk cord, also fine,
That twines around the wearer's neck
An almost imaginary line
Attached to the object by a clasp
So miniature as to seem abstract.
No museum piece, but made for use,
No glass showcase has ever been
Diminutive and delicate
Enough to mount this lorgnette in.

—HOWARD MOSS

WHITE FUNERAL, WHITE SOCKS

AFTER the Communists took Peiping, in January, 1949, the front courts and rooms of the Yu family mansion were occupied by soldiers, and horses were set to graze in its famous garden. The presence of the soldiers would have been trouble enough for the family, but they also had the task of keeping old Mr. Yu, my wife's father, who was confined by mortal illness to the rooms of his private courtyard, from knowing of it. He was a statesman who had once been Chief Justice of the Chinese Supreme Court, and the family felt that if he should learn of such an invasion of the privacy of his home, his last days would be days of defeat instead of days spent in the peaceful contemplation of a respected career. Anticipating his death, and the yearlong period of mourning that would follow it, Aimee and I had married rather hurriedly, but because of her father's illness and the disruption of the house, we continued to live apart. Four days after our wedding, Mr. Yu died without ever knowing that his beloved garden had been desecrated and that his mansion and fortune were collapsing.

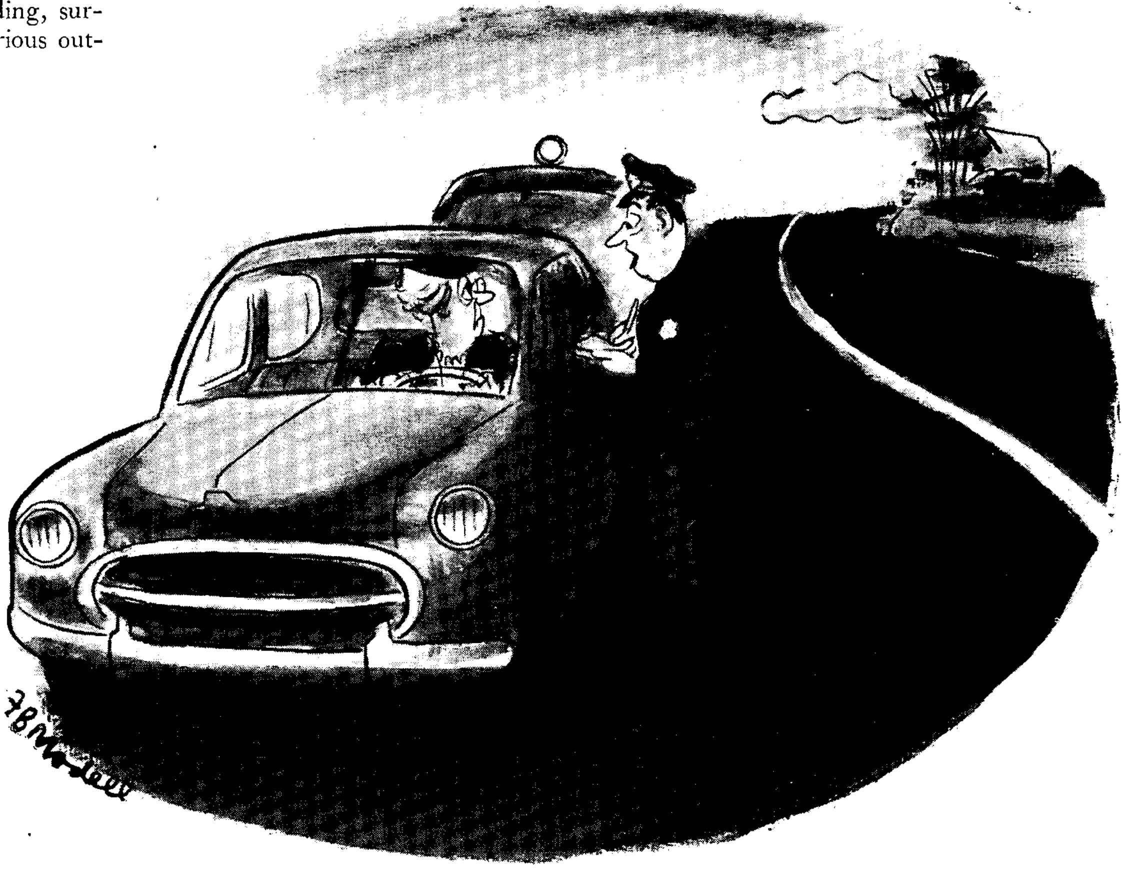
The mansion, containing more than a hundred rooms, as well as innumerable courtyards and corridors, was an enormous, sprawling building, surrounded by a garden and various outbuildings, the whole establishment being enclosed by a wall. Between the fall of Peiping and Mr. Yu's death, the family maintained his courtyard and rooms as they had always been (and one large hall was restored for Aimee's and my wedding), but everywhere else in the house they did their best to conceal any evidence of their remaining wealth. Windows that had cracked during the bombardment of the city were left unrepaired. Carpets were removed and hidden, along with paintings, porcelains, silk cushions, and tapestries. There were about twenty-five members of the family living in the house at the time—Aimee, her two brothers and eight sisters, with their wives or husbands, and children, as well as several aunts and uncles—and they all did what they could to increase the air of destitution. Cooking stoves were moved into the larger halls, and ashes were scattered on the floors. One of my wife's sisters found, in a storeroom, a rusty ice-cream freezer, which looked mechanical and proletarian, and put it in the middle of the main hall. And, as a final touch, Ninth Sister, the youngest, came home one day with a sock-knitting machine.

The machine was a boxed mechanism entirely mysterious to me. It was operated by a crank, and protruding from the top of the box were long needles, set in a circle. A skein of yarn was put into the machine, and when it was cranked, a knitted cylinder came off the needles. As far as I could make out, you just stopped cranking eventually, sewed up one end of the cylinder, and somehow got a serviceable sock, but I'm sure there must have been more to the operation than that. Anyway, the family agreed that the machine looked wonderful beside the ice-cream freezer, and, furthermore, they all felt that it allowed them to tell the Communists that they expected to earn a living by making socks.

I don't think all this camouflage fooled anyone. Although the family did succeed in making the place almost unlivable, they would have had to burn it to the ground to keep even the stupidest police inspector from knowing that the beams and pillars were of the finest cedar and mahogany, and that the tiles of the floors rivalled in blackness and smoothness those of the Imperial Palace. And I am sure they would even then have had to commit suicide en bloc to hide the fact that they were people trained in the art of spending money.

Actually, they might have saved themselves a good deal of trouble, because they reversed the process and restored the house when the old man died. They decided to give him a funeral in orthodox grand style, and this decision led them to feel that they wanted, after all, to hold on to their standard of living as long as they could. They had already restored the Hall of Ancient Pines at the time Aimee, the Fourth Miss Yu, and I were married—an event that automatically gave me the designation of Fourth Brother—and most of the rest of the job was done for the funeral.

I WAS with friends on the night of old Mr. Yu's death. Aimee telephoned me. When I arrived at the mansion gate, the Communist soldiers were milling uncertainly about the front



"I don't enjoy giving you this ticket, but if I let you off, I'd have to do as much for everyone else. You understand, don't you, Mother?"

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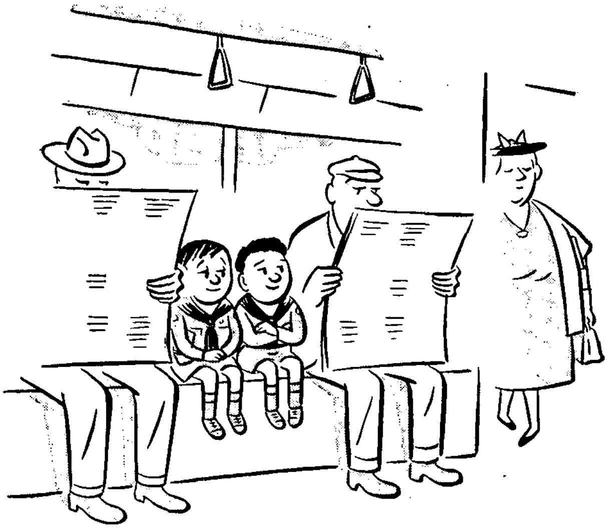

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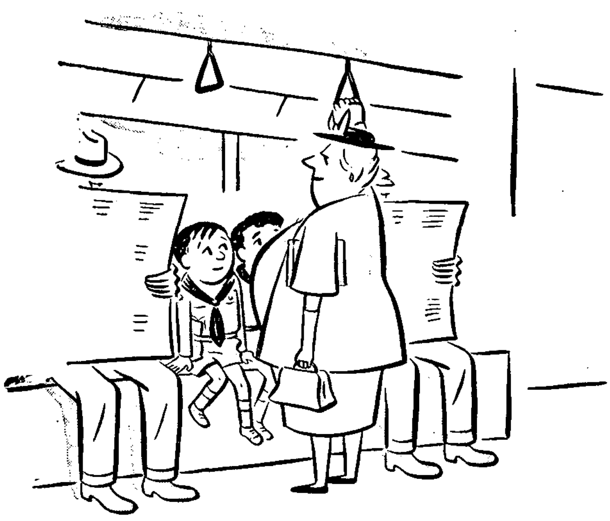

courtyard, aware that something had happened inside the house. A servant told me Aimee was at the well in the garden, and I set out, by way of a small door in the courtyard wall, to look for her. It was a moonless night and the garden was very black. A wind was shaking the high trees and rustling through the bamboo. Thinking of the old man newly dead, I might have been uneasy had it not been for the very ordinary horses of the soldiers stamping at their tethers in the darkness all around me.

A white stone path that began at the door ran past the well, and I had followed it for a considerable distance when I was startled to see someone in white coming toward me, carrying what looked like a raised umbrella. Then I heard the figure call, in Aimee's voice, "David, is that you?"

As she came closer, I could see that she really was carrying an umbrella, and a pail of water besides. Her white dress, I knew, was mourning attire. "The dead must be washed with water drawn at night," she said when I asked what she was doing. "The water must not be touched by the light of the sky, even the night sky. It is a custom."

We walked back to the door of the main courtyard together, past the bamboo and the trees and the horses. I wanted to say something comforting, but Aimee looked capable and in control of herself, and I could think of nothing that seemed right. When we had gone through the door, I heard weeping and singing. Aimee stopped, and then suddenly began crying, "Ai ya! Ai yo!" and went toward the main hall. I followed, feeling bewildered and wondering if, as a Fourth Brother, I should cry out, too.

THE whole family and about twenty Buddhist monks were gathered in the hall. Aimee folded her umbrella and surrendered her bucket to one of her aunts, who carried it away. The relatives, including a number of people I had never seen before, were dressed in hemless gowns of white muslin and were moaning and wailing. The monks were chanting the Feast of the Dead, and were making a good deal of noise with gongs, wooden blocks, and bells. Aimee brought me a white sash and tied it around my waist under my suit coat, and told me to sit down. The only people making no outcry or other noise were the servants. I saw one of them going out of the hall with the rusty ice-cream freezer in his arms. The sock-knitting machine was already gone. Other servants were cleaning, laying carpets, or polishing furniture. The wall mirrors, of which there were many, had been covered with sheets of white paper.

Actually, the old man's death had come as no shock to the family. It had been expected, and they knew that Mr. Yu would never have been able to approve of "New China," and that in a short time the inviolability of his own courtyard would have been shattered. They felt he was better out of it—honored in death rather than humiliated in life. And partly because, in their relief, they also felt guilty, and partly because they were uncertain of their own future, they had decided that the old man's funeral was to be a sort of symbol of the past as he had known it—a last flaring of gold-and-red pomp before they should all be submerged in the drab puritanism of the revolution.

After I had sat with the mourners for some time, Aimee took me outside into the cool night air. She explained that what I had been witnessing was the first-night wake, and that it would go on until morning. As a member of the family, I had honored her father by being present, but as a foreigner, I was not expected to stay the whole time. She told me that the ceremonies of the funeral would last for forty days, but that the most elaborate rites would take place on the third day. Then she walked with me through the still, empty courtyard. The family was waiting, she said, for the coffin, which was being brought from the ancestral family temple in the North City. Her father had bought it, as the custom was, many years before, and the wood, a kind of teak, was of a quality and thickness now unobtainable. Every month for at least twenty years, a fresh layer of lacquer had been put on it.

We walked on, and just as we reached the main gate, the immense coffin arrived, on the shoulders of six bearers, its surface black and sparkling in the light from their lanterns. One end of it was high, made to look like the stern of a Chinese junk, and its sides had been shaped like those of a boat, to enable it to cleave the black waters where the dead travel. As it came sliding darkly through the gate, the Communist soldiers, most of whom had been recruited from superstitious peasant stock, drew back, muttering, their eyes wide. Aimee touched the coffin as it passed, and a moment later we said good night. I walked away, and, outside the huge gate, turned back and saw her standing there, looking ghostlike in her white robe, watching me. The soldiers were in clumps about her, though they did not stand too close, and I could still see, behind her, the dark shape of the coffin receding into the darkness.

IN the three days before the climax of the funeral rites, the Yu mansion changed considerably. Over all the tiled outdoor courts, box-shaped roofs of reed matting, looking something like large sheds, were erected on bamboo scaffolding. Framed panes of brightly painted

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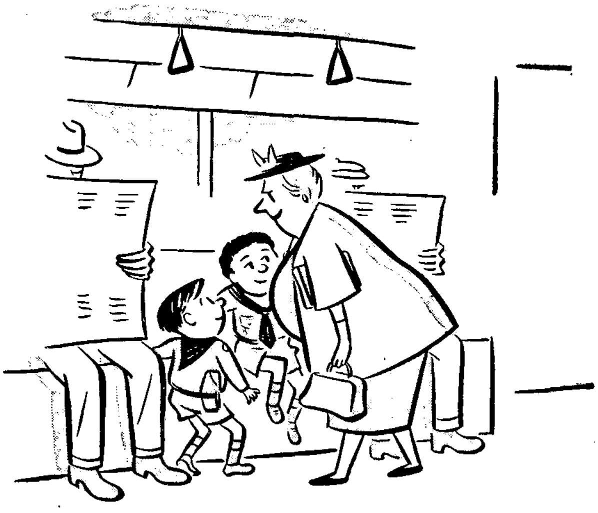

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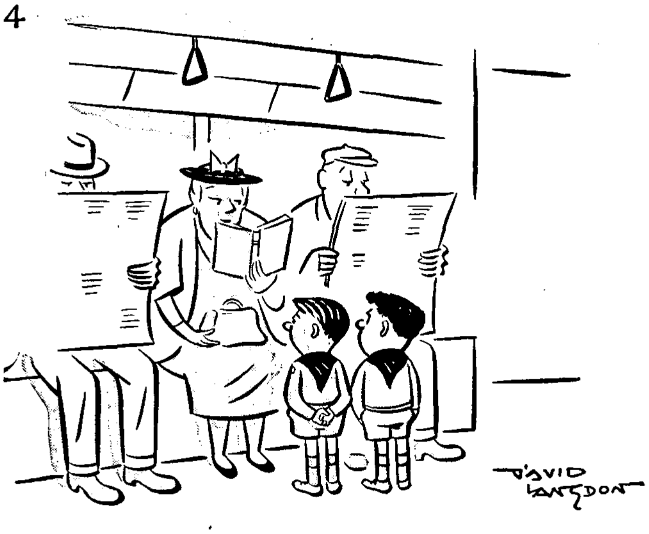

glass were set in the sides of these, above the level of the surrounding buildings and galleries. In this way almost an acre of open courts was changed into lofty rooms smelling of straw and filled with golden-yellow dust.

I was in the house early on the second morning, when a Communist cadre came. In Western usage, the term applies to a number of men forming the skeleton of a larger group, but it is the approved Chinese Communist designation for one man acting as a sort of political commissar. This man arrived just as the workmen were beginning the day's construction and cleaning. He strode angrily about the courts watching the bustle, and after he had asked the workmen (most of them professional funeral caterers and descendants of funeral caterers, who took pride in their work and charged enormous prices) what they were doing and how much they were getting paid, he joined the soldiers and conferred with them. Presently, they produced from somewhere a flaking blackboard, and for the next hour the main courtyard rang with Communist hymns. The cadre wrote the first lines on the blackboard, and the soldiers shouted them and went on from there.

"Out of the East comes the sun, out of the East comes Mao Tse-tung," they sang. "In Red Leaf Village, the landlords are gone. Ai ya! The farmers dance and sing. Red Warriors liberate the south. The people are throwing flowers at their feet."

When the soldiers were done singing, they took out the paper-bound Communist catechisms that they all carried and, in response to the questions of the cadre, read aloud in their flat country accents.

"What is the place of the soldier in New China?"

"The soldier protects the people and drives the running dogs of imperialism from our shores."

"What is the Soviet Union?"

"The Soviet Union is China's big brother and is helping us drive the imperialist reactionaries into the sea."

After quite a lot of this, the soldiers all sat down on the folding campstools they carried strapped to their packs, and the cadre began barking out a lecture on the evils of bureaucratic capitalism and amassed wealth. "All this is the old, evil China," he said. He waved his arms as if to sweep away the mansion and the workmen. The soldiers glared about them. "All these people employed for one dead old man is a reactionary crime against New China!" The soldiers stirred, and snarled at the workmen. "But wait!" the cadre cried. "They are doomed! We need not even push them! They are already dying from their own inner decay." The soldiers smiled complacently. "Watch them and learn!" said the cadre.

THE climactic third day was bedlam. Since the principal rooms of the Yu mansion were in a direct line, separated by courtyards, and their main doors had been removed and the courtyard gates opened, one could look down a huge vista filled with wild but purposeful disorder.

In some of the courtyards, the caterers had set up tables for refreshments. In others, great bouquets of paper flowers and life-size paper figures of horses and servants, for the equipage of Mr. Yu in the other world, were being prepared. These would later be burned, to send them on their way. Meanwhile, ingots of gold paper, also for his use, were kept blazing in an iron brazier. A drum at the main gate, so huge that the man beating it had to stand on a ladder, was struck at intervals to announce the arrival of guests—two beats for a man, one for a woman. In two courtyards, there were chanting monks and Buddhist-temple orchestras composed of gongs, drums, trumpets, racks of bells, and pipes of Pan. The Communist soldiers, dressed in uniforms of Yenan yellow, sat doggedly in the midst of the turmoil, eating pickled radishes and cooking vegetables over a coal-ball fire. (Coal balls are made by mixing coal dust and mud. They make a good fire, but they leave enormous clinkers.) And in and out of halls and courtyards, through clouds of incense, wandered the guests. There were the Chinese ones, the declining aristocracy of Peiping—silk-gowned ancient men with those elegant beards that only the Chinese can grow; their slender, white-faced, pomaded sons; and their first wives, second wives, concubines, and mistresses, smelling faintly of sandalwood, face powder, and soap. There were also foreign guests, who, in sunglasses and slacks, and loaded down with cameras, tripods, and light meters, seemed to be everywhere at once, snapping pictures. Most of them were friends of mine, whom the family had been happy to invite for the express purpose of getting pictures of the occasion taken, and, as a matter of fact, the pictures were to have a kind of historical value. Though nobody realized it at the time, this was to be the last of the great funerals for which—along with dust, duck, and opera—Peiping was famous. Thereafter, the new government simply reassessed the property of any family foolish enough to produce the money for a funeral of such dimensions.

I was wearing a dark-blue Chinese gown, with a white sash—a symbol of limited mourning. I had had difficulty finding the white socks that are customary with a Chinese gown, because most of mine had, along with my summer clothes, been locked away in camphor chests that at the moment were inaccessible. So I had on a pair mismatched both in weave and in the degree of whiteness.

Deciding to go to the garden to escape the noise and confusion for a moment, I saw Ninth Sister through a window of one of the small inner rooms, and went inside to speak to her. She saw my socks almost immediately, and tears came to her eyes. "Your socks don't match," she said.

"I know," I said.

She began to cry. "Papa's dead and we're all becoming poor—even you, an American!" she said. She was only eighteen, and she looked very tiny and lost in her square-cut muslin mourning sack.

"Don't cry," I said to her. "Your father was an old man, and—"

"Oh, I'm not crying for Papa," she said. "I'm glad he's dead. He can never see what's happened. Elder Brother says that next month, after we finish paying for the funeral, we must give up all the servants but two. He told me I must remember to turn off lights, and he's already asked a man to cut down the big trees in the front court and sell them for wood, and he says he's going to raise pigs in the garden. Oh, I'm *glad* Papa's dead! He loved this house and the garden and the trees. I love them, too, and I wish I were dead with Papa."

There wasn't much I could say. The Yu family *were* poor. Their stocks and deposits had become so much paper, and even if they tried to stay together and keep the house, they would have to live very differently from the way they had lived before the revolution. "Don't worry," I told Ninth Sister. "Do as your brother says, and everything will be all right."

Actually, I didn't believe that anything would ever again be all right for them—their way of life was ending unconditionally—but she looked up, brushing away her tears.

"Yes," she said. "We are still the Yu family, and if we stay together, everything will still be as it used to be. I will help. I promise I will. I have a plan, too."

"You have? What plan?" I asked.

"I don't want to tell you now," she said, "but I've been thinking about it for a long time."

I DIDN'T see Ninth Sister again until late that afternoon, when I was taking my place in a procession consisting of the family, the guests, the monks, and the orchestras. At its head marched a group of monks blowing ten-foot-long horns carried for them by little boys, who marched before them. The horns were to dispel evil spirits. Each could sound only one note, but, blown several at a time or all together, they produced uncanny harmonies. After the horns came the orchestras, playing, and then more monks, now quite hoarse but still chanting. Next came the spirit tower of Mr. Yu, borne on bamboo poles—a small paper pagoda in which was enshrined a fading framed photograph, taken some thirty years before, of Mr. Yu wearing a European suit and high collar.

Behind the spirit tower came the immediate family, and then the other relatives, all carrying bundles of lighted incense sticks and wearing white paper flowers. Mr. Yu's eldest son, as chief of the mourners, wore white net blinkers over his eyes, symbolizing a grief so deep as to make him unable to see. Although actually he could see, and could walk quite well, ceremony demanded that he be supported on either side by attendants. Every ten feet, he knelt on a cushion placed before him by an attendant, knocked his head on the ground three times, and wailed. He would then be helped to his feet and taken forward another ten feet. Behind the family, at a pace respectfully—and necessarily—slow, came the several hundred guests. They, too, carried incense and wore paper flowers.

At intervals in the procession were the paper servants and paper horses, held up on poles by funeral caterers. There was also a paper sedan chair, and there was a paper pleasure boat about fifteen feet long, complete in every detail. Through its windows I could see, among other surprising furnishings, paper tables with paper teacups on them, and a miniature paper model of an old-fashioned, round-topped Zenith radio.

The purpose of our procession was to burn all these paper objects, with the exception of Mr. Yu's photograph (but including the spirit tower itself), outside the walls of a nearby Buddhist temple. We reached it eventually, and the burning began. The pagoda was set on fire first, and when it began to collapse the other objects were thrown onto the fire one by one. It was macabre to see the very human-looking servants first curl in the heat of the fire and then burst into flame. Their faces and hands were of papier-mâché, and burned more slowly than their clothes. I thought of Joan of Arc, of medieval witches, and of the earlier funeral sacrifices of real

POPE, WORDSWORTH, AND NATURE

Pope liked his nature methodized,
His trees all trimmed and even-sized,
His hedges clipped, his vines well trained;
When things weren't proper, Pope was pained.
He liked his paths to make designs
And follow certain laid-out lines,
With somewhere, never far to seek,
The statue of a goddess (Greek).

But Wordsworth liked his nature wild,
Untamed, untutored, undefiled.
He liked his trees to spread and sprawl,
An uncut hedge or none at all.
He liked a path beside a brook—
A path a deer or cow once took—
With unexpected dip and bend
And nothing man-made at the end.

At Twickenham one cannot see
Wordsworth living happily,
Or, lacking statue, grot, and fount,
Pope at ease at Rydal Mount.

—Richard Armour

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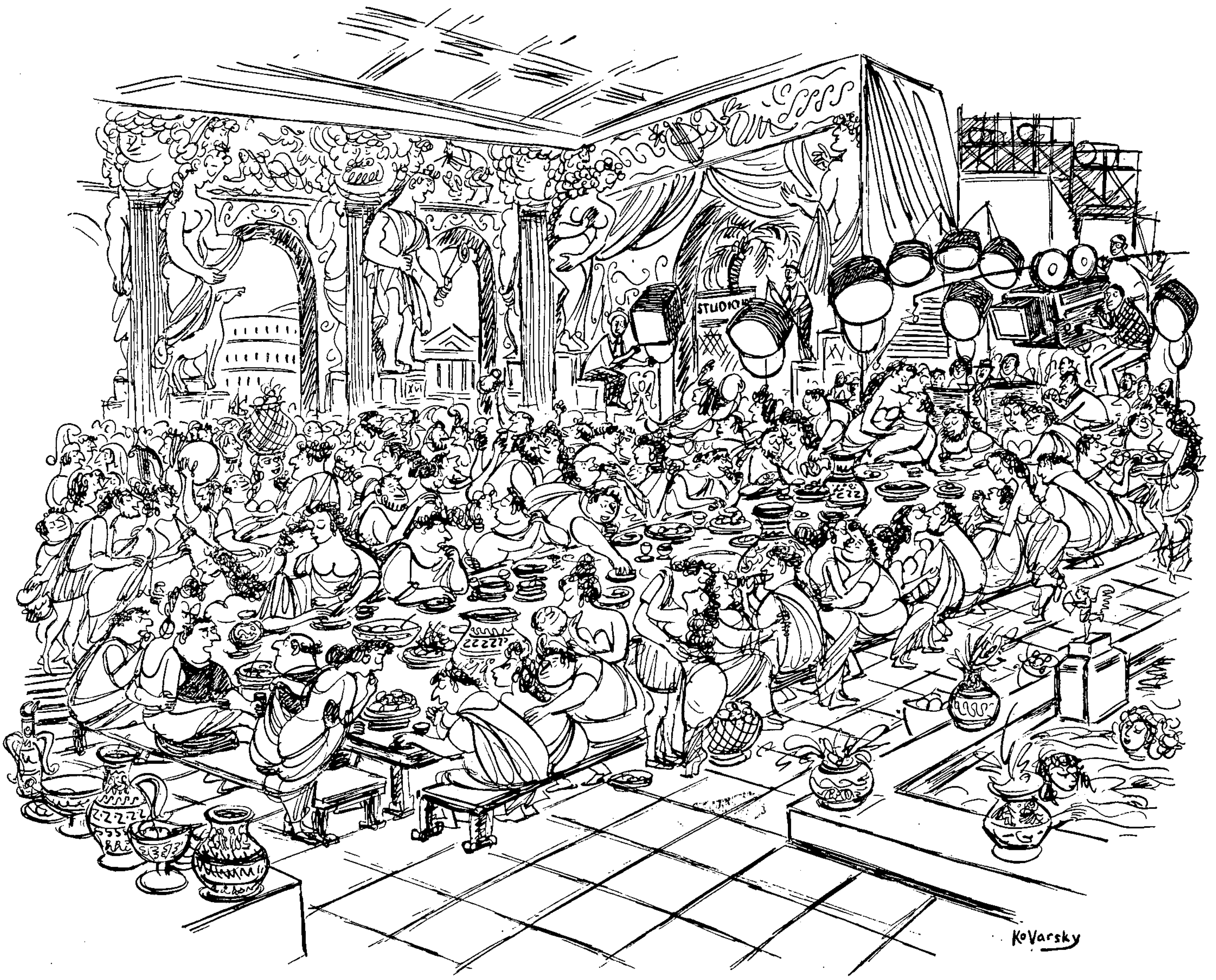


"I hope they have to do a retake. This cherry cobbler is delicious."

• •

servants, of which this ceremony was a discomforting survival.

One of the foreigners, trying for a photograph, got too close to the fire and suffered the loss of both his eyebrows. He was nearly burned more seriously, and I couldn't help thinking how astounded old Mr. Yu would have been if a foreigner with a camera in his hands and an assortment of leather pouches hanging from his shoulders had appeared out of the smoke and flame to assist him in the other world. He would surely have been at a loss to know what imbecility had come over his children, who were responsible for providing for his wants in that distant place.

ALTHOUGH, following the fire ceremony, old Mr. Yu's soul was gone, and was now presumably well provided for, his body, sealed in its coffin, still lay in the main hall of the house. A temporary partition screened the coffin, and in front of this was a table—a sort of altar—on which stood the old framed photograph of Mr. Yu. The coffin was to remain there forty days, during which offerings of various sorts, mostly food, incense, and ingots of gold paper, would be made at the altar. Then it was to be taken, with elaborate ceremony, in a brocade-and-silk-covered palanquin, to the family tombs outside the city.

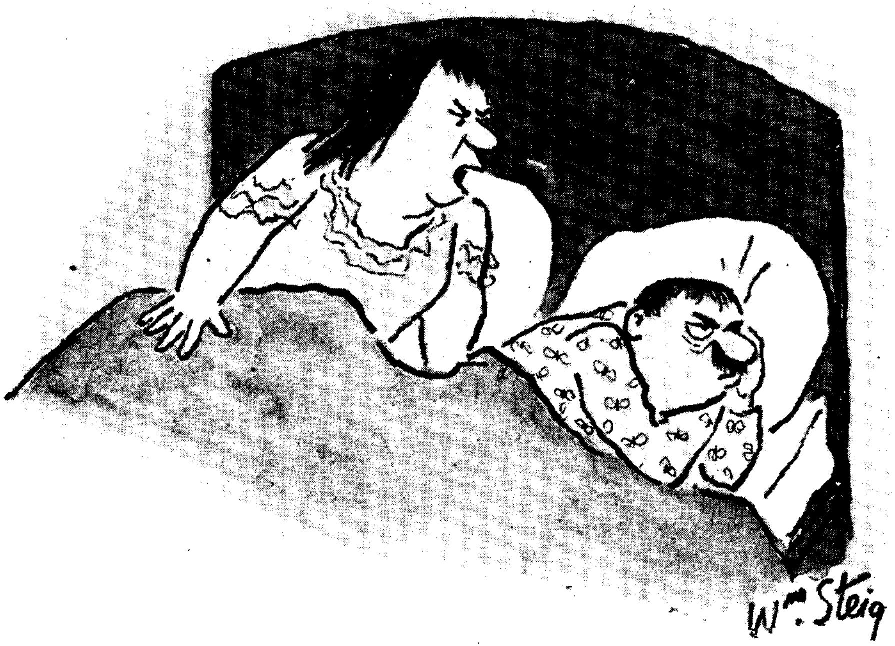
I saw Ninth Sister only once in this waiting period. The Communist soldiers had finally been assigned official military barracks and were moving out. They were as happy to go as the family was to see them go. Elder Brother, for the sake of appearances, bowed them out the main gate, and they went marching off, their packs and campstools on their backs, frying pans and tin cups clanking at their belts. I found Ninth Sister standing in the litter of the rooms they had vacated and looking thoughtfully about. "The family doesn't want these rooms," she said. "I thought I might use them."

"What for?" I asked.

"You wait and see," she said, and, looking very pleased with herself, skipped away.

I went on to Aimee's rooms. I was still living with friends, for, though I would have liked to accept the family's invitation to move, with Aimee, into a suite in the mansion, I couldn't bring myself to do it with Mr. Yu's body only a few courts away and the family still in mourning.

Aimee had prepared dinner for the two of us that day. She had made a dish of which she was justly proud—diced pork and fried peanuts, done in some secret way. I had eaten it before, and knew that it was undeniably



"Stop __*thinking*__ *and you'll fall asleep."*

• •

special. Now she served it, and I took the first bite expectantly. "It's not quite the same today," I said hesitantly. "There doesn't seem to be as much flavor as usual."

Aimee smiled. "I know," she said. "Papa ate it first."

I choked. "Papa's dead," I said.

"I put the food on the altar in front of his spirit picture," Aimee said. "We give everything to Papa now before we eat it. But Papa eats only the flavor. We eat the rest. Nothing's tasted right for weeks."

I'm afraid I was being callous, but I was growing weary of not living with my wife, and of the suffocating clouds of incense and the smell of burning paper that constantly filled the house. A tremendous number of ingots of gold paper were still being burned for Mr. Yu, and I wondered what the old man could possibly be doing with all that gold, and whether it was absolutely necessary that he take the very flavor out of my mouth. "Please, Aimee," I said, "aren't the forty days up?"

Aimee said that the forty days were indeed up, but that the family was having trouble with the authorities, who refused to grant a permit to move Mr. Yu's body out of the city. They also refused to permit any sort of procession. Forty days before, the family would not have needed a permit. The new government was taking hold rapidly. The authorities had explained that Mr. Yu couldn't be buried without one of the new death certificates, but insisted that as he had already been dead for forty days, they couldn't issue one. It was no concern of theirs that at the time the old man died few residents of the city had ever heard of a death certificate. And, finally, the officials had pointed out that if the family had not been observing old-fashioned, feudalistic customs, they would have buried Mr. Yu properly right after he died and there would have been no trouble for anyone.

AFTER two more weeks of waiting and asking, the family was given a carefully worded death certificate, which said that the cause of death was unknown and which seemed to imply that, for all the authorities could say, the old man might have been done in by his sons and daughters. Two days later, the permit to move the body out of the city came through, along with a burial permit, but there was no permit to hold a procession. All the delay and harassment had been, I believe, simply the government's way of asserting its authority. So the end of the funeral ceremonies was at hand at last, and the great black coffin was loaded without much ceremony into the back of an open truck for its final journey.

Elder Brother rode with it. He was still dressed in muslin and had put his blinkers on again, and clutched in his hands were the documents without which the truck couldn't have been driven around the block.

A few other members of the family were to follow the truck in a rented Buick—the second son, two of Mr. Yu's sisters, the only one of his brothers then living in the city, the eldest daughter, and Aimee. Though this was intended to be only a small group of elders, Aimee was taken along because, as the most eloquent member of the family, she had been involved in the negotiations for the permits and might be needed to make explanations at the city gates. Suddenly, when everything seemed ready, there was a great flurry of excitement, incense was hastily burned, and old Aunt Yu, one of Mr. Yu's two sisters, was expelled from the Buick. As it drove away, she stood beside me looking after it and sniffling. "What did you do?" I asked her.

"I stepped over water," she said. "It rained last night, and there was a puddle. It's very unpropitious to step over water on the way to a burial."

"Why?" I asked.

She looked surprised. "I wonder," she said, and went into the house.

A SHORT while later, I was sitting alone and rather sad in the Eastern Study, which was to be part of Aimee's and my living quarters, when I heard a tap at the door and Ninth Sister's voice asking, "Fourth Brother, are you there?"

"Come in!" I called.

She came, holding something behind her back and looking wise. "I have a present for you. It's my surprise," she said.

She thrust a pair of white socks at me. "I made them. These are my first. I learned to work the *machine* all by myself. We must buy more machines, and then the whole family can make them. We'll have a factory."

She was quite serious. I put on the socks, feeling old and somewhat abashed by my forebodings in the face of her resilience. I could leave China. I could take my wife and get out any time I wanted to, but Ninth Sister was already planning to build a life for herself, to see that her family made its way in a society she could not yet begin to understand. The socks were good ones, and were the right size, too.

"Thank you," I said. "You made them very well."

"I cannot dare presume so," she answered, in the fashion of polite Chinese.

—DAVID KIDD

•

Lest there be any doubt about who really discovered Marilyn, she wrote on the picture she had taken with Ben Lyon: "Dear Ben, you found me, you named me, and you believed in men when no one else did."—*Louella O. Parsons in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

Can't remember any such time.

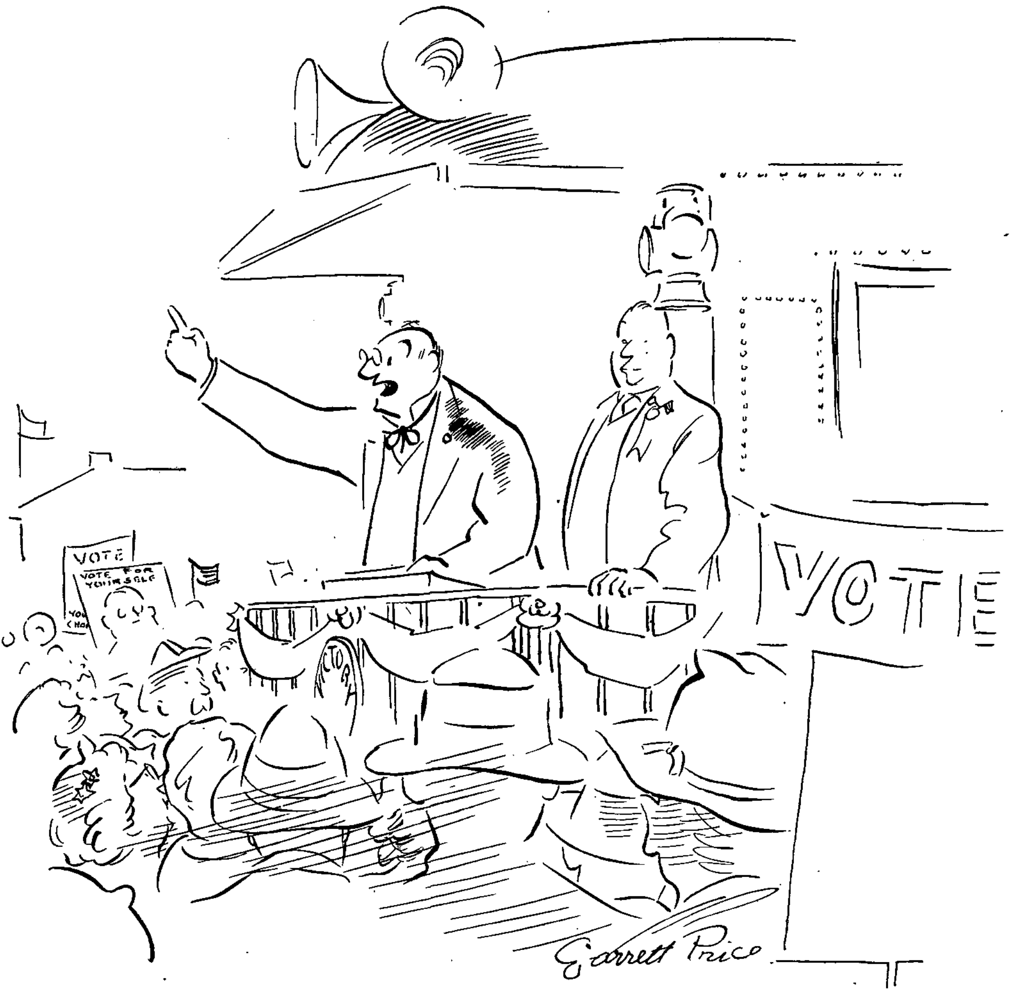
OUR WINDSWEPT CORRESPONDENTS

THE EYE OF EDNA

TWO hurricanes have visited me recently, and except for a few rather hasty observations of my own (which somehow seem presumptuous), all I know about these storms is what I've heard on the radio. I live on the Maine coast, to the east of Penobscot Bay. Formerly, this coast was not in the path of hurricanes, or if it was we didn't seem to know it, but times change and we must change with them. My house is equipped with three small, old-fashioned radios, two of them battery sets, one a tiny plug-in bedside model on which my wife sometimes manages to get the Giants after I have turned in. We do not have TV, and because of this curious omission we are looked upon as eccentrics, possibly radicals.

Hurricanes, as all of us know to our sorrow, are given names nowadays—girls' names. And, as though to bring things full circle, newborn girl babies are being named for hurricanes. At the height of the last storm, one of the most dispiriting crumbs of news that came to me as the trees thrashed about and the house trembled with the force of the wind was that a baby girl had been born somewhere in the vicinity of Boston and had been named Edna. She is probably a nice little thing, but I took an instant dislike to her, and I would assume that thousands of other radio listeners did, too. Hurricanes are the latest discovery of radio stations and they are being taken up in a big way. To me, Nature is continuously absorbing—that is, she is a twenty-four-hour proposition, fifty-two weeks of the year—but to radio people, Nature is an oddity tinged with malevolence and worthy of note only in her more violent moments. The radio either lets Nature alone or gives her the full treatment, as it did at the approach of the hurricane called Edna. The idea, of course, is that the radio shall perform a public service by warning people of a storm that might prove fatal; and this the radio certainly does. But another effect of the radio is to work people up to an incredible state of alarm many hours in advance of the blow, while they are still fanned by the mildest zephyrs. One of the victims of Hurricane Edna was a civil-defense worker whose heart failed him long before the wind threatened him in the least.

I heard about Edna during the morning of Friday, September 10th, some thirty-six hours before Edna arrived, and my reaction was normal. I simply buttoned up the joint and sat down to wait. The wait proved interminable. The buttoning-up was not difficult—merely a couple of hours of amusing work, none of it heavy. I first went to the shore, hauled my twelve-foot boat up above high-water mark, and tied it to a stump. I closed and barricaded the boathouse doors. Then I came back up through the meadow, tolled the sheep into the barn, hooked the big doors on the north side, and drove nails in next to the hooks, so they couldn't pull out when the doors got slatting around. I let the geese in and fed them some apples—windfalls left over from Hurricane Carol. There was no good reason to shut the geese in, as they had roamed all over the place during Carol, enjoying the rough weather to the hilt and paying frequent visits to the pond at the height of the storm, but I shut them in from tidiness, and because the radio was insisting that everyone stay indoors. I got a couple of two-by-fours and some pegs, and braced the cedar fence on the west side of the terrace. Anticipating power failure, I drew extra water for drinking and cooking, and also set a pail of water next to each toilet, for a spare flush. My wife, who enters quickly into the spirit of disaster, dug up a kerosene lamp, and there was a lot of commotion about cleaning the globe and the chimney—until it was discovered that there was no wick. The potted fuchsia was moved indoors, and also the porch rocker, lest these objects be carried aloft by the wind and dashed against windows. The croquet set was brought in. (I was extremely skeptical about the chance of croquet balls' coming in through the window, but it presented a vivid picture to the imagination and was worth thinking about.) The roof of the pullet house had blown off during Carol, and



"And another thing—the ball-point pen, which cost as much as sixteen dollars when I first took office, is now available to every man, woman, and child in this state for as little as twenty-five cents."

the pullets had developed a prejudice against hurricanes, so I shut them up early. I went to bed that night confident that all was in readiness.

NEXT morning, everything was in place, including the barometric pressure. The power was on, the telephone was working, the wind was moderate. Skies were gray and there was a slight rain. I found my wife curled up in bed at ten of seven with her plug-in going, tuned to disaster. In the barn, I received an ovation from the geese, and my failure to release them caused an immense amount of gossip. After breakfast, the whole household, with the exception of our dachshund, settled down to the radio, not in a solid family group but each to his own set and his own system of tuning. No matter where one wandered, upstairs or down, back or front, a radio voice was to be heard, bringing ominous news. As near as I could make out, the storm was still about a thousand miles away and moving north-northeast at about the speed of a medium-priced automobile. Deaths had been reported in New Jersey. A state of emergency had been declared in New London, Connecticut, and in Portland, Maine. Something had happened to the second shift at the Commercial Filters Corporation plant in Melrose, Massachusetts, but I never learned what. A man named Irving R. Levine wished me "good news." The temperature in Providence, Rhode Island, was sixty-eight degrees.

It became evident to me after a few fast rounds with the radio that the broadcasters had opened up on Edna awfully far in advance, before she had come out of her corner, and were spending themselves at a reckless rate. During the morning hours, they were having a tough time keeping Edna going at the velocity demanded of emergency broadcasting. I heard one fellow from, I think, Riverhead, Long Island, interviewing his out-of-doors man, who had been sent abroad in a car to look over conditions on the eastern end of the island.

"How would you say the roads were?" asked the tense voice.

"They were wet," replied the reporter, who seemed to be in a sulk.

"Would you say the spray from the puddles was dashing up around the mudguards?" inquired the desperate radioman.

"Yeah," replied the reporter.

It was one of those confused moments, emotionally, when the listener could not be quite sure what position radio was taking—*for* hurricanes or *against* them.

A few minutes later, I heard another baffling snatch of dialogue on the air, from another sector—I think it was Martha's Vineyard.

"Is it raining hard there?" asked an eager voice.

"Yes, it is."

"Fine!" exclaimed the first voice, well pleased at having got a correct response.

At twenty-one and a half seconds past eleven o'clock, a New England prophet named Weatherbee, the WBZ weatherman, reported that the storm was moving north-northeast at fifty miles an hour and said that New England as a whole would not get the sustained force of the wind. This prediction was followed by a burst of inspirational music, and I wandered away and into the kitchen, where I found Mrs. Freethy mixing

"I do think, Dr. Wurdle, that what we are witnessing here is an example of what might well be called ecological coördination."

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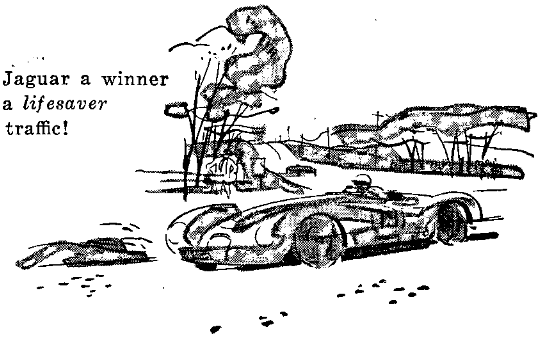

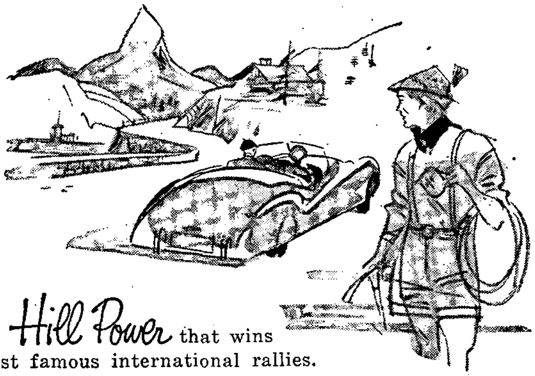

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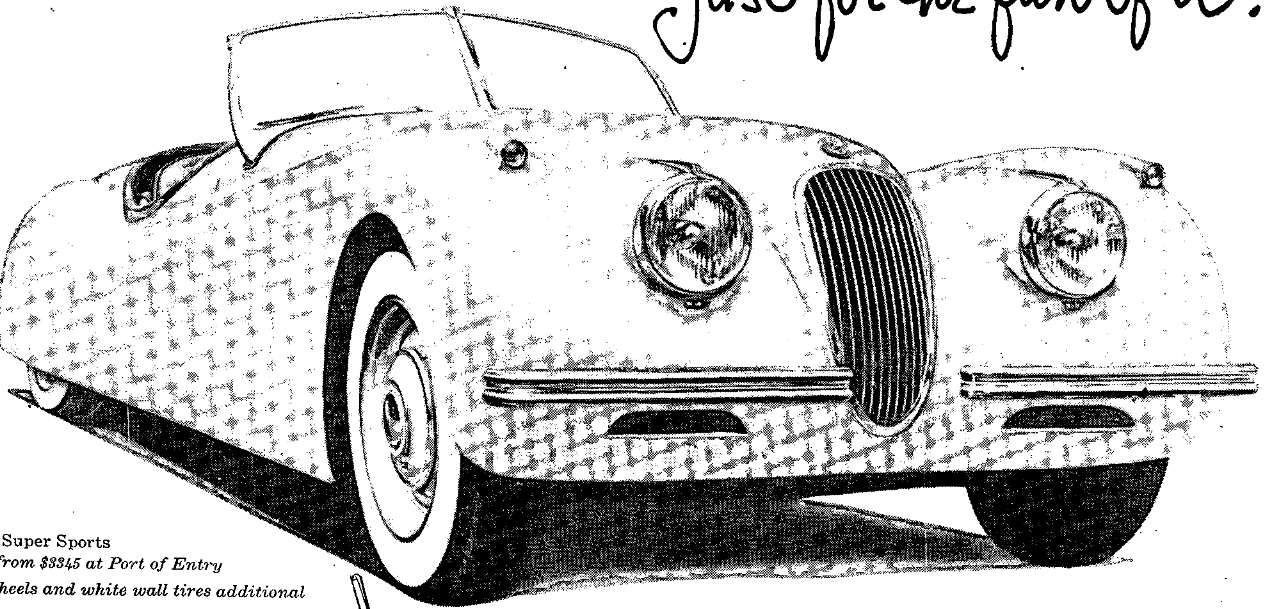

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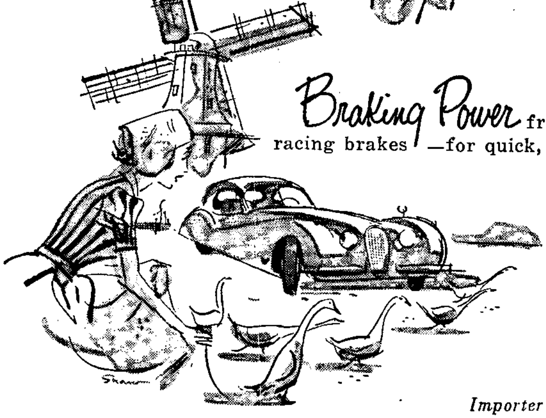

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Hot Good Humors

All this started with an article in July Nation's Business about what a fabulous business the ice cream cone business has become. Towards the end of the article, the author said: "The cone makers don't seem particularly worried about the public ever losing its taste for a crunchy cone filled with its favorite ice cream. For insurance, though, they are introducing a tortilla flavored, moisture resistant cone in which to serve chili con carne at sporting events, drive-in theaters and lunch stands. Let the Good Humor men try to put hot chili con carne on a stick!"

We don't know how many businessmen read this article, but we do know one man who read it, and well. His name is David Mahoney and he is president of up and coming D. J. Mahoney, Inc., advertising agency for Good Humor. This is what he wrote the editors: "Nation's Business dropped the gauntlet but Good Humor accepted the challenge. Under separate cover you will receive a Good Humor, special hot chili con carne model. While it might never be a profitable and popular article, we do wish to establish our versatility. The article was enjoyed very much and the magazine more, but henceforth you must view the Good Humor man as a vital factor in the 'nation's business.' We trust you will enjoy the Chili Con Carne. May it keep you in good humor!"

Where a more enterprising, responsive audience of businessmen, we ask you, than the subscribers of . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

up a spongecake. "Heard from Edna?" she asked with wry amusement as she guided the electric mixer on its powerful way through the batter. Mrs. Freethy takes her hurricanes where she finds them.

When I returned to the radio, a man was repeating the advice I had heard many times. Fill the car with gas before the pumps lose their power. Get an old-fashioned clock that is independent of electricity. Set the refrigerator adjustment to a lower temperature. I weighed all these bits of advice carefully. The car had already been fuelled. The clocks in my house have never been contaminated by so much as a single jolt of electric current. And I decided against monkeying with the refrigerator, on the ground that the control knob was probably buried behind about eighteen small, hard-to-handle items of food left over from previous meals and saved against a rainy day like this one.

I switched to Rockland, 1450 on my dial. The town manager of Camden was speaking. He said preparations had been made for mass feeding, and that you could get fed at either the Grange Hall or the Congregational Parish House, and you were invited to bring your own food. A bulletin said the core of the storm would pass to the east of Rhode Island. From Bangor, the news was that the Gene Autry show would continue as planned. The Boston Fire Commissioner advised me to keep calm and follow instructions, and I thought again about my obstinacy in the matter of the refrigerator. In Nantucket, winds were seventy-seven miles per hour.

At noon, I took a short vacation from the radio and looked out at the familiar scene, which, because it bore so little relation to the radio scene, assumed a sort of unreality. It was thirty hours or more since I'd slipped into a hurricane mood, and I could feel the telling effects of such sustained emotional living. I went outdoors. A light breeze was blowing from the southeast. Rain fell in a drizzle. The pasture pond was unruffled but had the prickly surface caused by raindrops, and it seemed bereft without geese. The sky was a gloomy gray. Two rosebushes bowed courteously to each other on the terrace. I got a berry basket and walked out to the pullet yard, where I collected a few damp eggs. The pullets stood about in beachcombing attitudes, their feathers in disorder. As I walked back to the house, I measured with my eye the point on the roof where the biggest balm-of-Gilead tree would strike when

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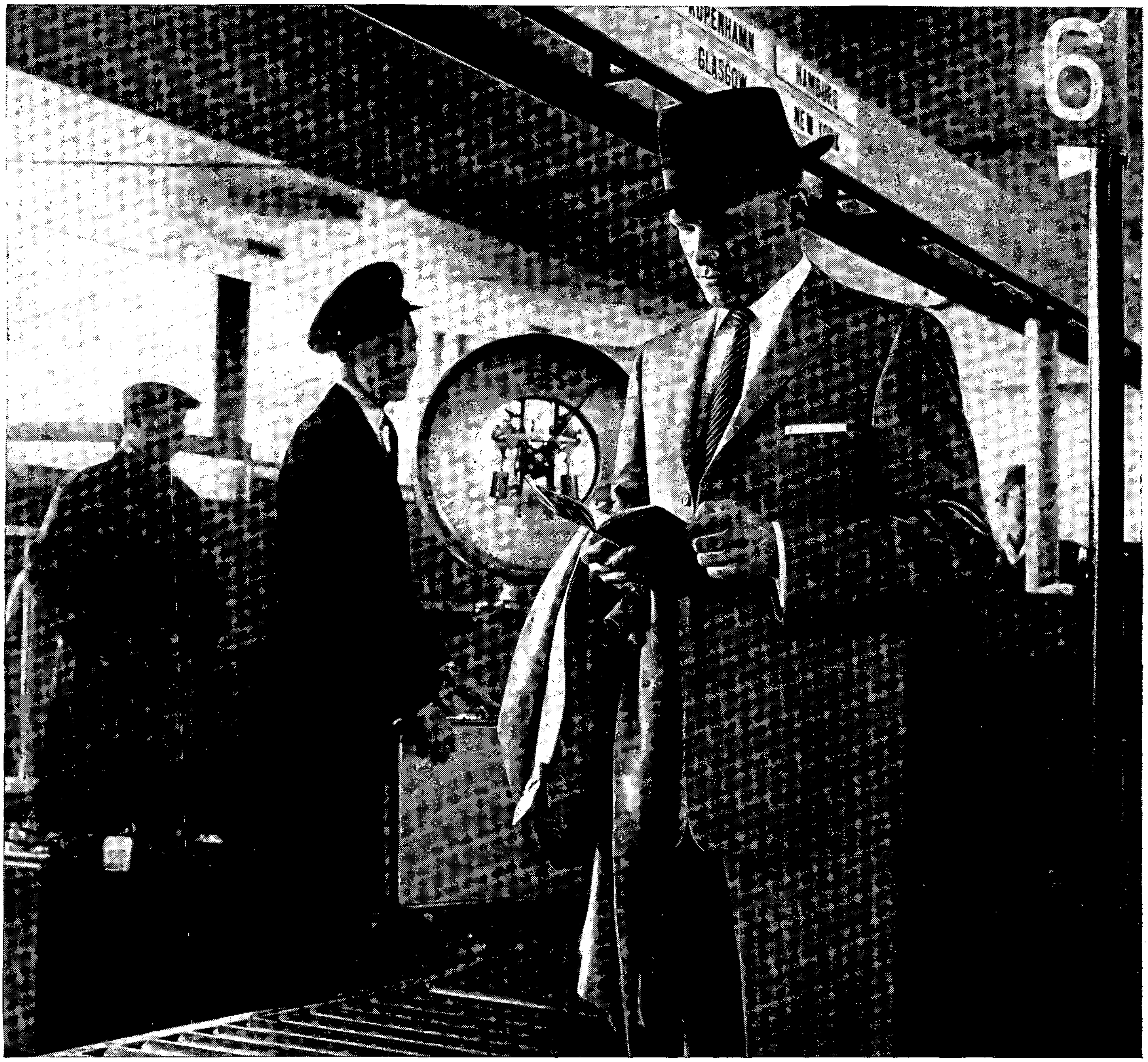

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it toppled over. I made a mental note to evacuate my people from front rooms if the wind should shift into the west, but was doubtful as to my chances of evacuating my wife from any room whatsoever, as she doesn't readily abandon well-loved posts, especially if they are furnished with traditional objects that she admires and approves of, and she is inclined to adopt a stiff-backed attitude about any change of location based on my calculations. Furthermore, she can present an overwhelming array of evidence in support of her position.

Back indoors, the storm, from which I had enjoyed momentary relief by taking a stroll in it, was on me again in full force—wild murmurings of advance information, almost impossible to make head or tail of. Edna's eye was at sea, and so was I. The eye was in New Jersey. No, it was in Long Island. No, it was not going to hit western Long Island or central Massachusetts. It was going to follow a path between Buzzards Bay and Nantucket. (This called for an atlas, which I produced.) All of New England will get the weaker part of the storm, but the Maine coast, "down Bar Harbor way," can be hit hard by Edna late this afternoon. I bridled at being described as "down Bar Harbor way."

Not only were the movements of the storm hard to follow but the voices were beginning to show the punchy condition of the poor, overworked fellows who had been blowing into their microphones at seventy miles per hour for so many hours. "Everything," cried one fellow, "is pretty well battered down in Westerly." I presumed he meant "battened down," but there was no real way of knowing. Another man, in an exhausted state, told how, in the previous hurricane, the streets of Providence had been "unindated." I started thinking in terms of unindated streets, of cities pretty well battered down. The wind now began to strengthen. The barometer on my dining-room wall was falling. From Rockland I got the "Top of the Farm News": 850,000 bales of cotton for August; a new variety of alfalfa that will stand up to stem nematode and bacterial wilt; a new tomato powder—mix it with water and you get tomato juice, only it's not on the market yet. Low tide will be at 4:23 this afternoon. The barometer now reads 29.88 and falling. A chicken shoot is cancelled for tomorrow—the first chicken shoot I had ever heard of. All Rockland stores will close at three o'clock, one of them a store carrying suits with the new

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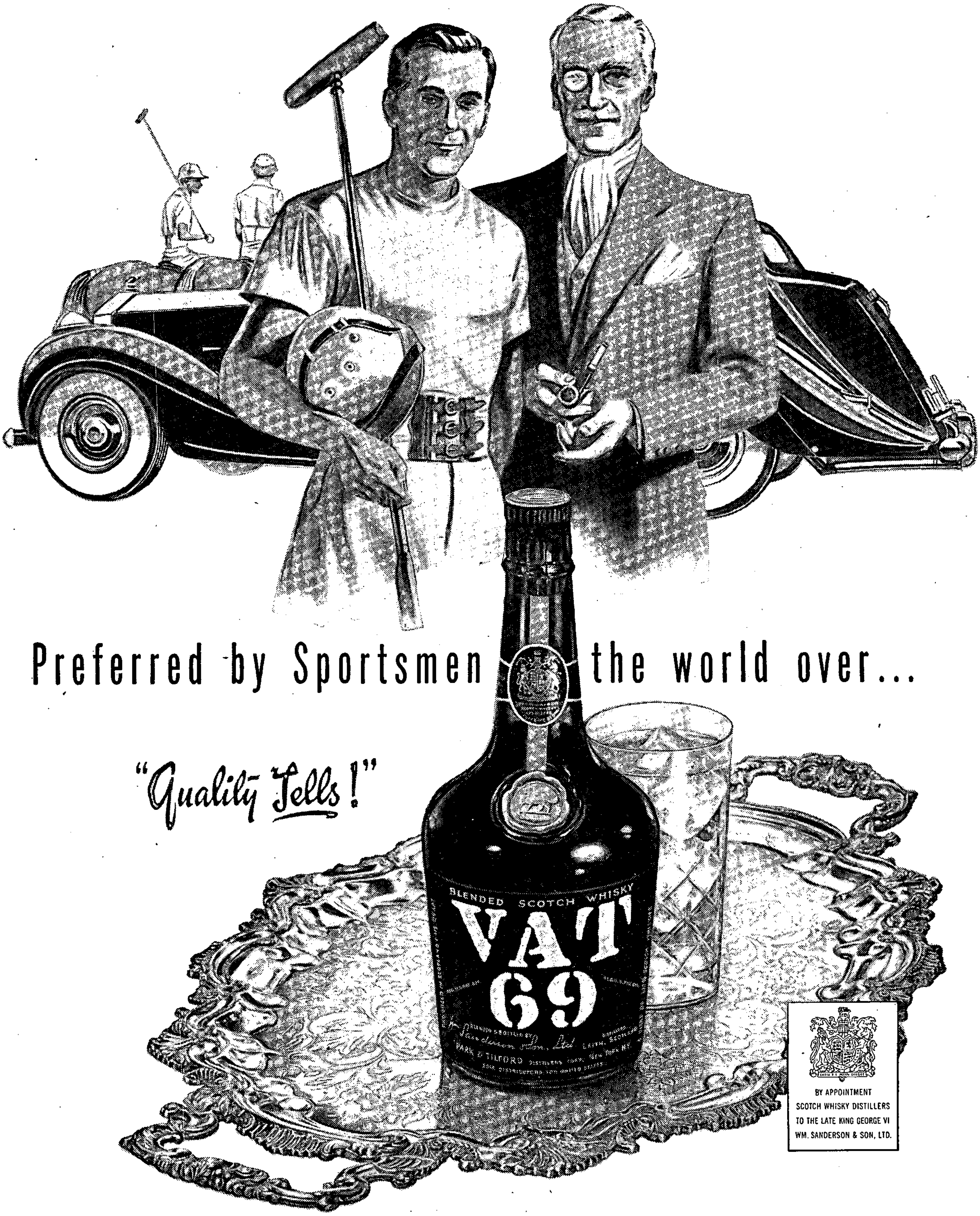
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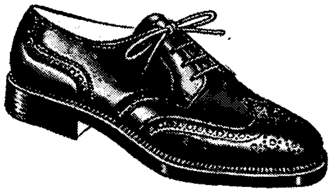

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novelty weave and novel button and pocket trim. If this thing gets worse, I thought, I'll have to go outdoors again, even though they tell you not to. I can't take it in here. At 1:55 P.M., I learned that visiting hours at the Portsmouth Hospital, two hundred miles to the southwest of me, had been cancelled, and, having no friend there, I did not know whether to be glad about this or sorry.

The time is now two o'clock. Barometer 29.50, falling. Wind ESE, rising. It seems like a sensible moment to do the afternoon chores—get them over with while the going is good. So I leave the radio for a spell and visit the barn, my peaceable kingdom, where not a nematode stirs.

WHEN I resumed my vigil, I discovered to my great surprise that Rockland, which is quite nearby, had dropped Edna for the time being and taken up American League baseball. A Red Sox–Indians game was on, with the outfield (I never learned which outfield) playing it straightaway. My wife, who despises the American League, was listening on her set, and dialling erratically. I heard a myna bird being introduced, but the bird failed to respond to the introduction. Then someone gave the rules of a limerick contest. I was to supply the missing line for the following limerick:

> I knew a young lady named Joan
> Who wanted a car of her own.
>   She was a sharp kid
>   So here's what she did
> ....

The line came to me quickly enough: She ordered a Chevvy by phone. I was to send this to Box 401 on a postcard, but I didn't know what city and I wasn't at all sure that it was a General Motors program—could have been a competitor. The whole thing made no sense anyway, as cars were at that moment being ordered off the roads—even Joan's car.

At 2:30, it was announced that school buildings in the town of Newton were open for people who wanted to go to them "for greater personal security or comfort." Ted Williams, who had been in a slump, singled. WBZ said the Boston police had lost touch with Nantucket, electric power had failed in South Natick, Portland was going to be hit at five o'clock, Wells Beach had been evacuated, a Republican rally for tonight in Augusta had been cancelled, the eye of Edna was five miles north of Nantucket, a girl baby had been born, Katharine Cornell had been evacuated

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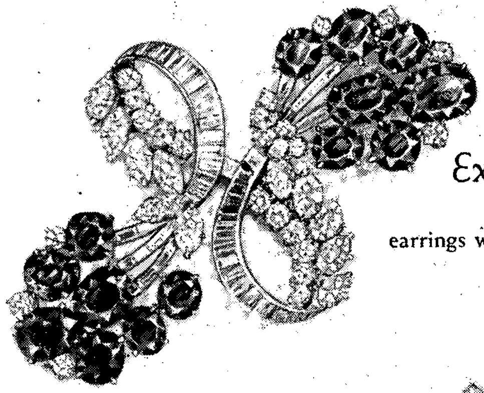
by police from her home on Martha's Vineyard, and all letter carriers had been called back to their stations in Boston on the old sleet-snow-wind theory of mail delivery. I made a trip to the barometer for a routine reading: 29.41, falling.

"The rain," said the Mayor of Boston in a hearty voice, "is coming down in sheets."

"That gigantic whirlpool of air known as Hurricane Edna," said Weatherbee, from his South Shore observation point, "is over the town hall of Chatham." Weatherbee also dropped the news that the eastern end of the Maine coast would probably get winds of hurricane velocity about six hours from now.

"Weatherbee," said a proud voice from the WBZ Communications Center, "is still batting a thousand." (At this juncture I would have settled for Ted Williams, who wasn't doing nearly so well.)

The rest of the afternoon, and the evening, was a strange nightmare of rising tempest and diminishing returns. The storm grew steadily in force, but in our neck of the woods a characteristic of hurricanes is that they arrive from the southwest, which is where most radio lives, and radio loses interest in Nature just as soon as Nature passes in front of the window and goes off toward the northeast. Weatherbee was right. The storm did strike here about six hours later, with winds up to ninety miles an hour, but when the barometer reached its lowest point and the wind shifted into the NW and began to tear everything to pieces, what we got on the radio was a man doing a whistling act and somebody playing the glockenspiel. All the livelong day we had had our mild weather to the sound of doom, and



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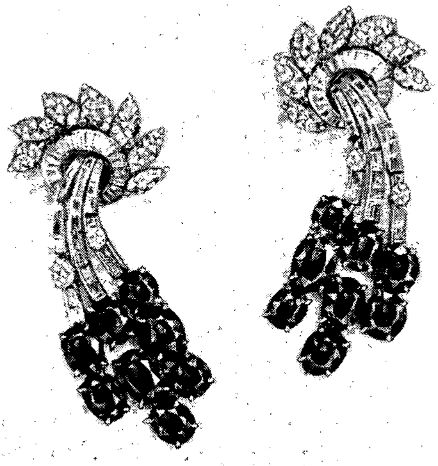

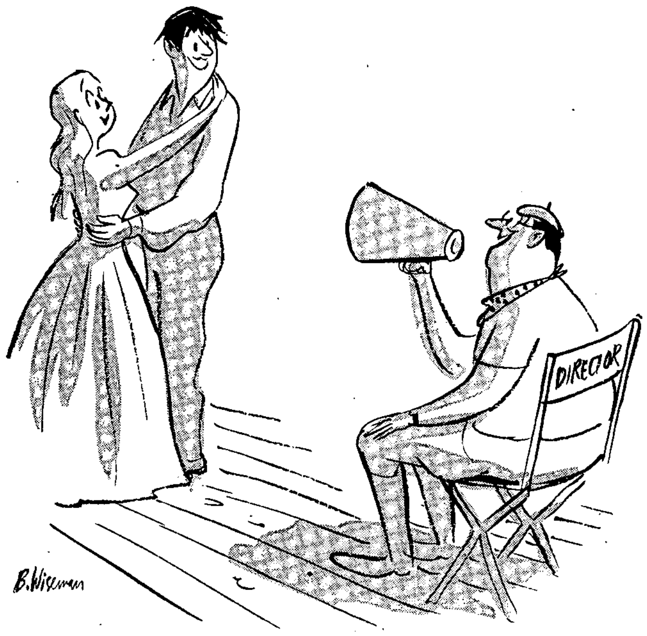

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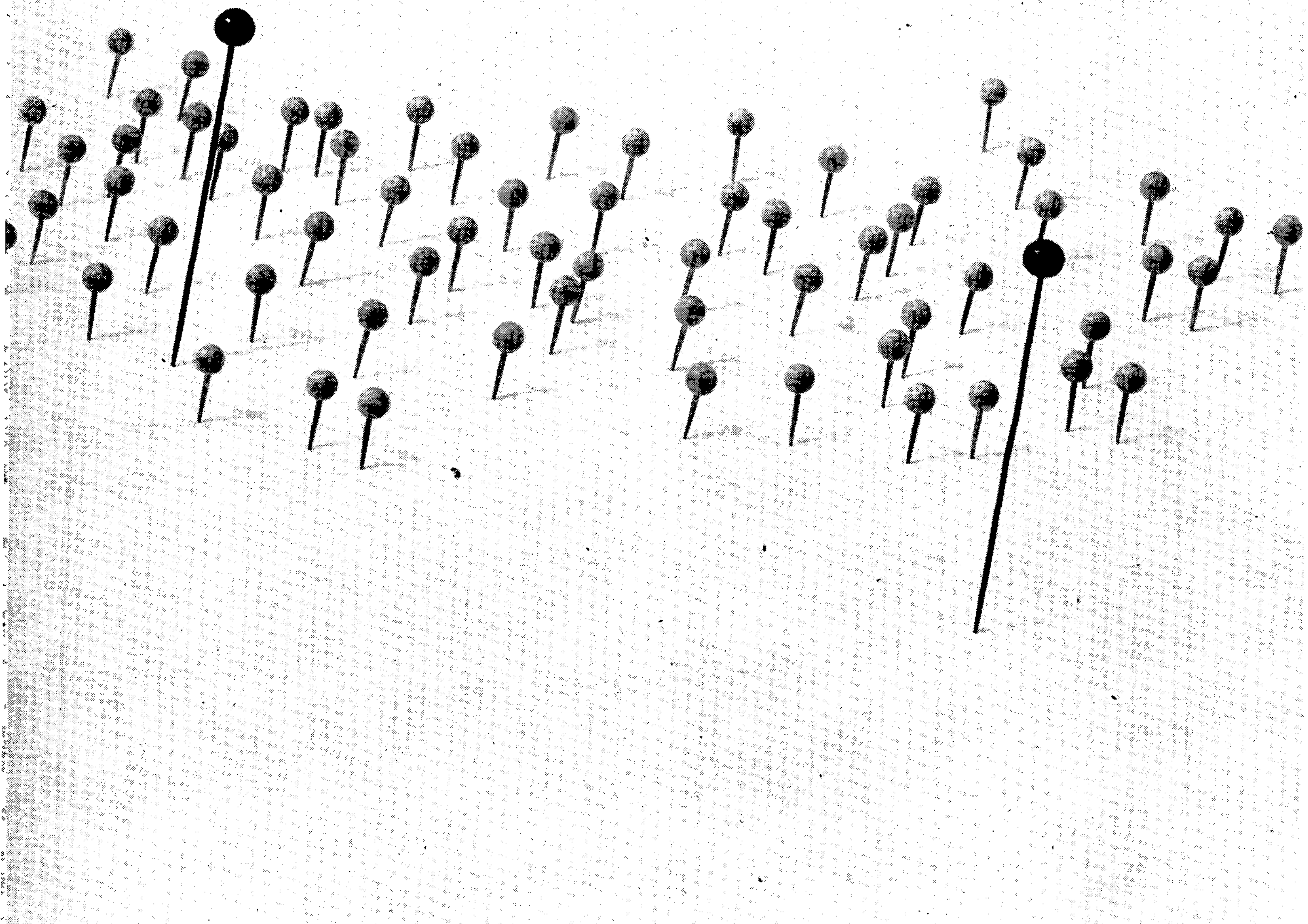

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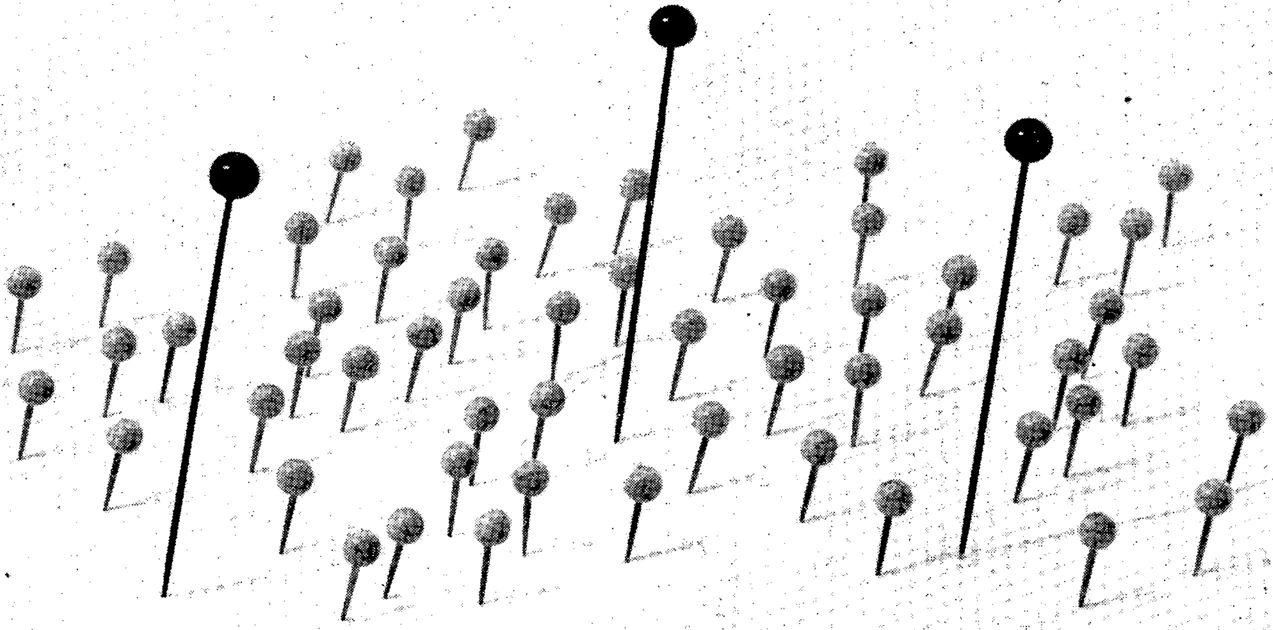

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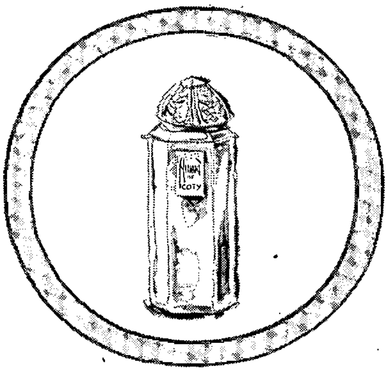

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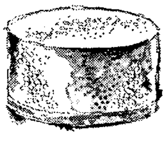

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then at evening, when the power failed and the telephone failed and the tide flooded and the gale exploded, we heard the glockenspiel. Governor Cross, a Republican, who also lives to the westward, had already announced that the worst of the storm was over and that, except for a few benighted areas along the coast, everything was hunky-dory. I notice he got voted out of office a couple of days later, probably by an enormous outpouring of Republican turncoats from the coastal towns to the east of him, whose trees were being uprooted at the time he was speaking.

MY own evening was an odd one. As Edna moved toward me across the Gulf of Maine, I watched the trees and the rain with increasing interest, albeit with no radio support except from the glockenspiel. At half past six, I evacuated my wife from a front room, without police action, and mixed us both a drink in a back room. At 6:55, she leaned forward in her chair and began neatening the books in a low bookshelf, pulling the volumes forward one by one and lining them up with the leading edge of the shelf, soldiers being dressed by their sergeant. By half past seven the wind had slacked off to give Edna's eye a good peep at us, the glass was steadying, and ten minutes later, watching the vane on the barn, I saw the wind starting to back into the north, fitfully. The rain eased up and we let the dachshund out, taking advantage of the lull. (Unlike the geese, she has no use for rough weather, and she had obeyed the radio faithfully all day—stayed put under the stove.)

At 7:45, the Governor of New Hampshire thanked everyone for his cooperation, and Logan International Airport announced the resumption of flights. At eight o'clock, my barometer reached bottom—28.65. The Governor of Massachusetts came on to thank *his* people, and somebody announced that the Supreme Market in Dorchester would be open for business in the morning (Sunday). Another voice promised that at eleven o'clock there would be a "wrap-up" on Hurricane Edna.

At this point, I decided to take a stroll. The night was agreeable—moon showing through gray clouds, light rain, hurricane still to come. My stroll turned out to be a strange one. I started for the shore, thinking I'd look over things down there, but when I got to the plank bridge over the brook I found the bridge under water. This caused me to wonder

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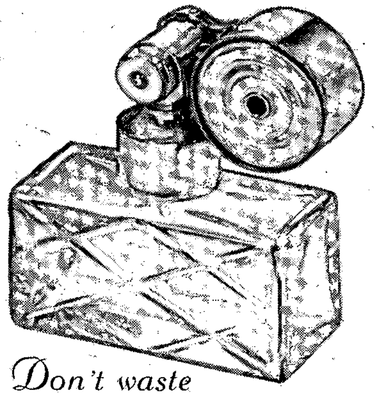

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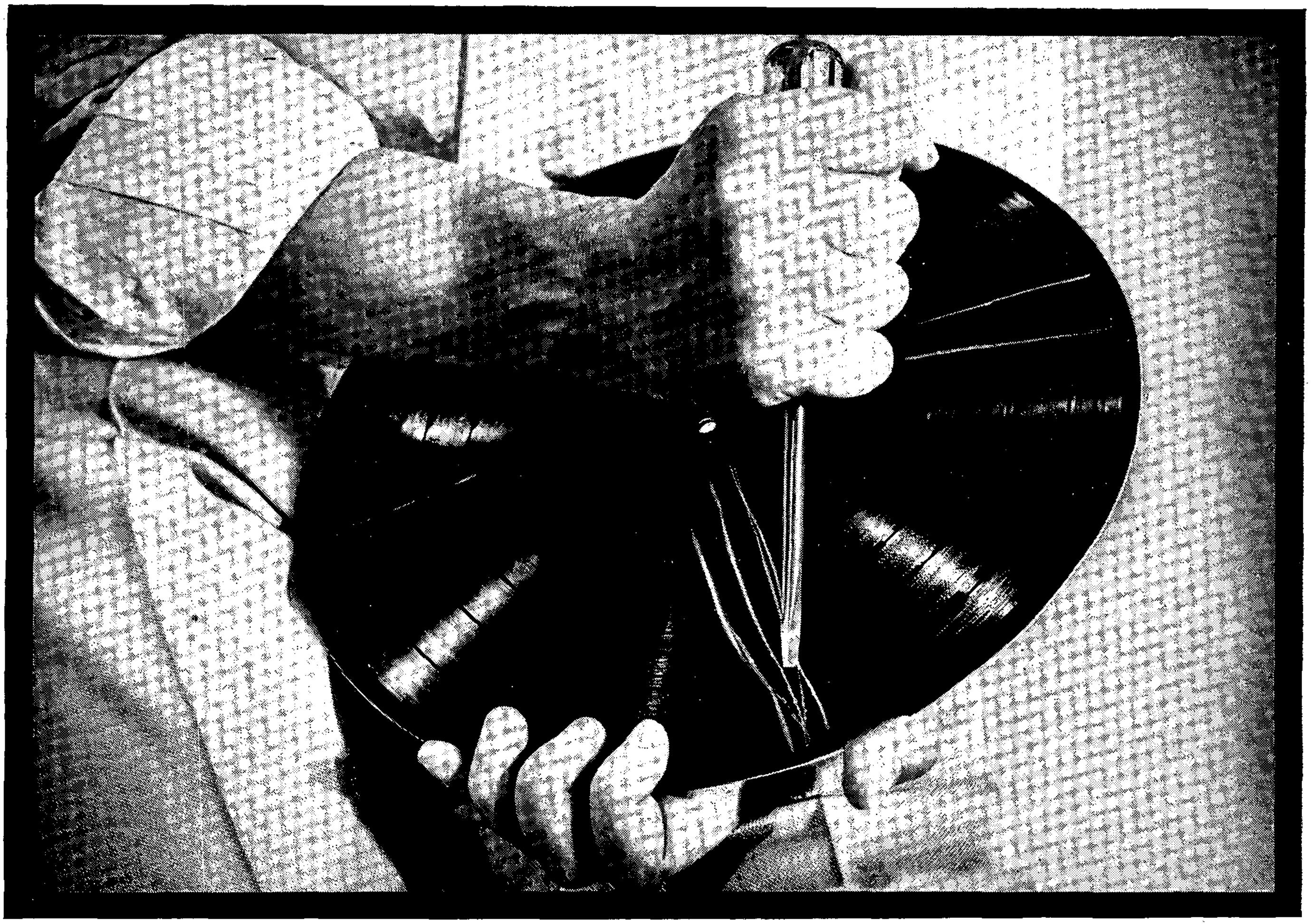

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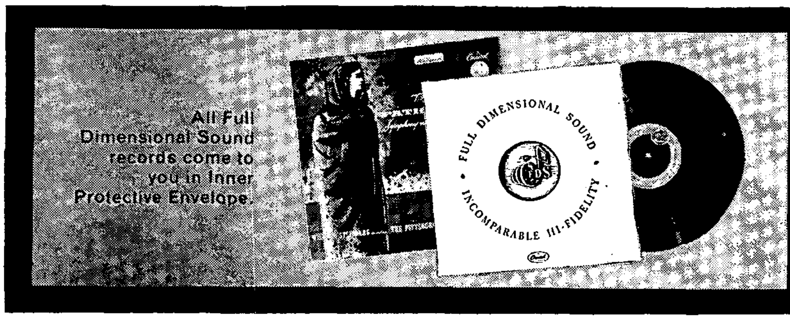
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whether my spring, which supplies the house and which is located in the low-lying woods across the road, was being unindated. So, instead of proceeding to the shore, I crossed the road and entered the woods. I had rubber boots on and was carrying a flashlight. The path to the spring is pretty well grown over and I had difficulty finding it. In fact, I'm not sure that I ever did find it. I waded about in the swampy woods for ten or fifteen minutes, most of the time in water halfway up to my knees. It was pleasant in there, but I was annoyed that I was unable to find the spring. Failing in this, I returned to the house, kicked off my boots, and sank back into radioland. The Bangor station predicted ninety-mile winds within half an hour, and I discovered a scrap of paper on which my wife had scribbled "Bangor 9437, 7173, and 2313"—emergency numbers taken down just as though we were really in telephone communication with the outside world. (The phone had been gone for a long time.)

At 8:44, the power failed, the house went dark, and it was a whole lot easier to see Edna. In almost no time the storm grew to its greatest height: the wind (NW by this time) chased black clouds across the ailing moon. The woods to the south of us bent low, as though the trees prayed for salvation. Several went over. The house tuned up, roaring with the thunder of a westerly wind. For a little while, we were both battened down and battered down.

There are always two stages of any disturbance in the country—the stage when the lights and the phone are still going, the stage when these are lost. We were in the second stage. In front of the house, a large branch of the biggest balm-of-Gilead tree snapped and crashed down across the driveway, closing it off. On the north side, an apple tree split clean up the middle. And for half an hour or so Edna held us in her full embrace.

It did not seem long. Compared to the endless hours of the radio vigil, it seemed like nothing at all. By ten o'clock, the wind was moderating. We lighted the dog up to her bed by holding a flashlight along the stairs, so she could see where to leap. When we looked out of a north bedroom, there in the beautiful sky was a rainbow lit by the moon.

It was Taylor Grant, earlier in the evening, who pretty well summed things up for radio. "The weather bureau estimates that almost forty-six

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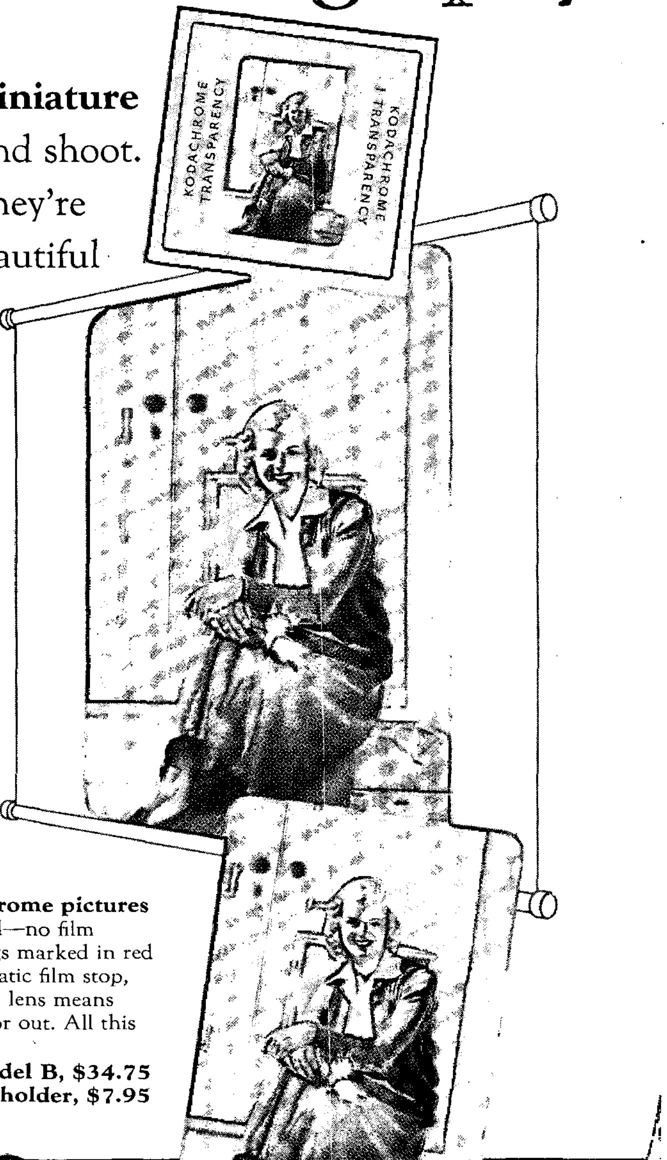

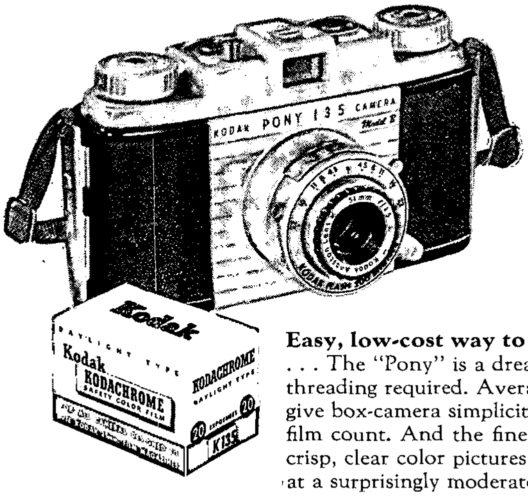

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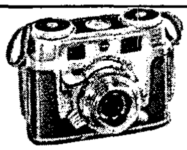

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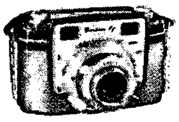

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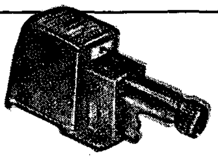

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million persons along the east coast have felt some degree of concern over the movement of the storm," said Mr. Grant. "Never before has a hurricane had that large an audience." As one member of this vast audience, I myself felt a twinge of belated concern the next morning when I went over to the spring to fetch a pail of water. There in the woods, its great trunk square across the path, its roots in the air, lay a big hackmatack.

I never did get to hear the wrap-up.

—E. B. WHITE

◆

THE MYSTERIOUS, AND ON THE WHOLE INTOXICATING, EAST

[*From an entertainment guide to the city of Tokyo*]

Some people are apt to think of a "Strip Show" as indecent and not interesting. However you are sure to be surprised when you see it at the Nichigeki Music Hall, a refreshing, enriched and beautiful show and both the strippers and audiences are very enthusiastic which creates a nice atmosphere. Every one including women can understand and enjoy the strip show. Nichigeki music hall is now becoming one of the most noticeable spot in Tokyo. The theatre's strip show is needless to say quite different from the ordinary shows in Tokyo. It resembles a French style musical show. Outstanding is T. Tani, who attracts nearly all of the guests, Tonny Tani, whose Japaneses peaking is unique one, mixture of Japanese and English. "CHOCHOSAN IS BUTTERFLY" and "FLOWERS AT NIGHT" are now being presented. Though the theatre is absorbing considerable numbers of peoples including both Japanese and foreigners, and the seats are always full of these peoples some new ideas should be added, especially in score that lacks variation during the two hours show.

Flowers at Night: With higher skilled 16 acts than before, the unique atmosphere fascinates us very much. American Western songs by K. Hamaguchi and a scene of cafe are impressive unique tone of this music hall, the strip show contains a short scene of technicolored movie. Outstanding is a stripper: Akiko Yoyogi.

Outstanding strippers are: Maris Kosa, she is very popular because of her excellent dancing and exotic face, the very reason is needless to say her unique eroticism which comes from her breast and hip; formelly a cabaret dancer and singer. Ruise Kuni, a graduate of the wellknown school, S.D.K., a former dancer and revue girl in Kokusai Theatre in Asakusa. Her popularity comes from her fascinating dark skin. Shinobu Ari, a prize winner of beauty contest in Shizuoka Pref., who was forced to make debute by a recommandation of a certain producer. She is reportedly very kind especially for gentleman, as she is still single. Masumi Harukawa, only 18 year-old sweet girl. As her nick name; Mari (Ball) she is like a rubber ball. Despite her short experience: only 6 months, she has now become a lucky girl owing to her unique big body.

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THE THEATRE

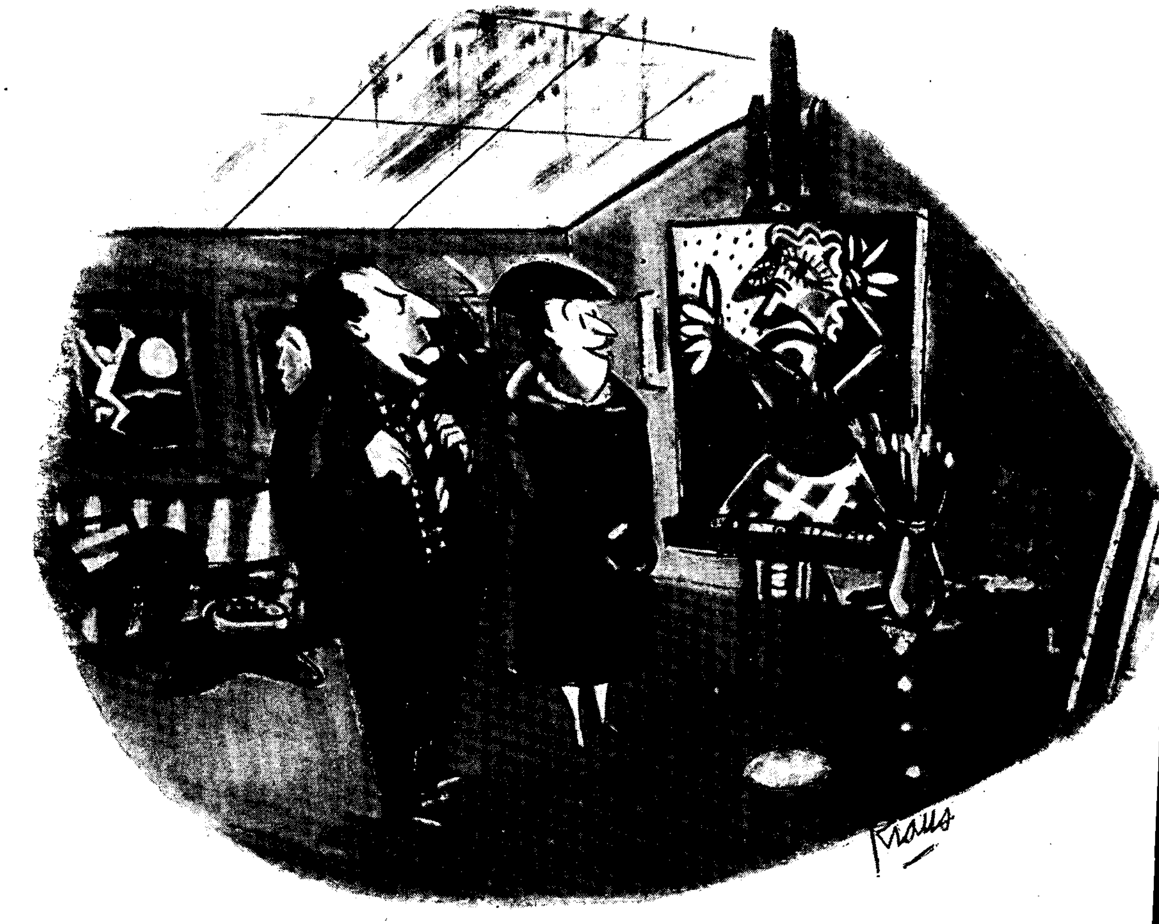
MISS BANKHEAD AS TALLULAH

EARLY in June of 1944, an entertainment called "Slightly Scandalous" was briefly visited on New York. This work, described at the time as "a new comedy by Frederick Jackson, based on an idea by Roland Bottomley," was chillingly greeted by the press, which found little in it to commend except a rather brisk performance by Miss Janet Beecher in the leading role, which happened to be that of a lady who had had three children by three different men, none of whom she had inconvenienced herself by marrying. Bottomley's notion was that in her middle years, when two of these offspring had announced their engagements to the scions of a more conventionally behaved neighbor, his heroine should decide that it was high time she legalized their status, and that, for this purpose, she should call a meeting of all their fathers, with a view to picking one of them as the official father of them all. I doubt if this is very clear, but at any rate she did just that, and the complications were rich and enormous. As I have said, the critics were not especially fetched by Bottomley's thesis, and their comments on Jackson's treatment of it were scarcely more encouraging. The remark in this space, as best I can make it out from the crumbling file, was that "a sort of paint and accessory job has been performed, providing it with quite a lot of bright and exasperating conversation, including some jokes that may conceivably have amused Mrs. Jackson."

In the normal course of things, you might have imagined that that would be the last ever heard of the play called "Slightly Scandalous." The ways of the theatre are, however, often beyond mortal comprehension, and the fact is that the darn thing was really just getting going. What seems to have occurred is that, for reasons inscrutable to you and me, Jackson's play (Bottomley disappeared somewhere along here) was turned into French by one Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon, and enjoyed a considerable success among the Gauls, whose attachment to comedies about adultery is, of course, inordinate. Stimulated by this happy reprieve, somebody called Alan Melville then turned it back into English, and it did quite well in London, too. And, finally, or at any rate finally as of now, it was recaptured for American production by the firm of Aldrich & Myers, who offered it last week, under the title of "Dear Charles," at the Morosco Theatre.

Considering the number of minds involved in the enterprise from beginning to end, it might be supposed that the manuscript would have changed somewhat in tone and quality since its inception. As it happens, however, my memory, at least in the matter of small literary calamities, is a formidable one, and I can assure you that as a dramatic work "Dear Charles" is almost identical with "Slightly Scandalous," right down to the jokes, which it is still my gloomy opinion are likely to entertain very few people except Mrs. Jackson, unless Mme. Sauvajon and Mrs. Melville, if such ladies do indeed exist, should chance to be titillated, too.

As a matter of fact, the only really perceptible difference between the two productions is the presence this time of Miss Tallulah Bankhead as the star. This is a big and important change, because there is surely no lady on the stage who can do more with less than this turbulent and gifted daughter of the South, and in this case, I should say, she is practically at the top of her form. When her lines are any good at all, which is remarkably seldom, Miss Bankhead somehow contrives to make them much better, superimposing triple meanings on the original double ones, with a fine, leering gusto that



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might easily intimidate the great Bobby Clark; when they are dreadful, which they almost invariably are, she sensibly ignores them in favor of little private exercises of her own, like seeming to throttle herself with her handkerchief or lowering her famous voice to a point that must make it just about impossible for the stagehands to go on with their pinochle game in the basement; when the other members of the cast are busy with their detailed memories of her past, which is essentially their only occupation, she doesn't precisely kill off these numbing reminiscences, being far too great a lady for any such behavior, but she at least sees to it that the audience has something interesting to look at elsewhere on the stage. Altogether, it is a majestic performance, and though it seems to me that the play is too poor a thing to be saved by any known means, I would like to congratulate her on a spectacular, if, to me, an almost wholly incomprehensible, attempt.

Of the others, I rather liked Robert Coote, who plays a British admirer in a nice, subdued key, but Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, and Werner Klemperer, in other major roles, struck me as somewhat inadequately equipped to deal with their star's incomparable vitality, and the three young people, I'm afraid, just made the silly and tasteless proceedings even more painful than necessary.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND DEPT.
(THE BOTTLE ON THE SIDEBOARD DIVISION)

[*From the Economist*]

It is clear that port is the victim of a social change. For every British household where a decanter of port is ritually circulated after dinner, there are now a hundred where a bottle of sherry is permanently on hand in the sideboard awaiting the casual guest. Too busy to perform the ceremonies they feel port requires, and ashamed to treat it in the disrespectful manner of the French and the Scandinavians, the British await guidance on the right way to reintroduce this admirable but exacting wine into their cautious social pattern. The inspired suggestion that port goes ideally with television may yet solve their problem and that of Portugal's exporters; but it will need to be hammered home.

•

DEAR MRS. POST: I am to be best man at my friend's wedding and have been told that it is up to me to propose the toast to the bride and groom. Can you suggest an appropriate toast that I may give?

ANSWER: "To the bride and groom" is the usual toast.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Next question.

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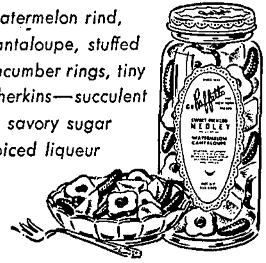

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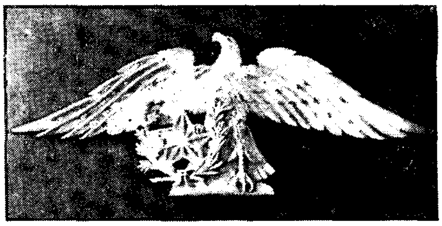

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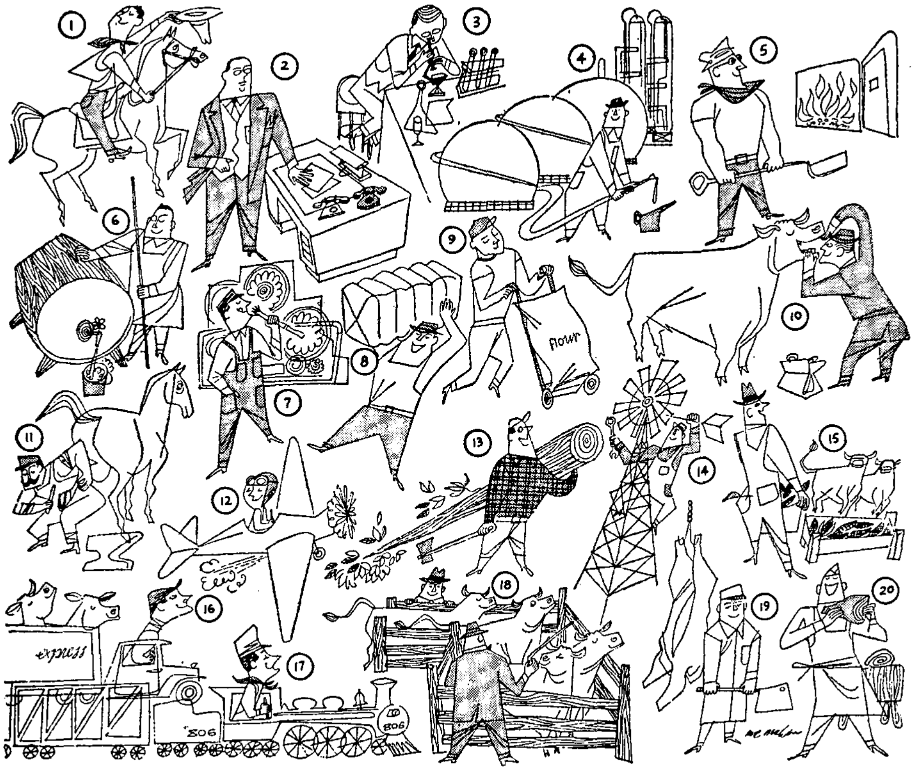
TEE AND GREEN

Ladies' Day

FOR more reasons than you could shake a 7 iron at, the fifty-fourth playing of the United States Golf Association's Women's Amateur Championship, completed last Sunday at the Allegheny Country Club, in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, should go down in U.S.G.A. annals as one of the most memorable of its many fine tournaments. It was the most international field ever assembled for the event, with nine countries represented—the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, Argentina, and Mexico. The finalists—Barbara Romack, twenty-one, and Mickey Wright, nineteen, both Californians—were almost the youngest ever. (The youngest was Beatrix Hoyt, who won it in 1896, when she was seventeen.) It was the first all-California final. Miss Romack, who lives in Sacramento, took it from Miss Wright, who lives in San Diego, by a score of 4 and 2. The semifinals were the most one-sided on the books, Miss Romack beating Mrs. Marjorie Lindsay McMillen, of Decatur, Illinois, 7 and 6, and Miss Wright beating the defending champion, Mary Lena Faulk, of Thomasville, Georgia, 5 and 4. And the most one-sided score possible—10 and 8—was recorded in the second round when Miss Faulk won by that margin from Mary Nelson, of Philadelphia. The last to turn that trick had been Patty Berg, of Minneapolis, who did it in 1938, against Mrs. Myron Davy, of Washington, D.C. Further, Barbara Bruning, of White Plains, must surely have set some sort of tournament record when she took her first two matches with a total of only twenty-one holes, winning eighteen, halving three, and losing none. Finally, the U.S.G.A. showed excellent judgment in picking the Allegheny course for the women's tournament. It's short without being too short, it's heavily trapped, and it has greens that hold well and yet are very fast. Most of the holes are exposed to gusty, shifting mountain winds, and that also makes for interesting play.

THE final had its moments of drama and its moments of confusion. Confusion prevailed at the start. The weather was chiefly responsible for

How many people does it take to make a steak?



When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.
6. **The brewer—7. The sugar refiner—8. The cotton ginner—9. The flour miller** who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.
10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
16. **The truck driver—17. The railroader** who haul cattle to market and meat to you.
18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you*.

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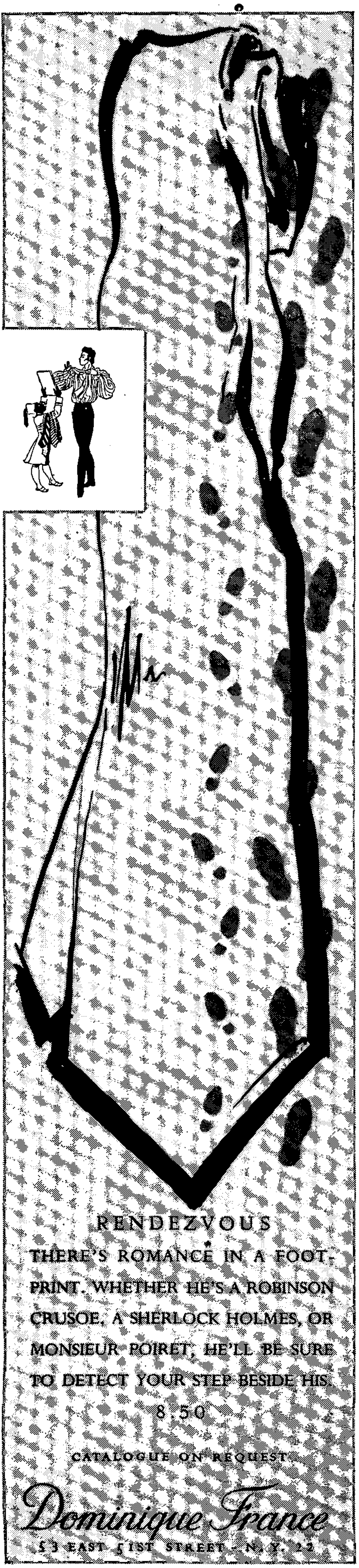

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this. It had been generally fair until early Saturday morning, and then heavy thunderstorms and near cloudbursts deluged the course. The match was scheduled to start at 9:30 A.M., but the rain and lightning were such that the U.S.G.A., which usually considers weather beneath its notice, ordered a half-hour postponement. The girls started out at ten, and played the first hole and part of the second, but then thunderbolts began bouncing around nearby and the referee called for a recess. When the players started out again, at three that afternoon, it was obvious that there was enough daylight left for only eighteen of the thirty-six scheduled holes, and there were a good many telephone calls between tournament officials and state officials about a Pennsylvania blue law that is supposed to prohibit tournament golf on Sundays when paid admissions are involved. Ultimately, it was decided to run off the second eighteen on Sunday afternoon. The law, it turned out, doesn't forbid just tournament golf on Sunday, but *all* golf, and practically every other diversion. Since everybody plays on Sunday anyway, the tournament committee's decision seemed eminently reasonable, and no one was arrested.

CHIPS AND PUTTS: It was the first time either Miss Wright or Miss Romack had progressed even as far as the semifinals in the Women's Amateur. . . . Robert Faulk, who came up from Georgia to see his daughter defend her title, turned out to be a better prophet than he wanted to be. As she started down the first fairway in her match with Miss Wright, he sighed and shook his head. "I don't like the way Mary Lena's been getting in trouble," he said. "I don't think it's her day." . . . Until Mrs. McMillen lost to Miss Romack, she had played the most consistently good golf of the week. In her first six matches, she had first nines of 33, 34, 35, 36, 36, and 36, a total of six under par. . . . Another loser to Miss Romack was seventeen-year-old Margaret Smith, of Guadalajara, Mexico. She took her defeat cheerfully. "Somebody had to lose," she said, "and, after all, I'll have a lot more chances. Romack's getting pretty old."

—P. W. W., JR.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From an adv. in the News*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Large Doch-an-Dorris

LET us suppose that, owing to a divine miracle, there is in Scotland today a small town, right out of the middle of the eighteenth century, that is buried in heather and invisible to any modern quidnunc—a place called Brigadoon. And let us further suppose that in this Scottish town, the customs of two centuries ago hold fast, and that a bright and tuneful euphoria envelops most of the inhabitants. Finally, let us suppose that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a movie company, has been called on to aim its cameras at the miraculous Highland community. The M-G-M boys make an odd lot of recording angels, but the ways of the Almighty are mysterious, and anyhow the wrathful lightning probably won't strike the boys if they go a little wrong, for there may well be more important targets for it. Actually, this excursion into the realm of miracle, which you'll remember as a musical play of considerable distinction, includes some lovely songs, some merry and graceful dances, and some dialogue that is not without an element of wit. But maybe in the case of miracles an element of wit is not enough. There are times in this version of "Brigadoon" when one is seized by the wild hope that the exposition of the town's dilemma will be quickly boiled down to an essence, so that Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse can get on with their dancing. The problems of the community are always getting in the way, though.

Briefly, it would seem that in 1754, there were so many witches around in Scotland that a cleric named Mr. Forsythe appealed to God to put Brigadoon out of reach of the hobgoblins. According to the cleric's proposal—a tricky one—the entire populace would spend one day awake and a hundred years asleep, and so on ad infinitum. The Lord consented to this, after swinging the chariot low enough to pick up Mr. Forsythe, who was needed as a diplomat upstairs, and everything went swimmingly in Brigadoon until two American hunters, lost in a fog, came upon the village during its one day of wakefulness in this century. Obviously, one of these hunters (Gene Kelly) must fall in love

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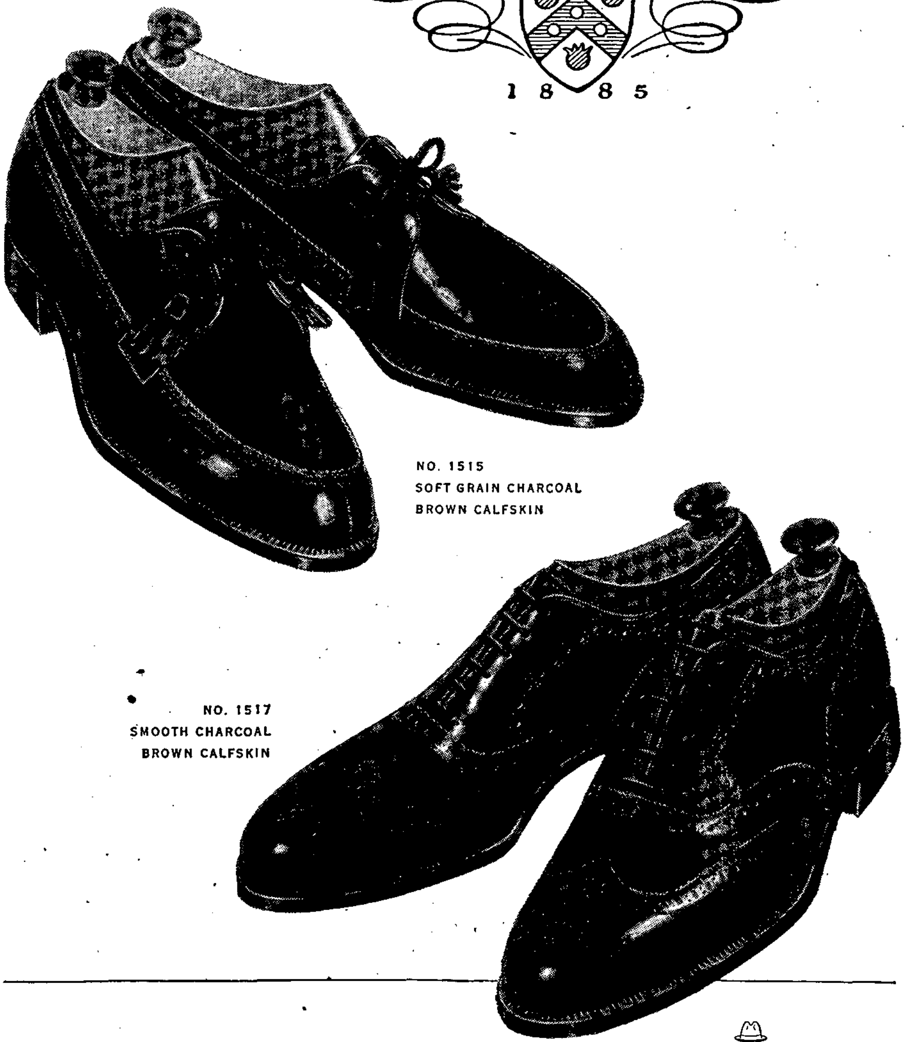

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with a resident (Cyd Charisse), and, following the laws of musical comedies, the other (Van Johnson) must maintain a cynical attitude toward the magic of it all.

As a persistent admirer of Mr. Kelly and Miss Charisse, I rather regretted that they weren't able to cut loose with their musical paces more often. I'm glad to say, though, that Van Johnson steps and sings quite competently whenever he gets a chance. The cast also includes such likable people as Elaine Stewart, Barry Jones, Albert Sharpe, and Hugh Laing. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner and the music is by Frederick Loewe, both of whom were responsible for the original version of the piece, and the direction was in the hands of Vincente Minnelli. The picture is done in CinemaScope, and the view is slightly larger than all Scottish outdoors.

IF robbers beset you and you call a policeman, you'll be lucky if the hero of "Rogue Cop" doesn't come to your rescue. Admittedly, this character is hard on low types—if they don't have connections—but when it comes to the really big men in the criminal-syndicate line, he feels like their paid employee. Only when his brother, a cop but no rogue, is killed by gangsters does this lad get hold of himself and abandon his wicked ways. Robert Taylor is the holder of the tarnished badge, and somewhere in the course of this mediocre foolishness George Raft turns up as a hoodlum. The latter seems a lot less menacing than he did when he was flipping half dollars in "Scarface." As a matter of fact, he often seems plain silly, and so does a good bit of "Rogue Cop."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

BAY SHORE—A turnout of 3,500 persons last week end visited the opening of Briar Point and purchased 68 houses at the 325 unit community being erected on Sunrise Highway and Atlantic Avenue here. Two model homes, a seven-room, three bedroom "Split-O-Ranch," priced at $10,790; and a Cape Cod duplex with expansion penthouse, priced at $9,990, are on display at the site.

A termite colony may contain three million individuals.—*Sayville (L.I.) Suffolk County News.*

The original Split-O-Ranch outfit.

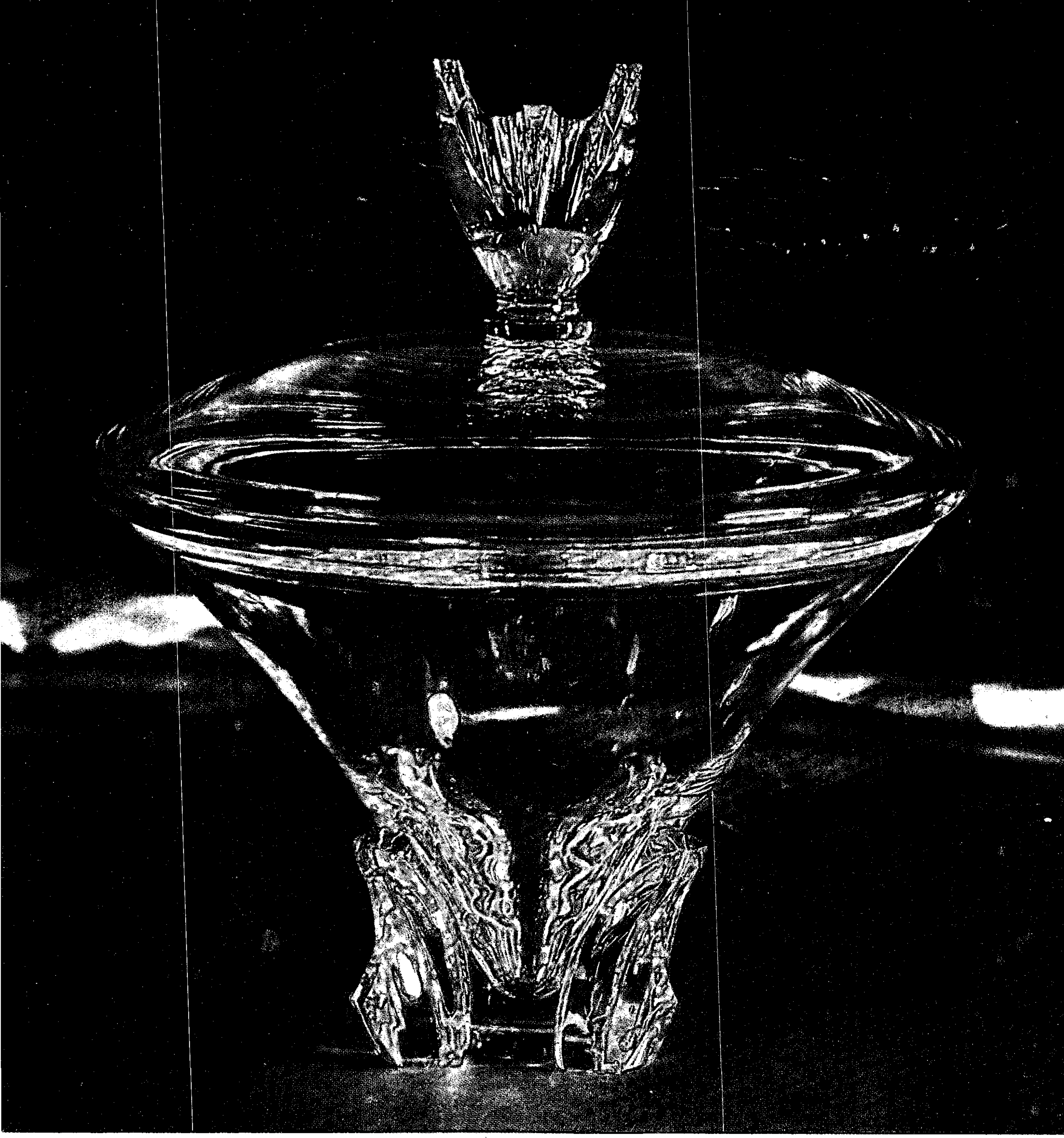
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

Shirley M. Schnell, an airman from Hopatcong, N.J., was Tinker Air Force Base's airman of the month.

One of her prizes: breakfast in bed served by M/Sgt. Charles A. Harris, her first sergeant.



This covered centerpiece is brilliantly flared, with applied, cut decoration highlighting the base and turreted finial. Fashioned by Steuben artisans, in clearest crystal, it is twelve and a half inches in height. Six hundred fifty dollars.

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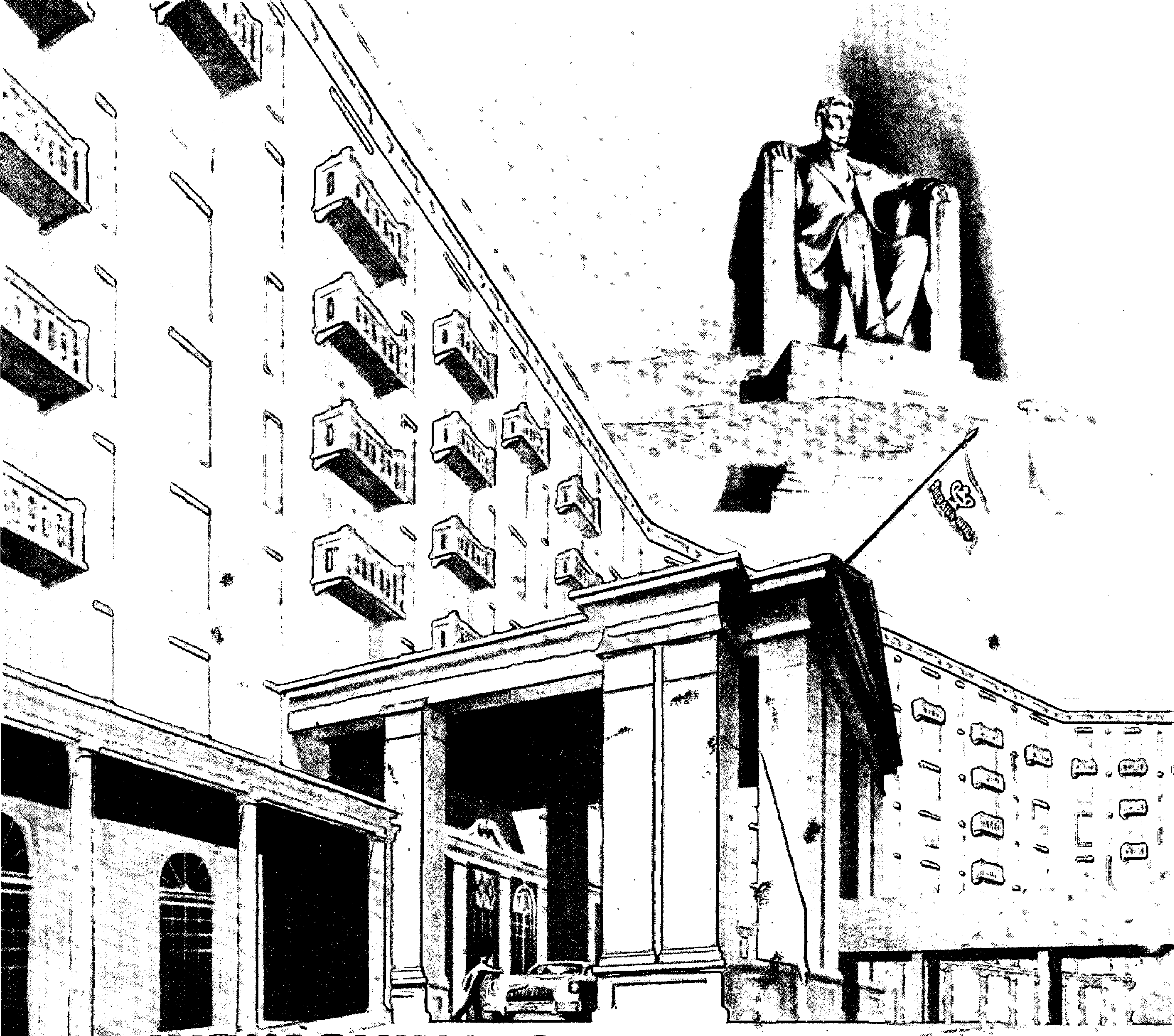

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

WELL CAUGHT, MR. HOLDER!

IN 1859, when baseball was an idle diversion indulged in by a few eccentrics, the England-United States cricket match at the Elysian Fields, in Hoboken, drew a crowd of twenty-four thousand, and extra ferries had to be laid on to handle the throng from Manhattan. But in 1869, Harry Wright, an American professional cricketer, switched his allegiance to baseball and put together the first successful professional team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, and from that moment on cricket was on its way out as our national pastime. Wright's defection undeniably changed the complexion of our summer sports pages (never will we read how, say, the Yankee XI took a crucial fixture from Cleveland, 354-278, chiefly because Eddie Lopat had his googly working, or how Willie Mays achieved a superb century on a sticky wicket for the Giants against Brooklyn), but cricket is a tough old game—not only has it been played in some form since the twelfth or thirteenth century but it is perfectly true that the sun never sets on the cricket pitch—and it refused to die here. Philadelphia, where the Germantown and Merion Cricket Clubs turned to tennis only some twenty years ago, sent cricket teams to compete in England right into the nineteen-hundreds, and at nearby Haverford College it has been possible for a hundred and sixteen years to win a letter at cricket. Philadelphia still supports two active elevens, one of them representing the local General Electric plant. There is also organized cricket in southern California—where English movie actors and English butlers compete for the annual C. Aubrey Smith Trophy—and in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Paterson, New Jersey, and on Staten Island, home of the eighty-year-old Staten Island Cricket Club. But the most numerous, picturesque, and energetic survivors of Harry Wright's betrayal are the thousand or so cricket-playing members of the British West Indian colony in New York.

"If that so-called lawyer of mine said 'no questions' once, he must have said it a hundred times."

There are three predominantly colored leagues in the city, made up of twenty-one club teams, plus several free-lance outfits. One league holds its matches in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, and the two others play each Saturday and Sunday afternoon in Van Cortlandt Park, in the Bronx, where they attract a nattily dressed crowd of several hundred fellow West Indians. The West Indian cricketers are sticklers for convention. They dress in the time-honored costume—white duck or flannel trousers, an open-collared white shirt, white walking shoes, and an English schoolboy cap—and the umpires wear the traditional long white smock, like a butcher's apron. McCarthy's Bar and Grill, across Broadway from the park, not only does a big cricketer business every weekend but gets a nice peripheral trade from strangers who drop in for a bracer and for reassurance that what they've just seen going on over in the park is real. It is real, as I learned a couple of Sundays ago when I went uptown to watch a team representing the Inter-State League, of Brooklyn, meet a team representing the New York League, of Harlem, for the city's cricket championship.

APPROXIMATELY forty thousand foreign-born Negroes live in New York, and the great majority of them are natives of the British West Indies—the ten Caribbean crown colonies of Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, the Leeward Islands, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica, British Guiana, and British Honduras. British West Indians constitute only about six per cent of the city's total Negro population (and the percentage throughout the nation is even smaller), but they are a hustling, vital people, and the influence they have on colored affairs is far out of proportion to their numbers. It has been estimated that a third of all Negro professional people and a third or fourth of all skilled Negro artisans are West Indians. They are powerful in Harlem's business, financial, labor, and political worlds; Hulan Jack, for instance, the present Borough President of Manhattan, comes from the island of St. Lucia. The islanders are, by nature, highly vocal, and quite a few have reputations in Harlem as street-corner orators, but generally they tend to be respectable,

hell-bent for leather

Back in 1902, when life in New York City moved at a breathless clip and buildings soared up 23 floors, the business and bustle of 5th Avenue was arrested each day at high noon by the magnificent spectacle of Miss Lillian Russell taking her daily outing, drawn by her four black horses in her black and yellow tally-ho.

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gregarious, middle-class, and devout. (St. Martin's, the venerable Episcopal Church at Lenox Avenue and 122nd Street, conducts a special cricketers' service each spring.) West Indians have been immigrating to this country since the eighteen-thirties, when the first step was taken to abolish slavery in the islands. Until the McCarran Act was passed, they enjoyed what amounted to unlimited access under the British quota, and an average of twenty-five hundred of them took advantage of it annually. The quota is now restricted to a hundred immigrants a year from each colony, large or small. Among the most vociferous opponents of this restriction are the cricket clubs, whose supply of talent is threatened by it, but they are by no means alone; protests are also frequently heard from the dozens of West Indian benevolent and mutual-aid societies, such as the British Jamaican Benevolent Society, the Montserrat Progressive Society, the Windward Islands Progressive League, and from the countless numbers of islanders' social clubs, such as the Isthmica, the Zodias, the Clair de Lune, the Solidaritée, the Aristocrat, and the Aster Social and Literary Club. "When two West Indians bump into each other on the street, they don't start fighting," a Jamaican of long residence here told me. "They form a club."

ON the Sunday of the New York-Brooklyn fixture—games are generally called fixtures in cricket—I took the Eighth Avenue subway uptown to 168th Street, where I changed to the I.R.T.'s Van Cortlandt Park line. The first train had been jammed with a raucous crowd heading for a double fixture at the Polo Grounds, but in the second were only a few peaceable passengers, several of them obviously cricket fans. "King's weather," I heard one man remark, glancing up at the cloudless sky as we reached the sidewalk.

The Van Cortlandt cricket fields are at the north end of the broad, open sward known as the Parade Grounds. They stretch along upper Broadway from about 250th Street to 253rd, and are bordered on the Broadway side by plane trees. The trees cast convenient circles of shade across the sidewalk and down a shallow embankment that makes a natural, grassy grandstand. When I arrived, the match was just getting under way, and spectators were settling down in the circles of shade or ranging themselves along the top of the embankment. A polite babble filled the

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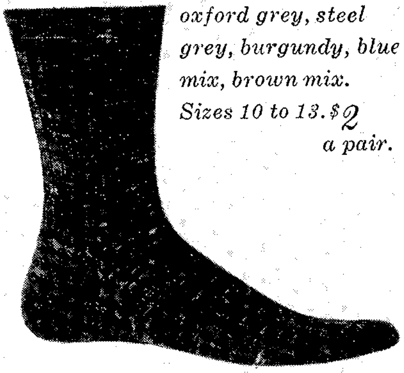

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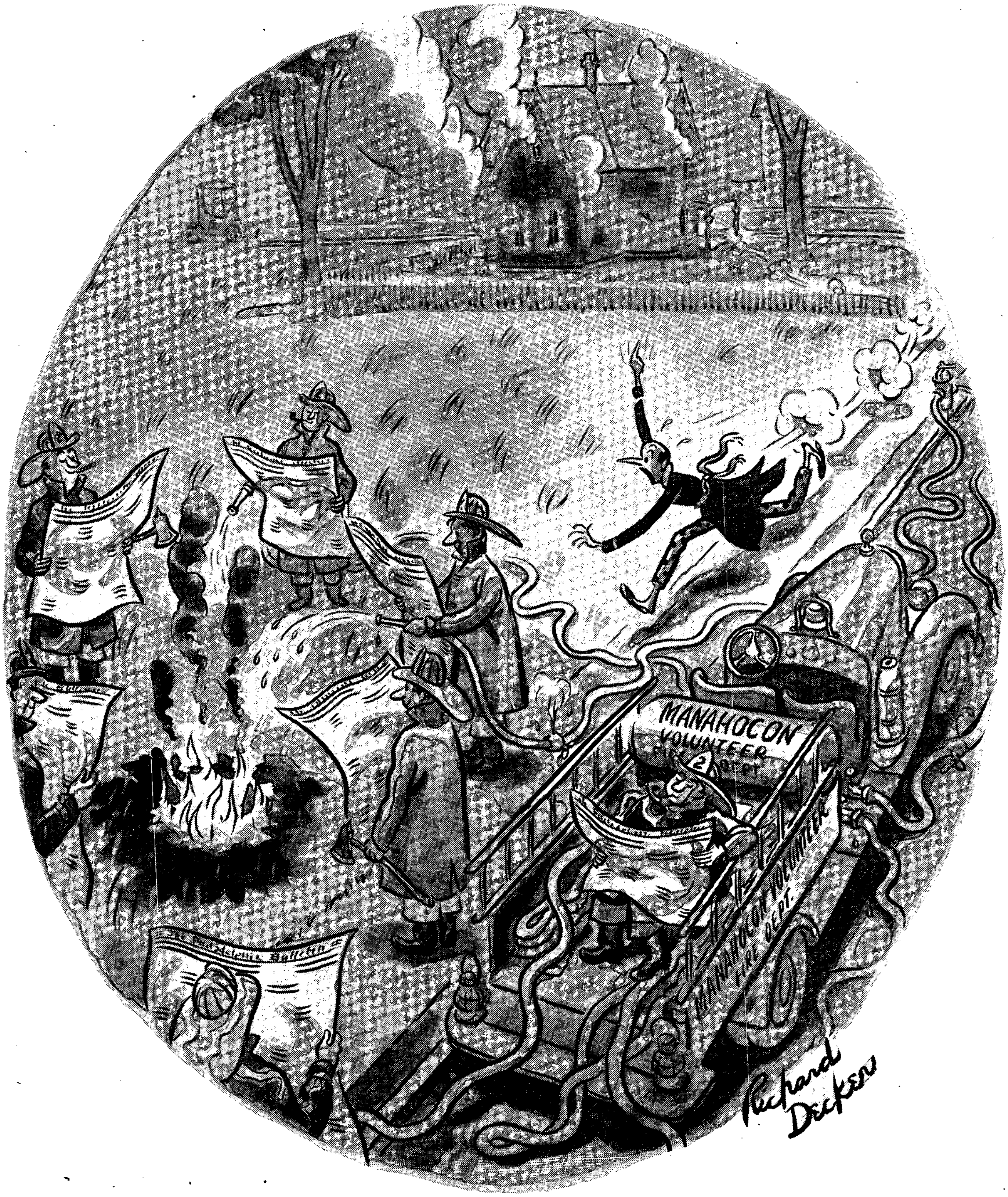
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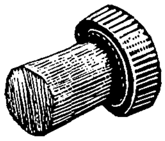

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air. West Indian English has been stamped by a good many linguistic dies over the centuries—African, Carib, French, Spanish, and the various accents of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as of America—and it reflects them all in unexpected ways.

"Hold on for loif, byes, hold on for dear loif!" a partisan was shouting to the fielders as I came up.

"Quiet in the sixpence section!" a voice shouted back.

"Go, mon, 'go!" somebody else yelled.

"Oh, now, look at that cricketing," I heard another voice cry out in disgust. "Look how that feller field the ball and look how he throw it."

The cricket crowd was rather dressier than the ones found in baseball parks. Most of the men wore gaily banded panama hats, some carried seat canes and binoculars, and there was an abundance of sports coats and brown-and-white sports shoes. One huge, splendid-looking chap with a bushy but neatly trimmed mustache was wearing a well-tailored tweed suit and a large, spotless white topee. He looked as if he had just stepped out of a King's House conference in Jamaica. (I was told later that forty years ago he was a customs officer on the island of Dominica and that the topee was part of his original uniform.) There was a large proportion of women in the group, and the younger ones, most of them in fluffy summer frocks, were exceptionally attractive. The older women had a pleasant, solid serenity about them. Only two hawkers were circulating through the crowd, and they were women, too. One, a tiny, gnarled old lady in a clean sky-blue dress and a neat little black straw hat, sold nuts and homemade ginger candies and pralines from two shopping bags. The other dispensed a bitter West Indian tree-bark drink called *mauby* from a Scotch cooler.

"Who got the breadfruit?" a mother called out to her husband as she struggled to settle two children and a picnic basket.

"Mis-ter Braithwaite bringing the breadfruit," he answered, musically accenting the "fruit." "Joining us di-rect-ly."

The gentleman with whom I had arranged my expedition was James A. Gabriel, the very active secretary of the New York League, the playing manager of the St. Lucia Cricket Club team, and the general secretary of the Joint Cricket Leagues of New York, which is the controlling body for local crick-

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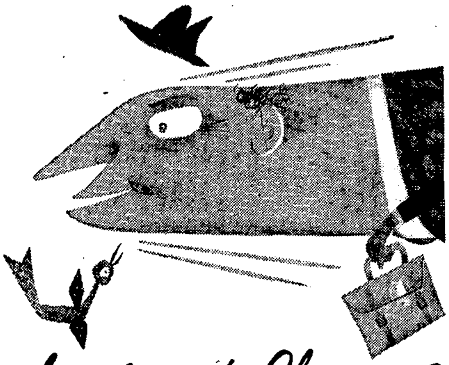

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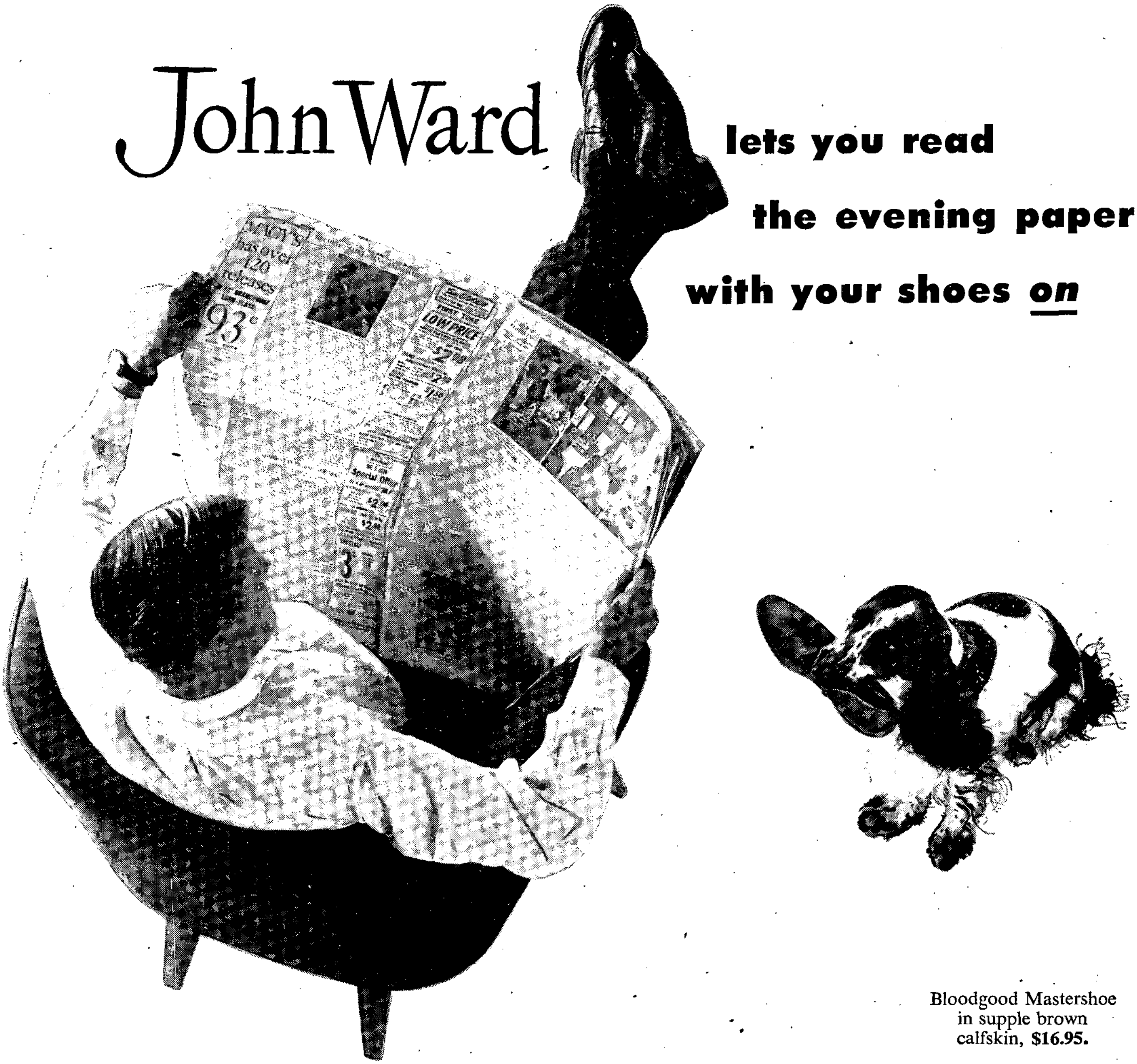

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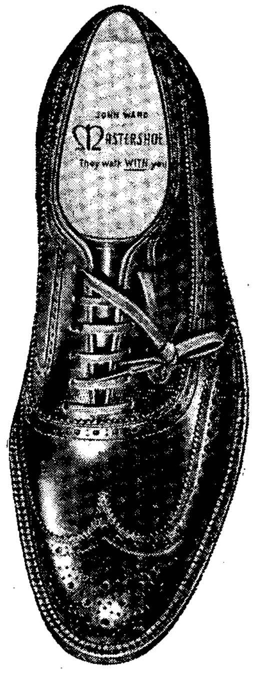

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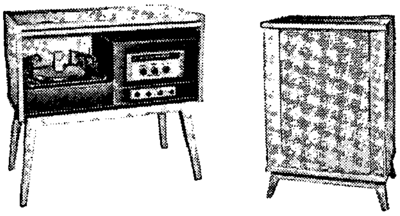

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et. Gabriel is a slim, graying, and graceful Creole with a kindly, dignified face. His father was French, and he is a Catholic, as are most of the natives of the smaller British West Indian islands formerly dominated by France or Spain. Like many West Indians, Gabriel is an expert tailor—he runs the valet service at Hampshire House, on Central Park South—but, unlike many tailors, he is a neat and careful dresser himself. When I located him, near the scorers' table, he was wearing white flannels and a handsome maroon jacket, which bore the gold-embroidered crest of the St. Lucia club. Gabriel told me that the teams on the field were all-star aggregations, composed of the best players from the various clubs in each league, and that the New York League, founded in 1919, had taken the city title seven years in a row. Inter-State, of Brooklyn, which was founded in 1935, had won the right to challenge New York's supremacy this year by beating the Cosmopolitan League, of Manhattan (founded in 1913), by a score of 181–164, the previous Sunday. The championship match is only one of several events climaxing the local cricket season, however. Individual clubs keep right on playing for the three league titles through most of September, and the real showcase affair each season is the All-Barbados-All-Jamaica match at Triborough Stadium, on Randalls Island. This game, which has no bearing on the league standings, is notable because the Jamaicans and Barbadoans (or Bajuns, for short) are supposed to produce the best cricketers in the Indies—a contention challenged only by Trinidad, and then largely as a matter of principle. "Trinidad is often called the New York of the Antilles," Gabriel said, "and Trinidadians are inclined to be skeptical."

In comparison with big—or major-league—cricket, in which games ramble along for two and three days (the annual England-Australia Test Matches for "the Ashes," the symbol of international cricket supremacy, last six days), New York's cricket is practically cyclonic. Most local matches are reeled off between 2 P.M. and nightfall. "Professionals who come here call this the fastest cricket in the world," Gabriel said, pointing to the field, where, as far as I could make out, activity was at a minimum. While the individual club games are pretty much on a level with sand-lot baseball or English village cricket, he went on, the calibre of the leagues' all-star teams is considered to be on a par with Second-Class Club

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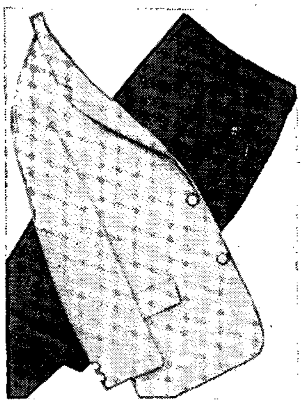

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Language
Prices—Money
Tipping—Taxis, etc.
Subway—Bus
Rent-a-Car
Turkish Bath
Pressing—Laundry

Medical Care
Useful Addresses
Customs
Sports
Banks in Paris
Legal Holidays
Church Services

Hotels
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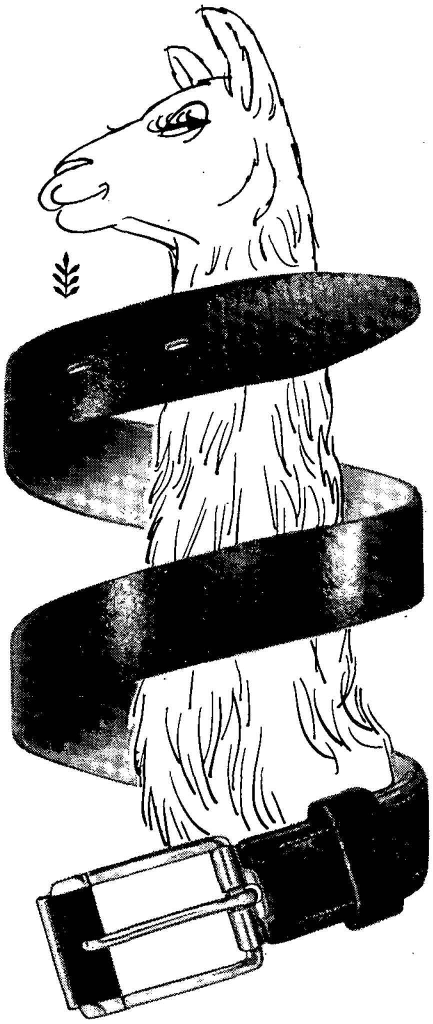

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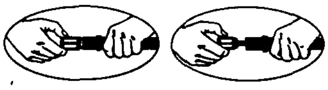

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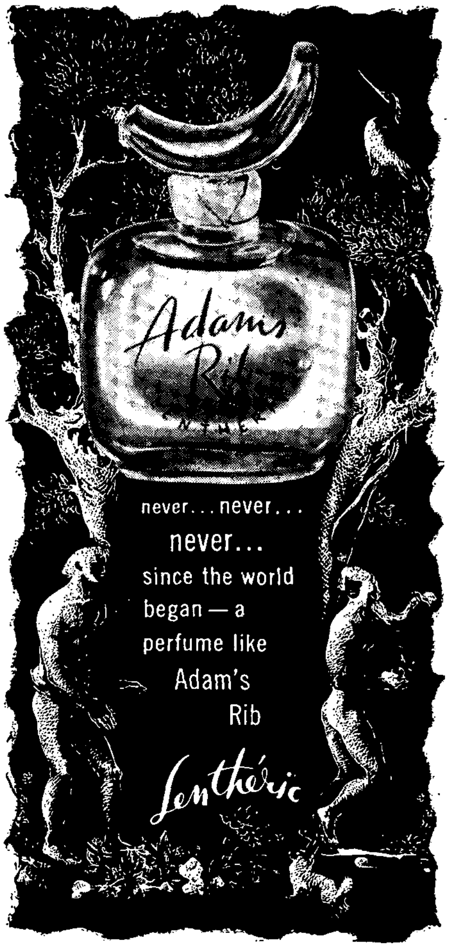
Cricket in England, and *that,* in turn, is comparable to Class A minor-league baseball in this country. The high point in the history of New York cricket was the visit of the Australian Test Team, en route home from England, in 1932; local cricket fans still talk about how the great Don Bradman, Australia's captain and the Babe Ruth of cricket for more than twenty years (he was knighted upon his retirement in 1949), was retired without a run in a game against the West Indians. Even the islanders regard this as something of a lucky break, though, for only two years before Bradman had set the all-time big-cricket scoring record for a single time at bat—452 not out. Unlike Bradman, the regular local cricketers are all "gentlemen"—the term for those who do not play for money—rather than "players," or professionals. There are a few former professionals in the cricket clubs hereabouts, and visiting "players" often appear in matches, but otherwise the game is strictly amateur. The Joint Leagues frown on proselytizing and have ruled that any player who wants to shift clubs must get a formal release from his original club before doing so. It is considered perfectly proper, though, for the more influential members of a club to help a promising new arrival get a job—an act of generosity that usually results in his donning the whites for his benefactors' organization. A few years ago, however, the Joint Leagues had to demand that an overly zealous Barbados club put a stop to its regular practice of meeting incoming planes from the Indies at LaGuardia Airport and taking first crack at any cricketers aboard.

Gabriel and I had been keeping half an eye—which seemed to be sufficient—on the game as we talked. Suddenly, a New York fielder made a diving catch of a batted ball, and a patter of respectful applause went up.

"Well caught, Mr. Holder!" Gabriel called. "Well caught!" He turned to me again. "Amazing fellow, Holder. Sixty-five years of age, yet as agile as our twenty-year-olds. People marvel at such keenness of vision, such remarkable reflexes. Last year, he led the league in batting. A first-rate bowler, too, and a tenacious man in the slips."

LISTENING to Gabriel talk about Mr. Holder in the slips made it clear that I was going to need a little briefing on the game. With Gabriel's aid and an assist from his Marylebone Cricket Club rule book, I was soon able to grasp the essentials. The Marylebone



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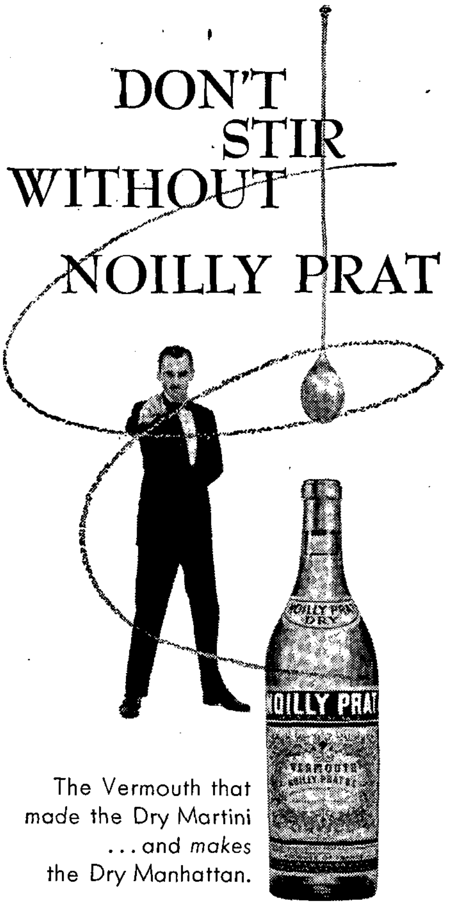

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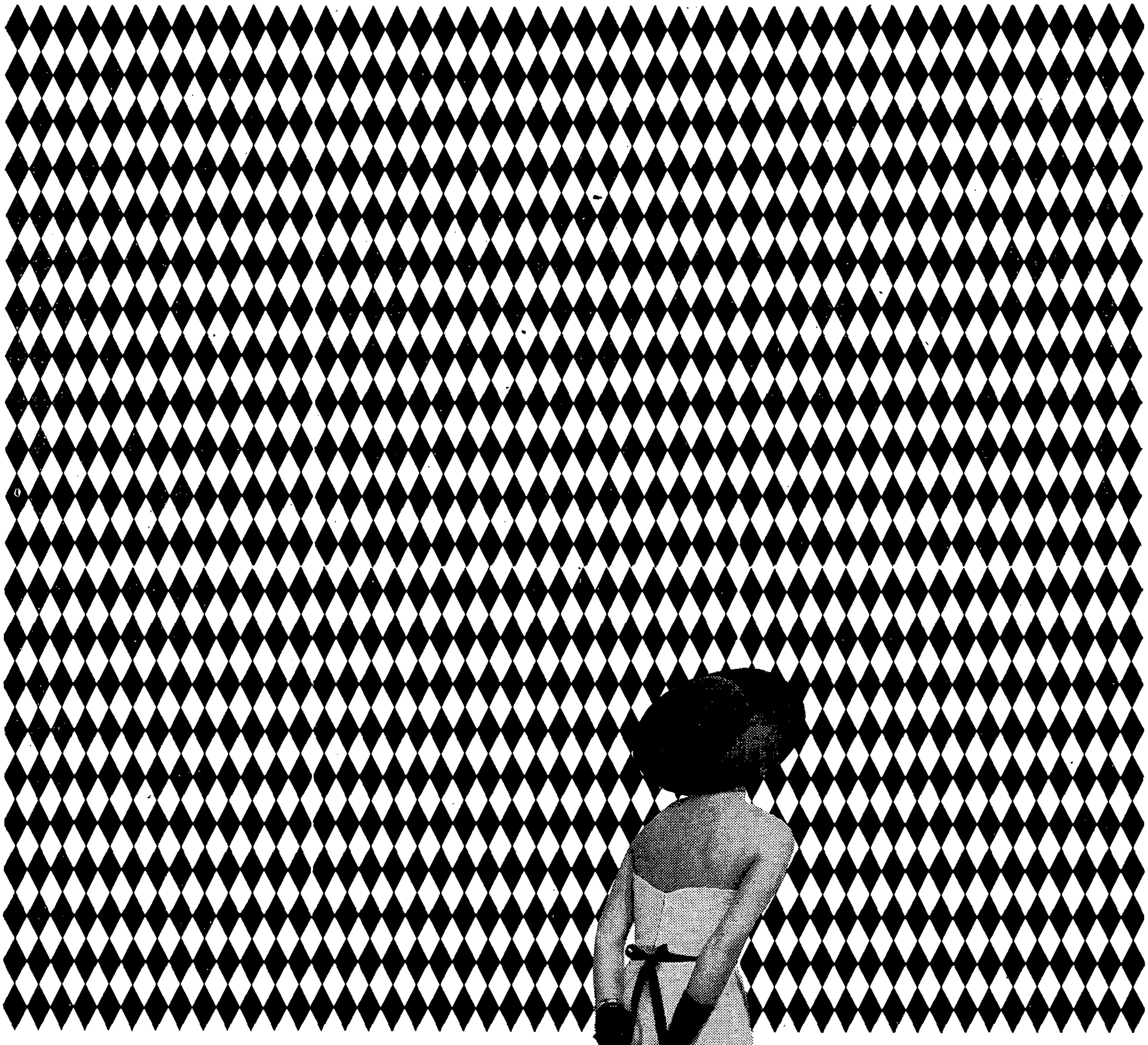

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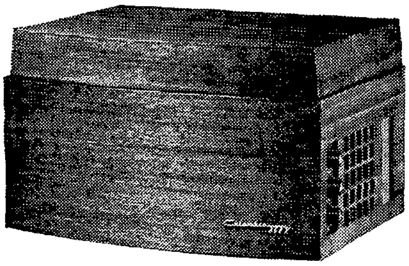

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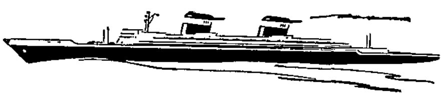

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"Well, it has a *few* nuances," he said.

I began concentrating on the game, and in a short while I saw what he meant. Cricket is practically *all* nuances. For instance, the batter can decide to hit the ball and run or he can decide not to bother with anything more than a defensive stroke, which is like a bunt in baseball, except that the batter needn't run it out. Since most strokes in cricket are defensive strokes, the game makes great demands on the patience of both

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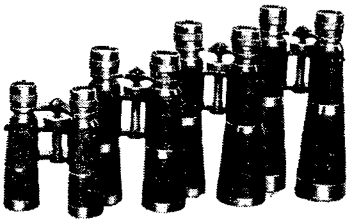

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the spectators and the fielders. Another complication is that there are *two* batsmen—the striker, and his partner at the opposite wicket. When the striker strikes, he exchanges places with his partner as often as possible (unless the ball is caught on the fly, in which case he is out), and each exchange scores as a run. If a runner is not fast enough, he will be run out. This happens when a fielder throws to a wicket and the wicketkeeper, or any fielder near it, pushes over the stumps or knocks off the bails with the hand holding the ball before the runner arrives. Both batsmen wear leg pads—a bowling toss comes in fast and on the bounce, and it could give an unpadded leg a nasty crack—and carry bats, because in their exchanges the partner may end up facing the bowler, in which case he becomes the striker. There is also a disturbing ambiguity about cricket terms. When a batsman scores a century, which is a good thing, it may mean he has amassed a hundred runs or that he has amassed any number above that up to two hundred; above two hundred, he has started on a double century. A boundary is not only the edge of the oval but also a ball hit out of the oval, and is good for an automatic four or six runs, depending on whether the ball rolls out or goes out on the fly. At times, the whole field is referred to as a pitch, while the pitch itself is often called a wicket. (A sticky wicket is not one covered with glue; it is a wet pitch, which makes for deceptive bounces. Batsmen prefer a fiery wicket—a dry, hard pitch.) On top of everything else, most of the fielders often play behind or beside the striker, leaving the large section of the oval in front defended by only two men. The comparable situation in baseball, it occurred to me, would be for everyone but the left fielder, the right fielder, and the pitcher to station himself behind home plate.

As I was trying to make sense out of all this, a chubby-faced, balding white man with a ruddily benevolent look came up to Gabriel. "Ah, Mr. Mulligan," Gabriel said, and introduced him to me—John A. Mulligan, president of the Associated Brick Mason Contractors of Greater New York, and member in good standing and official cricket scorekeeper of the Trinidad Athletic and Cricket Club. "Mr. Mulligan is a very good friend of our group and a great student of cricket," Gabriel added.

Mulligan beamed. "Student is right, Mr. Gabriel," he said, in a rich Bronx

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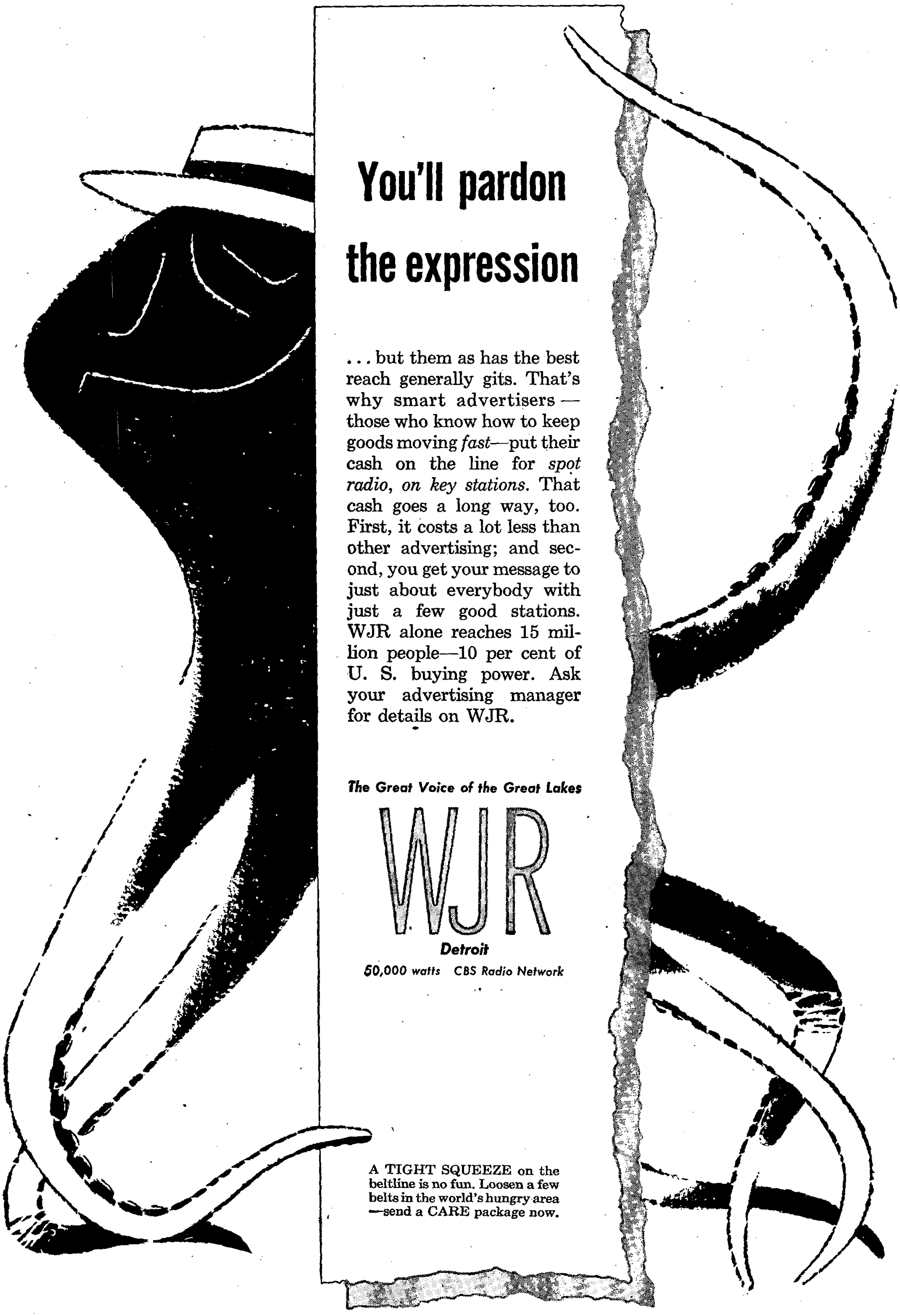

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accent. "I learn something about cricket every time I come out."

We chatted a few minutes, and then Gabriel said he had to take care of some official duties, and left us. Mulligan asked me if I needed any help in following the game, and I said that, for one thing, the arrangement of the fielders was puzzling. "Best thing is to forget about the fielders and just concentrate on the batsman and the bowler," he assured me. "Fielding is the weak point of cricket. There are more positions than fielders to fill them. There's the slips, right behind the striker—'snapped in the slips,' you'll hear them say when a fielder catches a ball there—and there's long leg, deep fine leg, backward point, cover point, gully, short extra cover, extra cover, mid-off, mid-on, long-off, and long-on. Then, up close to the batter on both sides, there are what they call silly mid-off and silly mid-on. Know why? Because anybody silly enough to play up there can get his block knocked off by the ball."

Mulligan went on to explain that the fielders play behind the batsman because the bouncing nature of the toss, plus the flatness of the bat, makes it a fair probability, though by no means a certainty, that the striker will send the ball over his shoulder. "Of course," he added, "a real good batsman will drive the ball out behind the bowler in long-off or long-on. Batting's the *real* art in cricket. Any baseball player could give a cricketer cards and spades and still beat him at fielding, but even a Ted Williams would get the surprise of his life if he stepped out on a pitch with a willow in his hand. Serve him up a googly and he'd be swinging at thin air. A googly—that's the cricket version of a curve ball."

A Brooklyn batsman hit a ball safely to mid-off, and a fan near us yelled, "Nicely carpeted, sir! Nicely carpeted!"

Mulligan chuckled. "I learn something new every time I come out, and I haven't missed more than two games up here since I started watching back in 1941," he said. "'Nicely carpeted!' Now, that's a new one on me, and isn't it a dandy?" He looked around affectionately at the crowd. "You know, I enjoy cricket and all," he continued, "but to tell the truth, it's the people that are half the fun of the game. Why, you couldn't find a nicer bunch in all New York. Good-natured as they come, and wonderful family folks, too. The only complaint I got about them is their late parties. First time they invited me to one of their dances—it was the night before Pearl Harbor is the way I remember it—they told me it would start at

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nine P.M., and I showed up on time. The next guest arrived at twelve-thirty. That's when a West Indian affair *really* gets going, I soon learned. Of course, I'm a little old for many all-night parties now—I'm sixty-four—but I usually get over to the Hotel Theresa, or wherever, for two or three West Indian affairs every winter."

Quite a chasm separates the Bronx from the Hotel Theresa, and the Associated Brick Mason Contractors from the Trinidad Athletic and Cricket Club, and I asked Mulligan how he had come to cross it. It was all a result of his inveterate interest in sports, he said. His first love had been baseball; in 1919, shortly after he graduated from Cooper Union, with an engineering degree, he had even owned a semipro baseball team, the Bronx Emeralds, which was made up mainly of members of the Fordham University team. "I guess we stretched the amateur rules just a little," he said. "The boys would play Holy Cross on Saturday and the Lincoln Giants, from Harlem, on Sunday." Then, one day in 1941, curiosity prompted him to follow a man who was carrying what looked like a small hockey stick under his arm. The man boarded a Broadway trolley at Forty-second Street, with Mulligan right behind him, and presently Mulligan found himself watching a hurley game in Van Cortlandt Park. Hurley is an Irish game, vaguely like field hockey, in which the participants flail away at a small ball and at each other with sticks. Mulligan found it stimulating but a bit too sanguinary. "Legalized murder, that's what it was!" he said. While averting his eyes from the hurley carnage, he happened to spot a group of Trinidadian cricketers having a pastoral practice session nearby, went over to watch, found the Trinidadians to be kindred spirits, and a cricket fan was born that very day. "Next thing you know, I'm a Trinidadian," Mulligan told me. "Of course, my family thinks I'm nuts—I've got four grown children, one a doctor—especially when I put on my hat at eleven o'clock of a Saturday night and announce I'm going down to the Trinidad Club and listen to the calypso. But these fellows have brought me a lot of enjoyment. They don't draw the color line on me, and I don't patronize them. Once in a while I'll maybe see that a wicketkeeper's glove is wearing out or a bat's all beaten up, and I'll offer to buy a new one—it's the least I can do—but I don't ever patronize."

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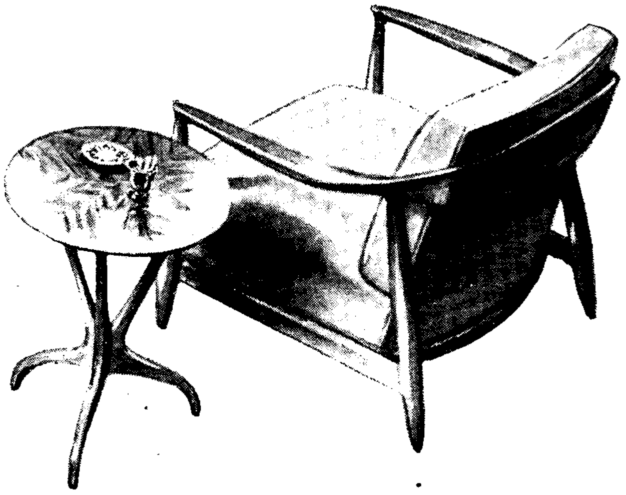

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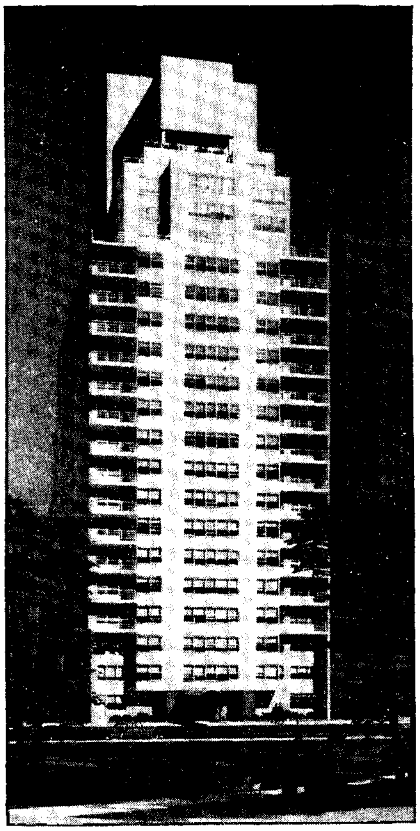

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a ginger patty, which was delicious, for a nickel. She refused to keep the change from a quarter. "Sin to rob, you know, sweetheart," she said. She did, however, accept a couple of empty peanut sacks that Mulligan had been saving for her. "You always doing something thoughtful for me, dear," she said to him.

"You have to know these folks," said Mulligan when she had gone. "They're very proud. Now, those peanut sacks are something she can *use*."

Brooklyn seemed to be having a rocky innings—with half their wickets down, they had managed to scrape up only forty runs—and Mulligan suggested we go over and get the views of Mr. Worrell. Worrell, he explained, was once a big cricketer himself—he played for Barbados back in the twenties—and is the father of a third of the internationally renowned West Indian cricket combination of Walcott, Weekes, and Worrell. " 'The three Ws,' the English sportswriters call them," Mulligan said. "They're the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance of cricket. I'm always reading about them in the *Cricketer*. That's an English magazine I subscribe to."

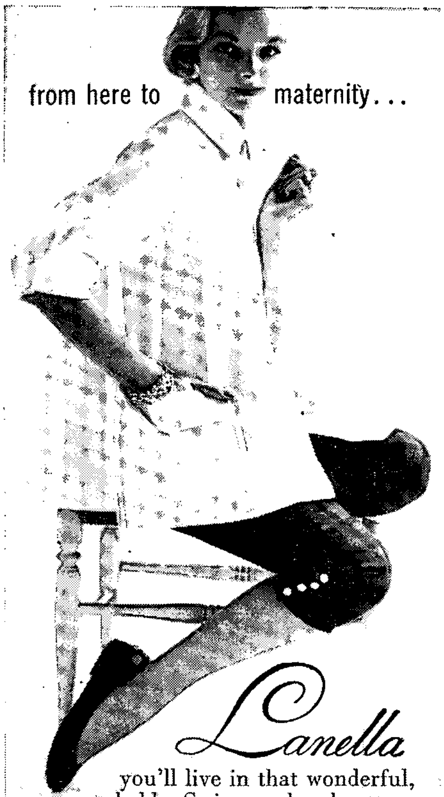
Worrell, a large, patriarchal-looking, very dark man wearing a flat straw hat, was seated in a camp chair at the top of the embankment. He was obviously regarded with great respect. From time to time, spectators would come up and ask his opinion about a play, and each batsman checked in with him after a wicket.

Worrell was sagely noncommittal about the match. "Some very *good* cricket being played here," he told us, in a rumbling voice, "and some very stupid cricket. *Very* stupid cricket."

Mulligan remarked that he hoped to get down to the islands next spring for the Australia-West Indies Test Matches. They would be his first taste of big cricket, he said.

"Very good," Worrell said. "Very good. The Australians, of course, do not play the gentleman's game, as the West Indians do. The Australians play for blood."

A young Brooklyn batsman named Griffith, who had recently arrived from the islands and who, Mulligan had told me, had the reputation of being "a dangerous bat," went down for a paltry nine runs. "Bowler got a little offbreak," he said, reporting in to Worrell, "and ball hit me pahnts." Worrell grunted skeptically, and Mulligan explained that Griffith had gone out Leg Before Wicket, which is one of the nine ways a batter can go out in cricket. "L.B.W. is the curse of the game,"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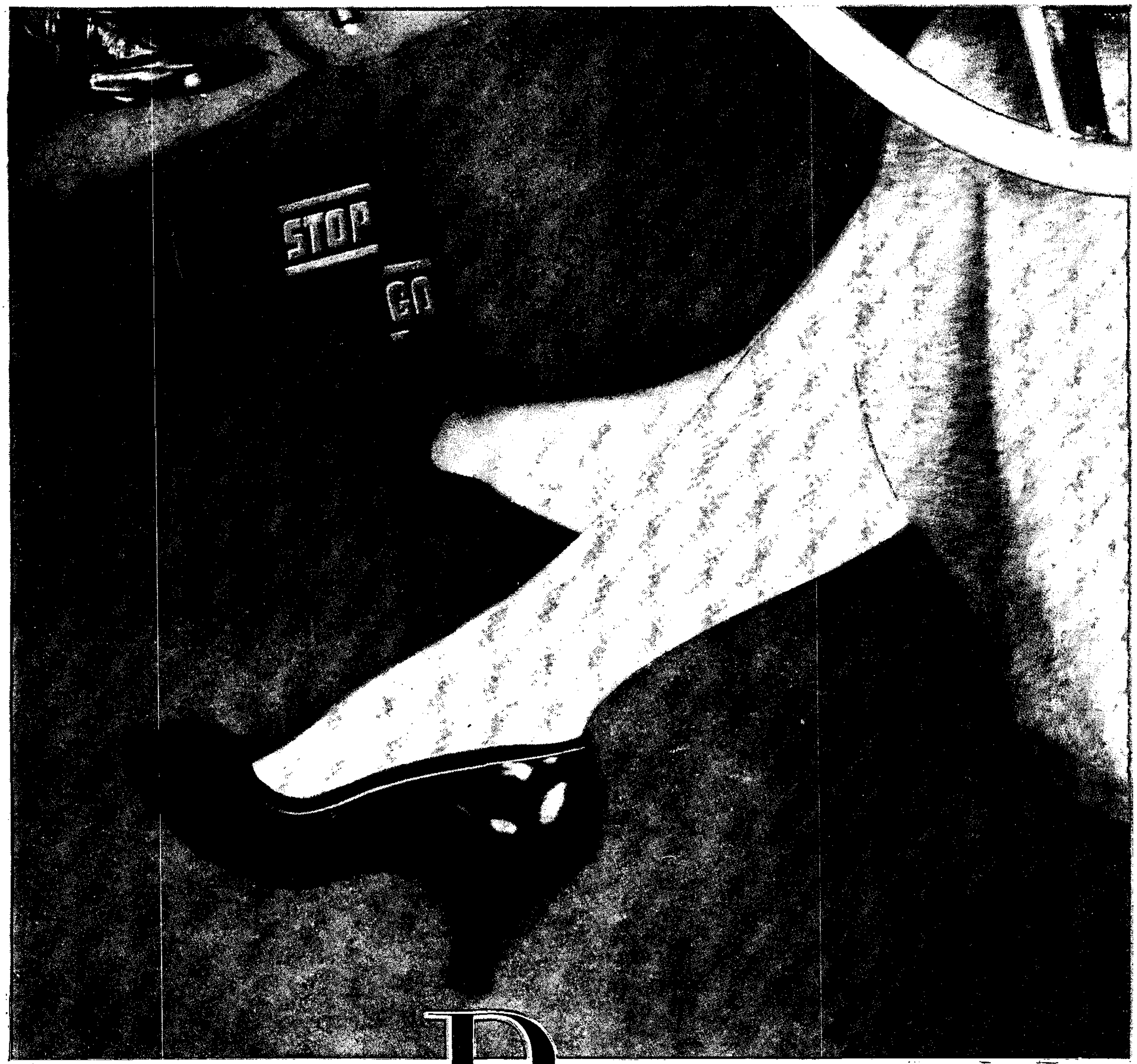

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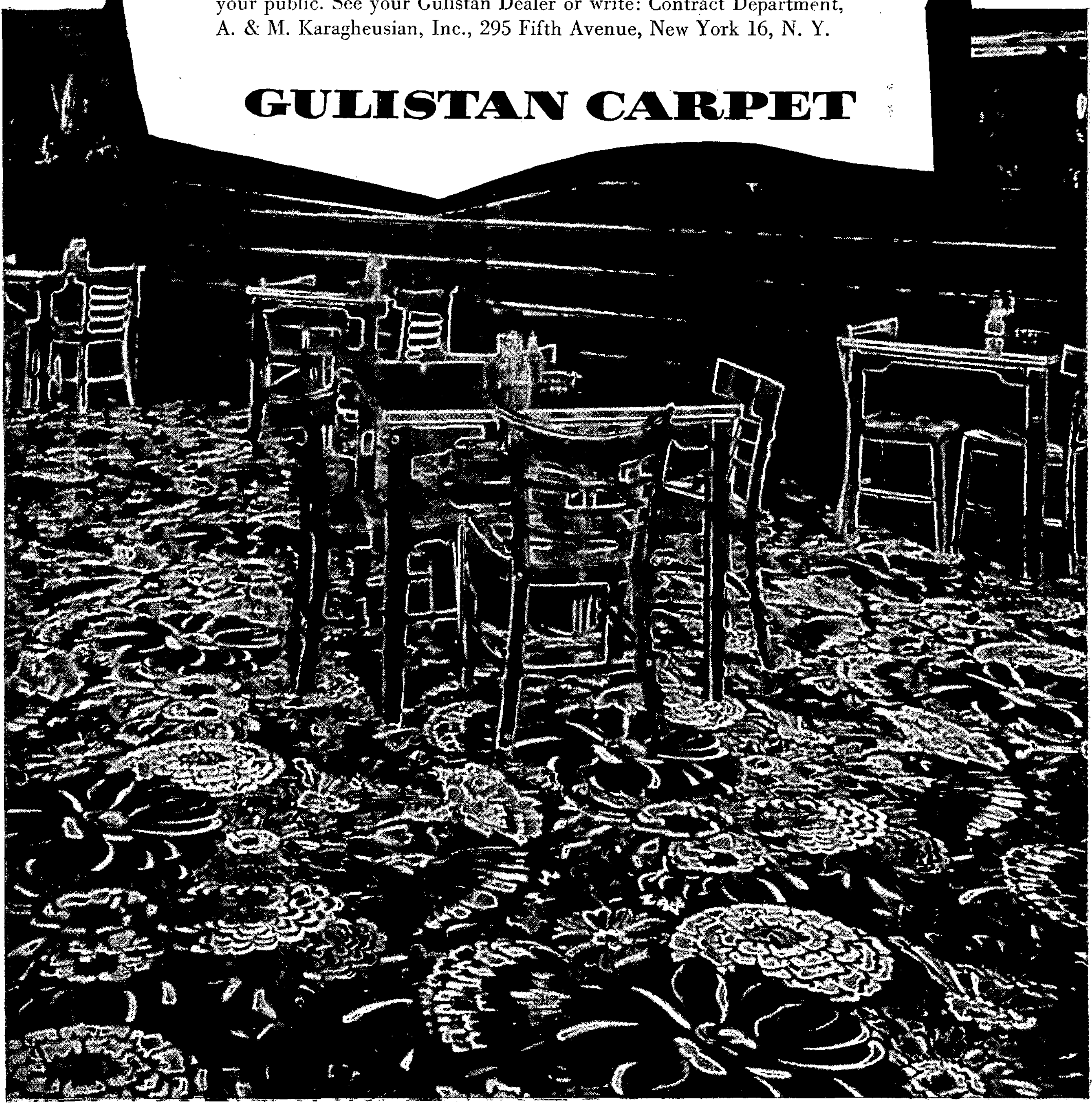

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Mulligan said. "All a man has to do is get a bitty part of his body between the ball and the wicket, and he's out. That is, he's out if the bowler or the wicketkeeper yells 'How?' and the umpire rules it's L.B.W. A cricket umpire never gives his opinion unless he's asked."

On the next toss, the New York League wicketkeeper objected to an umpire's decision and, in a fit of temper, threw the ball and his gloves on the ground and stamped angrily around the wicket. The crowd let out a shocked gasp.

"None of that nonsense, now!" cried Worrell, sternly.

"Bryant, Bryant!" a handsome, fine-featured non-West Indian lady next to us shouted, in a commanding voice. "Don't act like that!" She turned to Mulligan. "Don't know what to make of that boy," she said. "He's fussed up a rhubarb last three games he's been in."

"Afraid you're right, Mrs. Willoughby," said Mulligan, with concern. He looked at me, embarrassed. "On the street, you couldn't find a suaver fellow than Bryant," he said, "but in a game he's a regular Durocher."

A few moments later, one of the New York bowlers pulled up lame, and Mrs. Willoughby let out another cry, this time a solicitous one. "Oh, it's Daddy's charley horse again," she said. Mulligan informed me that the injured bowler was Mr. Willoughby, who is a man of parts—a clerk for Consolidated Edison in Harlem, a veteran cricketer with several local records to his credit, and a successful calypso composer; a recording, by Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, of his best-known work, "Run, Joe," has sold half a million copies. Willoughby, a professorial-looking man in thick-rimmed glasses, was helped off the field and into a camp chair next to Worrell. "*Hors de combat*," he said, with a game smile.

"Now, Daddy," said Mrs. Willoughby, "you'll be right out there again in no time. Such a shame. Just when you were doing so wonderful."

The Brooklyn side finally went out with a mere eighty runs, and by the four-o'clock tea break, Mulligan was emboldened to predict that New York would soon be in possession of its eighth straight championship. The term "tea break" was interpreted liberally. Part of the crowd slipped over to McCarthy's, and the rest dipped into picnic baskets, which, in addition to breadfruit and purely American sandwiches, contained rice patties, plantains, yams,

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"Give me excess of it," say avid listeners, quoting Shakespeare, of WQXR's music. "Play on," say happy WQXR advertisers, seeing good music work sales wonders on America's Number One Good Music Station. The Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York, among a host of advertisers, uses WQXR's music to make more sales in the world's richest market. Ask to see the score.

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mangoes, cassavas, and large green peppers called *choyos*. Mulligan said that the urbane Trinidadians, who are admitted to be the best cooks among the islanders, make a delicious stew called *calaloo* with *choyos*, crabmeat, and okra. Since British West Indians are scattered throughout the colored sections of the city, he added, they have no grocery stores or restaurants of their own, and usually get their supplies from Spanish Harlem, which imports goods from Cuba and Puerto Rico. On the wholesale-food level, however, they have better representation. The president of the New York Cricket League, a Grenadian named P. G. Benjamin, is co-owner of the thriving O-So-Hot Manufacturing Company, which makes a West Indian sauce.

By seven o'clock, the first six New York batsmen, freely bashing out boundaries, had caught up with the Brooklyn total, and as their eighty-first run was chalked up, I went over to congratulate Gabriel, who was hovering around a trophy table set up on the sidelines. Much to my surprise, however, the game continued.

"That's cricket," Gabriel explained. "Play goes on unless the other side concedes. Matter of pride, you see. Putting up a good show."

When the two New York men at bat—one of them was the ancient stalwart Holder—had run the score up to 92, the Brooklyn manager, evidently deciding that while pride goeth before a fall, it needn't necessarily follow one, conceded.

AFTER the game, I joined Gabriel in a sundowner at McCarthy's. He seemed a bit melancholy, despite his team's triumph. "Frankly," he said, contemplating his glass, "cricket has seen livelier days." Until this year, he said, the city's title match had always been played at the Randalls Island stadium. "In our heyday, we attracted a gathering of ten thousand or more, but this year we feared the stands would be so sparsely populated that it hardly seemed worth while posting the fee for the use of the stadium. Oh, the Jamaica-Barbados match will still draw a thousand or so to Randalls, and the Montserrat Cricket Club is entertaining a team from Boston there at the end of the season, but we used to play *all* our big games before paying customers. Ironically enough, it was the advent of Negroes in baseball that hurt us most. Cricket used to be Harlem's sport, but ever since Jackie Robinson put on his Dodger uniform, attendance has been

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melting away." He smiled suddenly. "Well, all for a greater good. If that's progress, we West Indians are for it. We Americanize very quickly—even in a generation's time—and our children lose the old ways quicker than the children of most immigrant groups. Few of them ever learn to play cricket, for one thing. No, there's little difference between West Indians and Americans any more. I can remember back when American Negroes wouldn't accept us because they thought we were infiltrating—'monkey-chasers,' they used to call us in Harlem. But gradually they came to realize that we could make a real contribution, because we'd had more freedom back in the islands than they'd had here." He was silent for a moment. "Yes, I have lived to hear them say that our immigration was *good* for the community," he said firmly.

I asked Gabriel if he ever got homesick for the Indies, and he said he didn't. "It's been twenty-five years now, and I've had a good life here. I have two daughters, both in the nursing profession, and my wife and I are quite fond of the theatre. The islands are lovely, of course, but this is still the land of opportunity for all. One always keeps something from the past, though, and what I've kept is cricket. Cricket has been very good to me. Each June, even though I've turned fifty, I come up to the park and it puts the spring back in my step. That's the charm of cricket. It's a reasonable game. It doesn't cast you aside when you're forty. I feel I could go on playing till I'm a hundred." He smiled and rose to go, shouldering a pair of leg pads he had carried over from the field. "If there'd be anyone left to play with, that is," he added.

—J. M. FLAGLER

•

TEXAS CITY, Aug. 4—Mrs. H. L. Ballard was complimented Tuesday night with a stork shower when Mrs. Walter Thomasson and Mrs. Gene Trambell shared hostess honors with Mrs. J. G. Taylor in the Taylor home, 228 17th avenue north.

A corsage of baby rattlers was presented the honoree and her gifts surrounded an umbrella on the dining table.—*Galveston News*.

This is Texas, pahdner!

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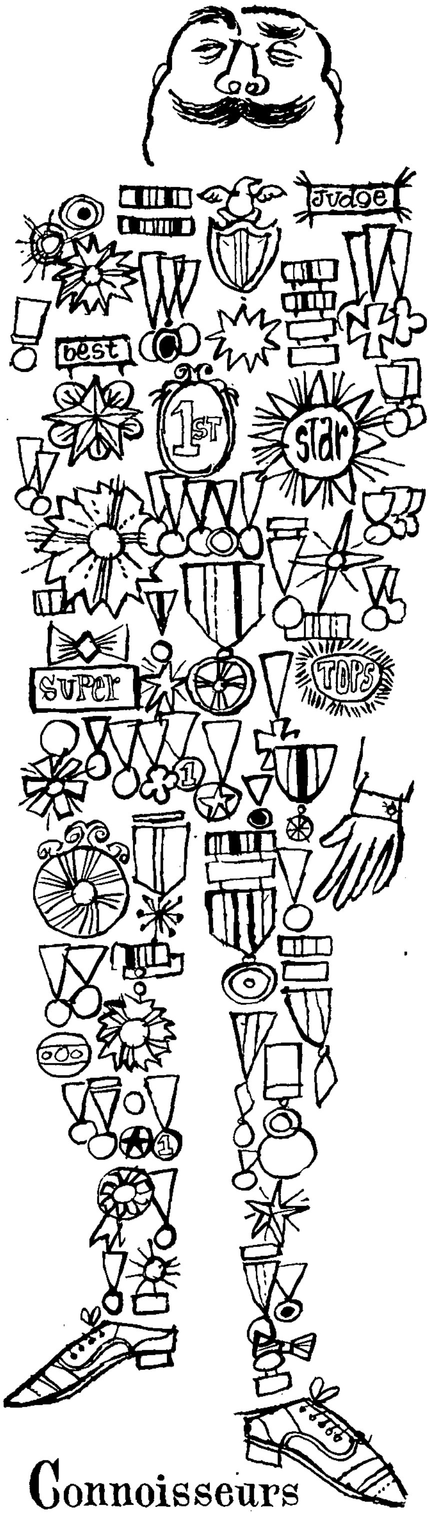

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TELEVISION

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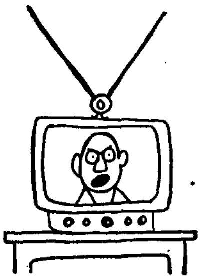
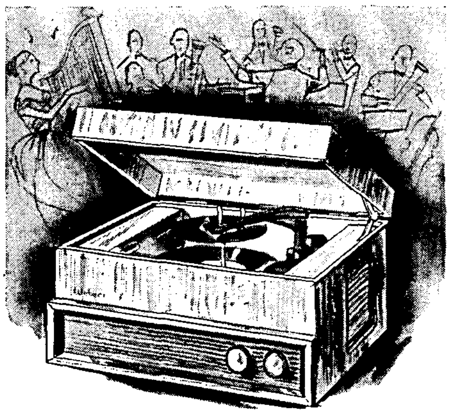


A FRIEND of mine who owns a color-television set went out of town for a couple of weeks recently and left me the key to his apartment. "Use the set any time you want, old man. There's plenty of beer in the icebox," he said, just before leaving. "You may have a bit of trouble with the Convergence dial, and some of the purples run to green, but if worst comes to worst, you can always switch to black-and-white." A week ago Wednesday night, just before ten, I went over to his place to try to catch the C.B.S. color production of George S. Kaufman's and Edna Ferber's "The Royal Family," starring Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert, Charles Coburn, and Fredric March. I had no trouble finding my friend's set. It's *big* (I had the impression that it was several stories high), resembling an upended trailer. I opened the doors of the cabinet and faced a terrifying array of dials—Tuning, Contrast, Chroma, Color, Background, V Hold, H Hold, Convergence, and Focus. Promptly at ten, I turned on the set, twisted Color, and waited. In came the first act of "The Royal Family," in blue—a lovely, dark, rich, midnight blue. I could see a butler wearing a short dark-blue jacket, and a maid wearing a blue uniform. The maid was fussing over a vase, arranging some blue roses. Charles Coburn appeared, blue as the Mediterranean. I crouched on the floor (several of the dials are on the lower part of the set) and turned Convergence. Mr. Coburn became a bright magenta—so bright, in fact, that I was afraid he was suffering some sort of stroke. I turned Chroma, and Coburn turned green. The roses turned green, too. Claudette Colbert showed up, in purple. Helen Hayes, who was playing the role of Fanny Cavendish (the Grand Old Lady of the American Stage), hobbled down a staircase. She was dead white, with blue around the edges, except for the tip of her nose, which was yellow. The roses were now yellow. I turned Background, and Coburn went white as a sheet, while Miss Hayes blossomed forth with a case of measles. Fredric March entered, wearing a stunning green raccoon coat. At last, by turning Contrast, Chroma,



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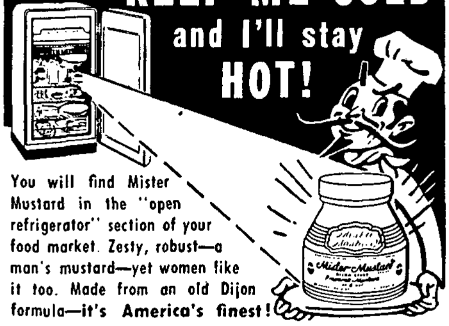

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Convergence, Focus, and Background in furious succession, I began to perceive a semblance of rational color—roses were red, violets were blue, Kaufman was funny, and Ferber, too.

"The Royal Family" is still a wonderfully witty play, and the antics of the Cavendish family are still something wonderful to behold. There were moments during the hour-long show when I felt that the director, Paul Nickell, permitted his charges to get out of hand and race across the tiny screen with too much velocity. It is one thing to portray a mad family on a big, broad stage, and another thing for the family to run around a limited enclosure. By and large, though, the production was successful, and the splendid cast performed with spirit and talent. It seemed to me that Miss Colbert, as Julia Cavendish (a reigning queen of the stage, and daughter of Fanny, the Grand Old Lady), took the honors the other evening, but Mr. March and Mr. Coburn were close runners-up. Miss Hayes, I am afraid, is not entirely suited to the role of Fanny Cavendish, but I cannot be at all certain whether I was disturbed by the thinness of her acting or by the constantly varying tints in which she appeared on the screen. It seems a long time—in fact, it *is* a long time—since "The Royal Family" opened, during the Christmas season of 1927, but the humor of Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber has survived a depression, a big hot war, and a long cold one, and is still glistening and bright, and something to treasure.

TWO nights before "The Royal Family," when I was at my own house, hanging around my trusty old Model T black-and-white set, I turned on an N.B.C. program called "Medic." This one, I had read somewhere, was to be the first of a realistic medical series, filmed with the blessing of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, and mostly photographed right in the Los Angeles County Hospital. The central figure turned out to be an earnest surgeon with a long face and a mighty shock of black hair, who talked as though he were a leftover from "Dragnet." ("My name's Konrad Styner. I'm a doctor.") Doc's problem the other night revolved around a pregnant young woman who had leukemia. After diagnosing the disease, a fatal one, Doc had to break the news to the prospective father, and he also passed along the information that he hoped to save the baby. There followed dreadful domes-

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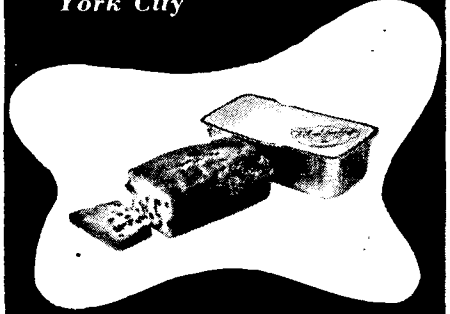

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tic scenes, during which the husband told his wife of her tragic situation, and tried to comfort her. "Medic" spared us nothing—"realism" is the word for it, I guess—and we watched the poor woman disintegrate before our eyes, and finally pass away on the delivery table. To save the baby, Doc called for this and he called for that and he snapped at the nurses. Finally, as the minutes ticked away and there was no sign of life in the infant, he called for contrast baths—tubs filled with hot and cold water. We were thereupon privy to an extraordinary scene—the baby being dipped first in the hot water and then in the cold water. Miracle of miracles, at approximately nine-twenty-seven (with ample time left for the final commercial), the baby let out a yip of life.

To my mind, "Medic" was something of a disgrace—a gross amalgam of scientific lingo and third-rate soap opera, and certainly no credit to the people who thought it up. The glory of modern medicine is one of the great stories of our time, and it's too bad "Medic" couldn't cope with it.

—Philip Hamburger

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From a security assignment on record with the Register of Deeds, Washington County (Mich.), Liber 467 of Records, page 370*]

And it is hereby expressly agreed, that should any default be made in payment of the principal sum secured hereby, or any part thereof, or said interest, taxes, assessments or insurance, or any part thereof, on any day whereon the same is made payable, as above expressed, and should the same remain unpaid and in arrear for the space of thirty days, then and from thenceforth, the aforesaid principal sum secured hereby, or any part thereof remaining unpaid together with all arrearages of interest thereon, and all taxes, assessments and insurance unpaid, shall, at the option of said obligee, their executors, administrators, or assigns, become and be due and payable immediately thereafter, notice of which option is hereby expressly hereinbefore contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding.

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Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Waltz, of Venedocia, are announcing the approaching marriage of their daughter, Carole, to John H. Buchanan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Buchanan, East Fifth street, this city.

The couple will exchange cows at 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening, September 11, 1954, at the Presbyterian church in Venedocia. The custom of open church will be observed.—*Delphos (Ohio) Herald.*

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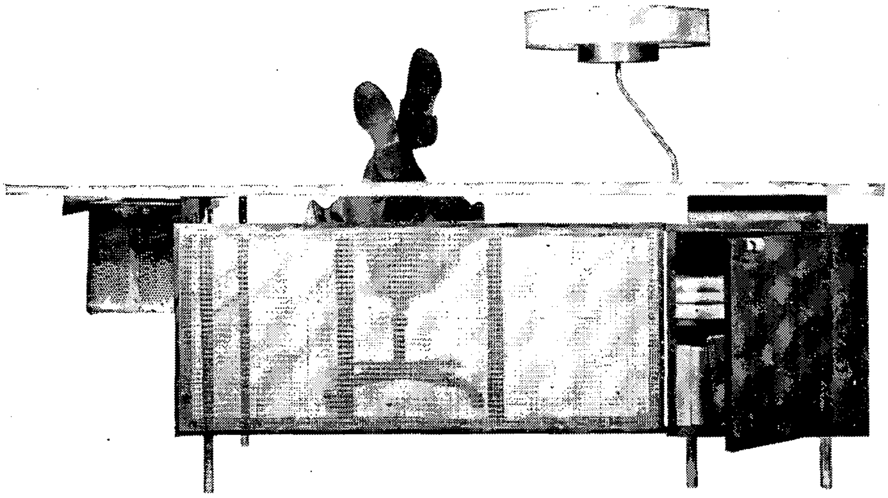

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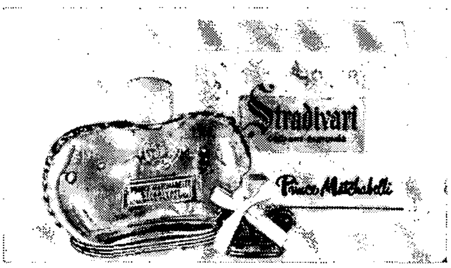

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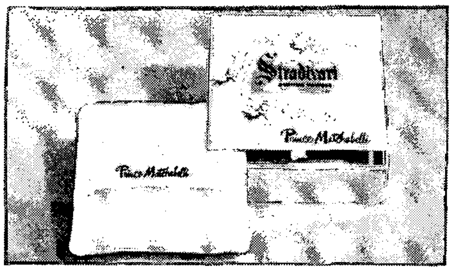

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THE OPENED DOOR

Aldous Huxley's recent book "The Doors of Perception" makes it plain that he, like a good many other people, is strongly taken with the romance, mysticism, and folklore that have grown up around peyote, an untasty vegetable that I, too, have had acquaintance with. Peyote is a cactus that many American Indian tribes consume sacramentally, and the Huxley book has called back my own memorable experience with it.

When I was a graduate student of ethnology, and went to work with an Indian tribe in South Dakota, I had already read books about the plant and had seen some of the paraphernalia used by Indians in their peyote ceremonies. I had learned that peyote is considered beneficial to certain heart conditions, and that it is chemically related to quinine and produces similar effects—a slowing of the pulse, a lowering of the temperature and blood pressure, and a slight ringing in the ears. I had also read that its most characteristic effects are "color-wheel visions," and the strong feeling of well-being, lasting for days, that comes from taking it in moderate quantities.

During my first months of research with the tribe, I gave no thought to peyote. I had found an excellent interpreter and—happily, for a woman working in the field—friend, in a young Indian named Mary. With her help, I was learning a great deal about Indian literature, religion, and social customs from the older members of her family. All this material was of neolithic antiquity but was also within the personal experience of my informants. By comparison, the taking of peyote was an upstart ceremony, for it had been introduced into the southern plains by the border Apaches in the early nineteenth century. It had spread through the tribes of central and northern Mexico and of the central United States, and there were members of the cult in the tribe I was working with, but I considered the whole thing too recent for serious study.

It was a blind old uncle of Mary's, a ceremonial user of peyote himself, who first suggested that I look into the subject. Mary had been interpreting his accounts of wars, tribal social duties, and early religious ceremonies for days. Then, one morning, when the three of us were sitting together, the old man made quite a long speech, and Mary turned to me with an air of intense disapproval. "He asks if you want to hear about peyote," she said. (The Indians call the cult, as well as the plant, simply "peyote.")

"Does he want to tell me about it?" I asked.

Mary relayed the question and, when her uncle had answered, said, "He says he thought you were interested in everything about the Indians."

"I am," I said. "If he wants to tell me about peyote, I'd like to hear about it."

"Then you'll have to get another interpreter," said Mary, rising.

I gaped at her. "What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"I am perfectly willing to interpret anything anybody has to say about the old days," she said. "It's just as important to me as it is to anybody else to keep the record straight. But peyote is heathen. It pretends to be Christian, but it's not. It calls itself the Native American Church, and that's blasphemous. I can't be detached and sociological about it."

Mary is an ardent Christian. I tried to reason with her, but it did no good. There were tears in her eyes, and her voice broke. "That old man there—I'm fond of him," she said. "My own sister Wilma and her husband—they belong to it. It just about broke my father's heart when he found out."

The old man made another speech. As often happened, he had pretty well followed the course of our exchange without understanding a word of the language we spoke.

"He says to let it go," Mary told me when he finished. "He says that in the old days, families agreed about religion because there was only one. Now there are too many religions for anybody to keep track of, but he says they all come to the same thing—same Bible, same Jesus, same God." Her sense of humor and proportion reasserted itself. "Well, I guess in a way that's so," she said. "Now he wants to tell you how the men used to prepare the paints for their faces before they went out to steal horses."

Nothing more was said about peyote then, or for some time. I made a trip back to my university, and my professor asked me, idly, if I had run across and interviewed any members of the peyote cult. I said I had met some, and he suggested that I cultivate them, but I doubted whether I could

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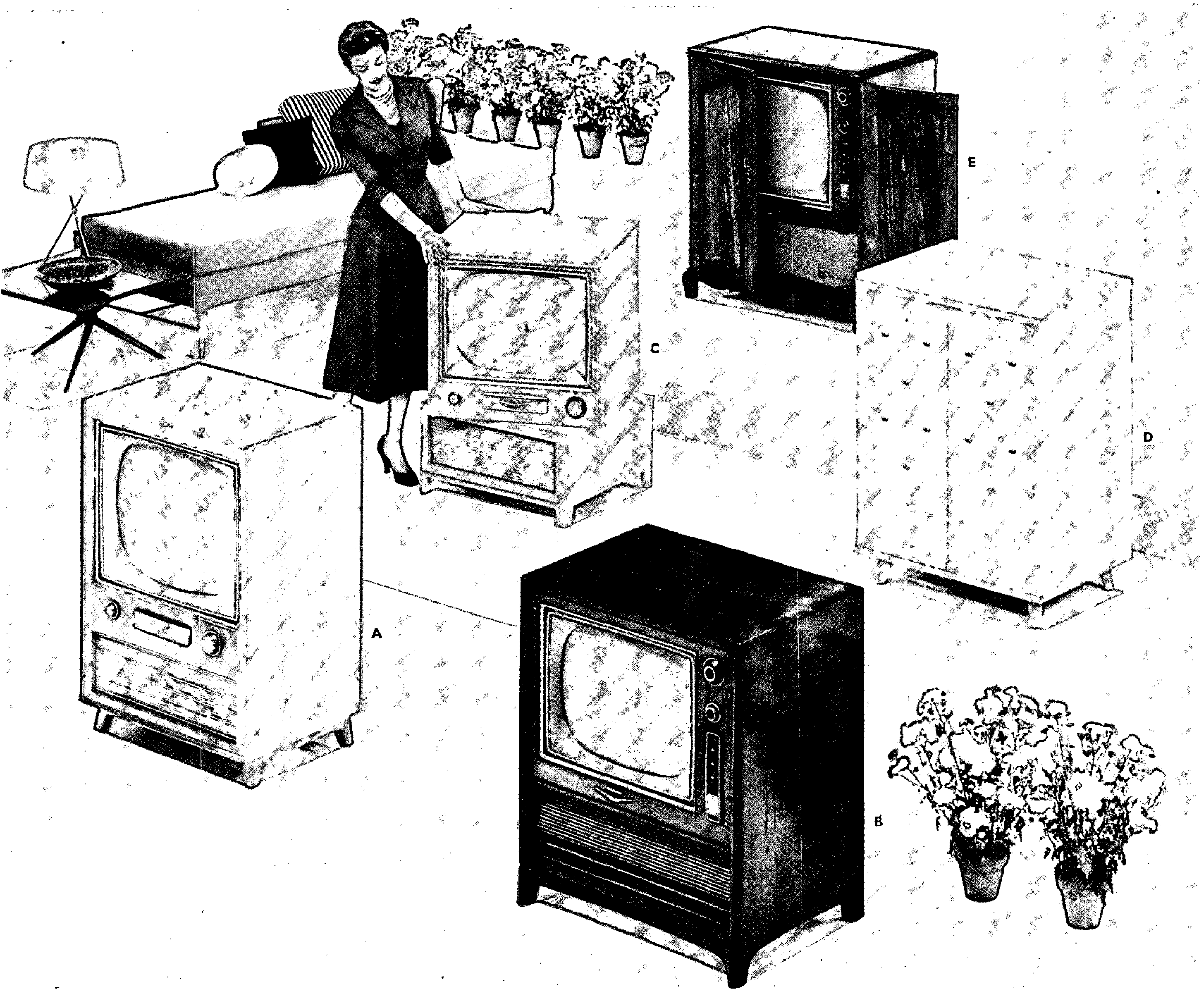

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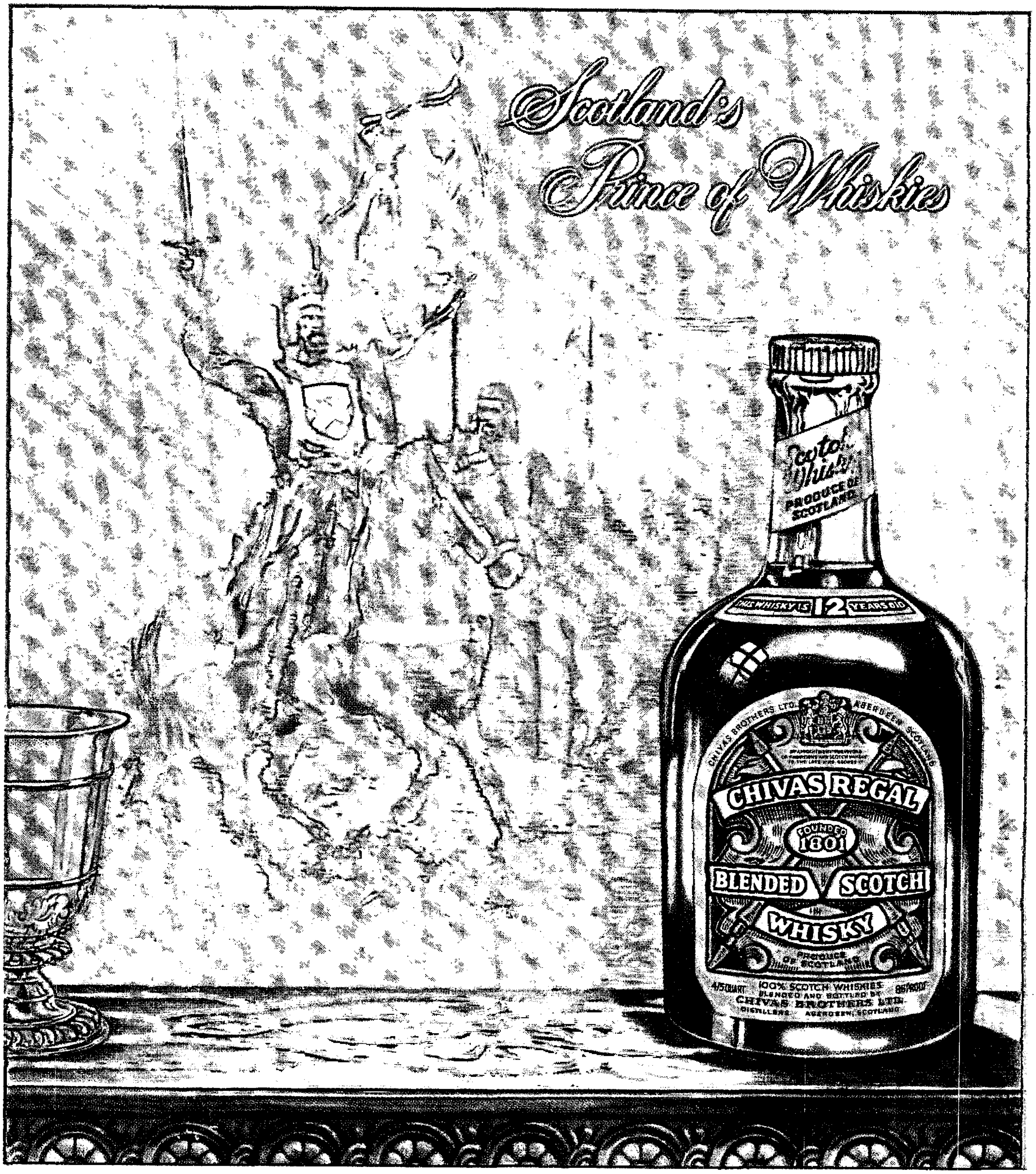
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without alienating Mary. A day or so later, I read in a newspaper that the Native American Church was planning to hold its annual convention in a town in the western part of the state. I clipped the item, because I thought it funny that a pagan—or, at most, dubiously Christian—body devoted to eating peyote should be holding an annual convention.

When I returned to the tribe, heat clutched the plains; it dried up streams and springs and, finally, wells; it shrivelled the crops, and made the days unbearable and each night a horror. I grew progressively more exhausted. At last, I reached the point of eating only a bite or so at a meal. In spite of my best efforts, I found myself losing interest in my work, and even snapping at Mary. It must have been the strain in my voice that gave me away to the blind uncle, for one day he asked about my health. "He wants to know if you've ever been sick like this before," Mary said.

"I'm not sick," I said. "Just tired and cross, I guess."

"You look simply awful," said Mary. Then she reported my words to her uncle, and said, "He says his power tells him that you are sick, and that you were very sick not long ago."

"Well, yes, I was," I said, startled. "I had malaria two years ago. But I *couldn't* have malaria now. Not with this dryness and the heat."

The uncle spoke again, and Mary translated. "He says it's because your skin is white. He says Indians have grown a blanket to keep off the sun, but you white people never have. You aren't *finished*, the way Indians are. But he says that he can make you well, and that you'd better let him, before you get any worse."

"How will he do it?" I wanted to feel better, of course. Also, I was professionally delighted at the prospect of being the object of a healing ceremony.

Mary's face set. "By peyote," she said.

For a long time, I sat and looked at the ground. A dung beetle—a scarab as iridescent as his Egyptian cousins—toiled at my feet, rolling a ball of treasure larger than himself, inching it forward, stopping to rest, moving again when the ball rolled back against him. Gold turned to emerald along his back, and emerald to sapphire.

"I guess not, Mary," I said, finally.

"Because of me," Mary said.

"The heat can't last much longer," I said.

"It *is* because of me." Mary put her

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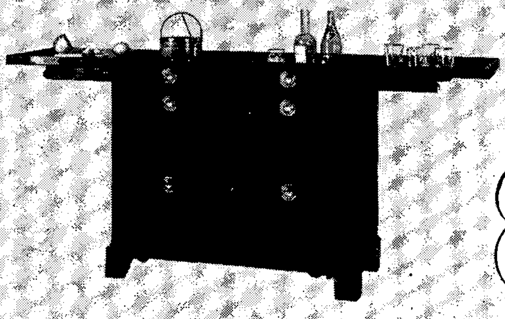

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hand on mine for a moment. "I can't have anything to do with peyote, and I won't," she said. "But I guess it's something you ought to know about if you're going to do a real study of the tribe. After all, it *is* Indian—all Indian—and you'd better have it straight. I'll get my sister Wilma to interpret for you. Besides, if Uncle can help you feel better, I certainly haven't any right to prevent it."

"Do you believe he can make me feel better?" I asked.

"Of course he can," she said. "That's what's so bad about peyote. It can make sick people well, and that's how it gets converts."

I asked her to find out when her uncle wanted to hold the ceremony and what I was to do beforehand. When he had answered, she translated. "He says that generally when he heals with peyote, he asks the sick person to contribute the food for the dinner on the day after the ceremony, and to provide tobacco and the peyote and the other things he needs for the ceremony. But you are like his own child, he says, and he will put up the tepee and give the whole ceremony for you on Saturday."

FROM the day of that conversation, Wednesday, I was entirely in Wilma's worn, plump hands. I moved from the room I had been occupying in the nearby town to a bedroom in Wilma's farmhouse. Mary also moved to her sister's. Though she would have nothing to do with the ceremony itself, she explained that Wilma would have her hands full getting ready for the social part of the occasion, and said she had come to help with the household chores. There were pies to bake and barbecue sauce to mix. Wilma's husband, George, butchered a steer, and from Friday morning on, slabs of the meat turned slowly over a pit filled with pecan-wood embers.

On Friday evening, the first ten or twelve guests arrived. They slept overnight on benches in the arbor alongside the farmhouse. By Saturday noon, the fields around the house were packed with ancient cars and wagons and with grazing horses.

Meanwhile, my own preparations were begun, under Wilma's direction. I was forbidden to eat salt all day Friday. "Peyote doesn't like the salt," Wilma said. On Friday evening, at sunset, she conducted me, dressed in underwear and wrapped in a blanket, to a blanket-covered lodge, made of willow boughs, and about eight feet in diameter, that had been put up in the

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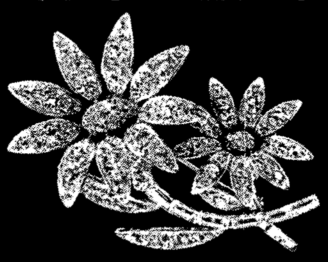

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back yard. George had built a small fire just outside the lodge, and was standing near it. Wilma and I went inside, and I discarded the blanket. The lodge was too low-roofed for me to stand upright, and I crouched stiffly over a pile of hot stones in the center of the floor while Wilma splashed them with water and steam rose and billowed chokingly around us. When the stones cooled, Wilma took a forked stick and rolled them out the door, and George reheated them and rolled them back to her. They did this four times, and when Wilma and I finally emerged, I was so weak I could hardly stagger to the house. Wilma seemed unaffected by the heat and steam. She helped me to undress, and then spread a light quilt over me as I sprawled on my bed. "Now you clean, you can go through ceremony good," she said as she left the room to get back to her cooking.

I was required to fast all day Saturday. Fortunately, I was anything but hungry. I was still so weak from the sweat bath that I spent most of the time dozing on my bed. I was hotter than ever—hot in a way I had not known I could be. Mary brought me water at intervals, until about four in the afternoon. Then, when I asked her for another drink, she shook her head. "Wilma says you can't have any more," she said. "If you drink anything from now on, you'll be sick."

THE daylight was fading when I was roused again, this time by Wilma's coming into the room. "Time for you to get dressed," she announced.

I rolled off the bed and dressed myself in the clothes Wilma had provided for me—a straight, shapeless cotton print dress with kimono sleeves, a kind of overskirt that fastened around my waist, a shawl, and moccasins. The moccasins were tight, although they belonged to George; I couldn't squeeze my average-white-woman's-size feet into Wilma's or Mary's.

"We can't do anything with your hair," Wilma said, and sighed. "It's too short to braid and too curly to look like anything anyway. Just pull the shawl up over your head when you go into the tepee."

She led me out of the house and into the yard to the east. There I saw a canvas tepee rising sheer and white against the darkening sky, and a large gathering of people beyond it. We went around the tepee to where the people were, and found the old uncle. He was dressed in a shirt and leggings of fringed buckskin, and had a fur turban

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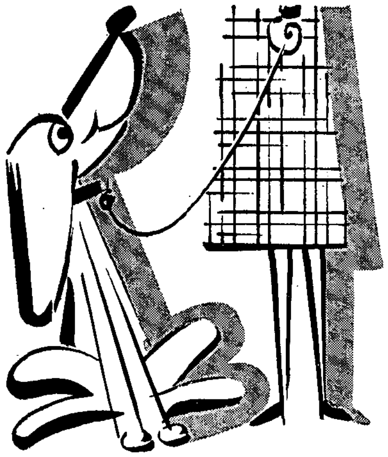

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on his head. Over his shoulders was a magnificent woollen blanket, one end of it blue and the other scarlet. It was a remarkable costume for an evening when the temperature must have stood above a hundred, but the old man, moving an eagle-feather fan deliberately from side to side before his face, seemed not at all uncomfortable.

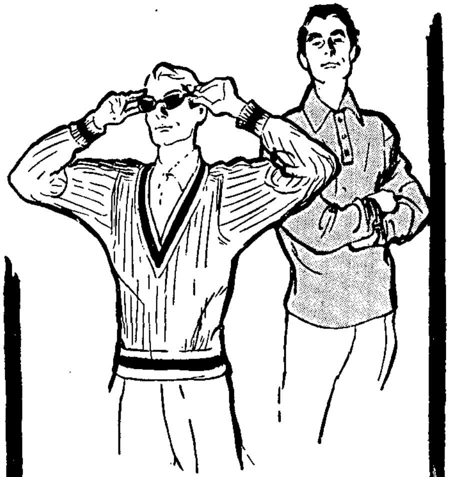
George was with him, and when Wilma and I went up to them, the uncle indicated that we were to follow him. Guided by George, he led us once around the tepee. When we had completed the circuit, we entered. A foot or so inside the curving canvas wall, a curving bed of wild sage had been laid, and blankets had been spread on it. In the center of the tepee, a small fire burned in a pit, but since a tepee is a chimney in itself, the heat and smoke rose straight to the gap at the top of the cone, and the place was amazingly cool. We seated ourselves on the sage, and its perfume seemed cooling, too.

The door of the tepee was to the east. The old man took his place directly opposite it, and George sat next to him. I was seated between George and Wilma, and beyond us, around the south curve of the tepee, were other women and a few young men. A doorman sat by the door, which was closed after we entered. The north side, according to the custom of the old days, was occupied by the older, more responsible, more dignified men. Some of them I recognized; others were strangers to me. Altogether, there were about thirty people in the place. Not all the visitors to the farm were attending the actual ceremony. Some of the men had come for a social visit only, and most of the women were at the house helping to prepare the next day's feast.

"Cheyennes," Wilma whispered, jerking her head toward a group near the door. "They came as a special honor to you."

I was too absorbed in the strangeness of the whole thing to feel embarrassment. Besides, the weakness induced by the sweat bath, the fasting, and the heat of the past weeks helped me to relax and accept whatever was to happen.

On the ground before each of us was a small pile of oak leaves. I watched while the old uncle took a leaf from his pile and, with careful fingers, folded its edges to make a neat square. Into this he poured tobacco from a pouch, and then he rolled a cigarette. The doorman rose and went to the fire and sprinkled it with crumbled cedar. Then he bent down and lifted a stick from the fire. The end he held was carved and



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painted, and the end that had been in the fire glowed and smoked faintly, like a stick of punk. The doorman carried this fire stick to the uncle, who, his hand guided by George, lit his cigarette with it. The doorman laid the stick on the edge of the fire pit, and returned to the door. The old man now puffed smoke in four directions, beginning at the east and ending at the north. Then, in a high voice, which rose still higher and eventually levelled off and became a chant, he began to speak. Wilma interpreted quietly.

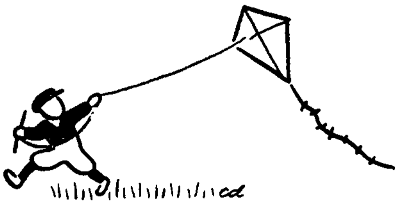
"He says that we have come together tonight because one of us is sick—that's you. He says this young woman is like his own child, and he would do anything he could to make her well. He is glad to welcome all the guests, and especially the Cheyennes, who have come a long way today and have stopped off to see us on their way home from the annual convention. He says maybe they will give us a report later on. And he says he is an old man and won't hold many more meetings, so everybody is to relax and have a good time, because that makes him happy."

When the uncle had finished, George leaned forward and drew toward him a drum made of a three-legged iron kettle covered with buckskin. I could hear water slosh inside it. George held the drum in his left arm and, beating time with a carved wooden drumstick, began to sing.

"That's the opening song," Wilma muttered. "The man that helps the leader always has to sing it four times at the beginning."

The uncle, shaking a gourd rattle, kept time to the rather slow beat until the song ended for the fourth time. Then he raised his hand, and the doorman came across the tepee again and gave him an ordinary brown paper bag. The old man opened it and took out something, which he held reverently in his palm for a moment before he passed the bag to George. George then did as the old man had done.

Now it was my turn. My hand dived into the bag, clutched something that was both rough and soft, and emerged. I passed the bag to Wilma and examined the object I held. It was about the size of a walnut, shrivelled, grayish green or



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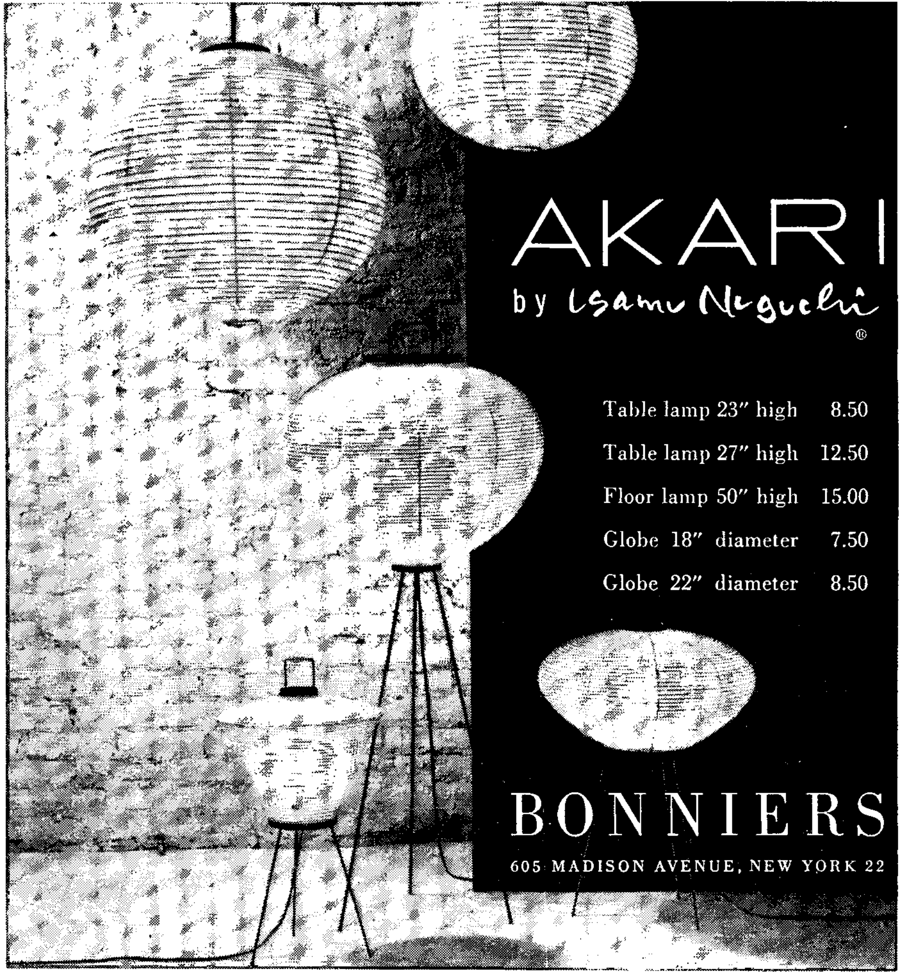

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greenish brown in color, and tufted here and there with white fuzz that looked like thistledown. It was peyote, the diabolic root, and I felt that surely I had never seen a more uninteresting or unobjectionable vegetable.

"Do what I do," Wilma said, and, imitating her, I sat with my hands crossed in my lap, palms upward, the peyote lying in my right palm. George had laid his peyote button on the ground before him, and was busily rolling more oak-leaf cigarettes and laying them on either side of the button. When there were four on each side, he sat still. The bag went on around the tepee, and each participant took a button and rolled four cigarettes, as George had done.

At last, the uncle lifted his peyote button and held it toward the fire. We all did the same. With his thumbnail, he delicately scratched the tufted down away and blew it toward the blaze, and we all followed suit. Then he offered the button three times to the fire, each time drawing it back and pressing it to his heart. Again everyone imitated him. He held out the button a fourth time, and then, with great reverence, carried it to his lips, paused, and put it in his mouth and began to chew vigorously. I, like everyone else, did the same—and I nearly strangled.

No one had prepared me for the experience of tasting dried peyote. It puckered my lips and tongue and the mucous lining of my mouth. Since it was thoroughly desiccated, it swelled unbelievably, and as it swelled, it threatened increasingly to choke me. And overriding all these unpleasantnesses was an indescribable rank, green, cactus taste.

Wilma spat her macerated button into her palm, and in haste and delight I did the same. She rolled it into a bolus and sat holding it while I copied her. And then, with one quick jerk, she tossed the wad into the back of her throat and swallowed it. I found, astonishingly, that I was able to do just as she had done.

George passed us cigarettes and, after the uncle and he had lighted theirs, handed on the fire stick. We lit the cigarettes and smoked, puffing the smoke in four directions as the old man had, and even the acrid bitterness of scorching oak leaf was a relief from the taste in my mouth and the scratching pain in my throat. Peyote, I decided, demanded a great deal from its adherents.

George began to sing again, and Wilma leaned toward me. "He's singing instead of you," she whispered. "If you were a man, it would be your turn

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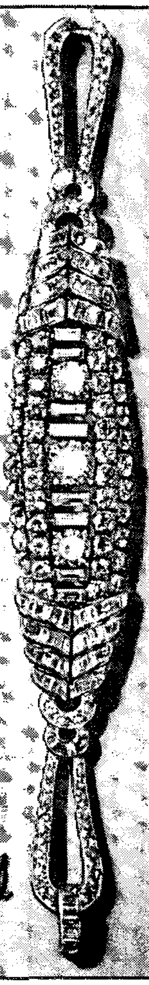

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to sing, but since you're a woman, he has to sing for you."

As a matter of fact, George had to do triple duty that night. He had to sing for Wilma as well as for me and for himself.

For a long while, songs alternated with prayers—prayers for health, for rain, for the well-being of humanity—as the drum and rattle went around the tepee and each man performed his part. At intervals, more peyote buttons were passed and eaten, and there was ceremonial smoking. In all, we ate four buttons apiece during that first part of the night, and to my surprise, and rather to my disappointment, I felt nothing out of the ordinary. I felt nothing at all, really, except that each button was less unpleasant to take than the one before.

WHEN several hours had passed, there was a lull. George rose and went outside the tepee, leaving the door open. "He's gone to watch the stars for midnight," Wilma whispered.

We all sat silently, almost dreamily, and then we heard four blasts of an eagle-wing-bone whistle. "Midnight," Wilma told me.

George returned and walked behind the ring of people to his place. A young woman, dressed in white buckskin and carrying a galvanized-metal bucket, followed him into the tepee. She set the bucket, which Wilma told me contained water, between the door and the fire, and knelt beside it, her arms crossed, her head bent, and the tips of her straight braids touching the ground. The uncle prayed and blessed her, and she rose and passed the bucket to each of us, like a loving cup.

"Four swallows, that's all," Wilma cautioned me, as I drank and gratefully felt the cool water soothe the scratching of my throat.

When the young woman had gone around the tepee, she took the bucket and left, and the door fell shut behind her. Then suddenly a man stood over me, towering but not menacing. He held out a lump of something green and he spoke, but the language he used was strange to me.

"He's the head Cheyenne peyote man," Wilma said, speaking low, as always. "He brought fresh peyote from Mexico for the annual convention, and now he is offering some of it to you. If you eat it together, it makes you brother and sister. It makes you a sister of all Indians everywhere. If you eat it, you will always have the right to call yourself an Indian."

I stretched out my hand, and the

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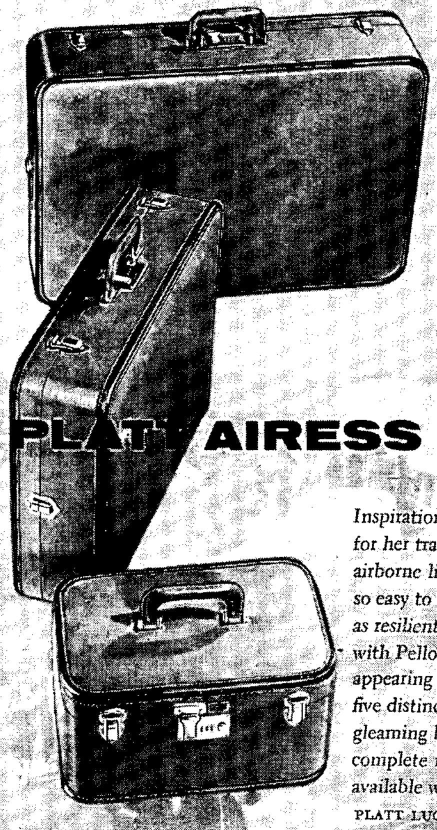

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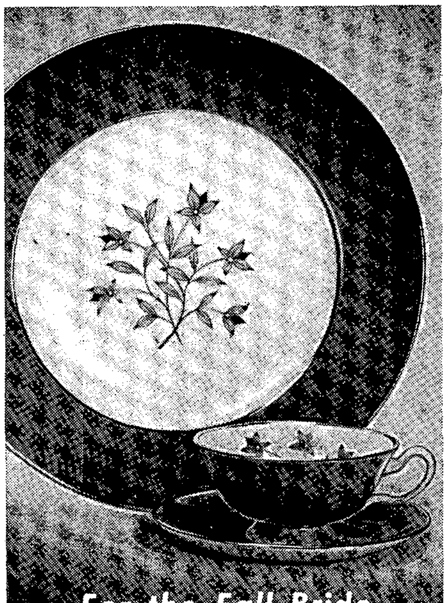

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massive Cheyenne put the piece of green, fresh peyote into it. He held up a button of his own. We both plucked off down and solemnly extended our hands four times, toasting one another. We ate the green peyote together, and the man returned to his place across the tepee. George passed me a cigarette, and I smoked quietly, my eyes on the fire.

It was not like any other fire I had ever seen, for in it there were colors my eyes had never until then beheld. They whirled and turned and blended, mixing and separating, revolving before me in a wheel of richness and brilliance.

"Are you all right?" Wilma asked.

"Let her alone," said George, on my other side. "This is good. A good spirit."

I think he went on speaking, but I no longer heard his words. I was conscious of the closed tepee door. We had all come in through that doorway, and light and color and beauty had embraced us. Through it George had gone and returned, and through it the young woman had entered with the reviving water. The door now represented for me an entrance to beauty beyond the senses and beyond the earth. I wondered whether, if I went out through the door and returned through it, the beauty would still be as intense. Or would its edge dull to bearableness? I laid my hand on Wilma's sleeve. "Let's go outside," I muttered.

No one interfered. We went behind the men on the north side and reached the door, which Wilma, I suppose, opened. I paused a moment, and then my feet lifted me through the opening. A small, cool wind moved along the scorched grass and touched my ankles, and the stars that moved above me, in dazzling arcs of color, seemed cool, too. All the world was cool; suddenly the earth was alive with coolness. "Dawn's coming," Wilma said patiently when I told her this. "That's the dawn wind. Let's go back inside."

We reëntered the tepee with the coolness lapping around us. The doorman closed the door, and I dropped down on the sage again, turning my knees sidewise. Wilma straightened my skirt as she might a child's. I dozed, sitting upright—dozed, and watched the colors entwine in the smoke of the cool fire.

IN a while, the door was opened again, and the color of the fire became the color of the dawn. Awareness of the world returned to me. In unison, the men sang the dawn song. Each of them held a fan of many-colored feathers be-

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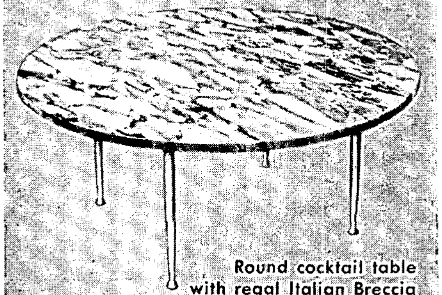

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fore him, and all the colors of my vision fluttered and sang around me. More water was brought, as well as parched corn and dried meat and fruit. We ate and drank—still sparingly, but the water and food were good. Then the men sang the going-out song, and we all rose and left the tepee and the perfume of crushed sage and smoke.

Outside, it was a new day, and I faced it strongly, feeling full of health and life once more.

Mary was waiting for me when I got back to the house. I walked slowly, seeming to float just above the surface of the earth, as one floats after a heavy dose of quinine. She followed me into my room. "What was it like?" she asked as I began to undress. "You can describe it, can't you? No one else ever can—not even Wilma. Go on, tell me. What was it really like?"

"Paradise," I answered, and fell across the bed, asleep. Later in the day, I woke and happily stuffed myself with barbecued beef and baked potatoes, salad and apple pie, coffee and more beef.

The drought broke soon after, but the peyote had already strengthened and helped me. The tremendous first exhilaration lasted for several days, and there was no sudden drop following it. I tried once more to answer Mary's question, but I did not actually succeed. "It's like seeing the door to life swing open," I told her, rather helplessly, and she shook her head.

"That's what they all say," she said, and we have left it at that ever since.

—ALICE MARRIOTT

•

For greater expansion, Norris sails a ketch on Long Island Sound. His younger sister is the small-boat champion of the Tony Larchmont set.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Never heard of him.

•

Axel Jensen finished decorating the upstairs living room for the Bus Sheeans last week. The cabinets and cupboards are being installed by George Mosier, and will make a beautiful place for them to reside.—*Friday Harbor (Wash.) Journal.*

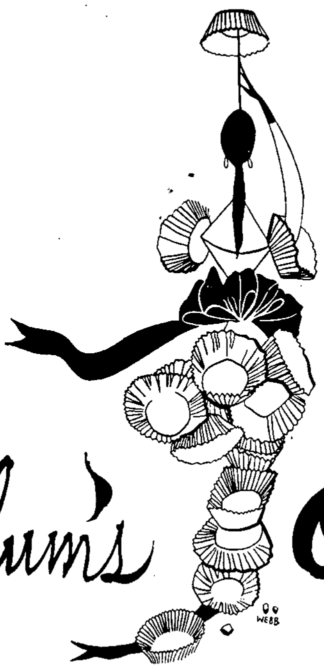
Safe from all harm.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Leonard Lyons in the Post*]

The audience stayed to cheer Miss Truman as she took her curtain bow, and then lined up outside her dressing room door, for autographs. She was humming "How Are Things in Glocca Morra"—in Czech—taught her by her leading man, George Voskovec.



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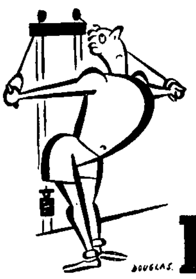

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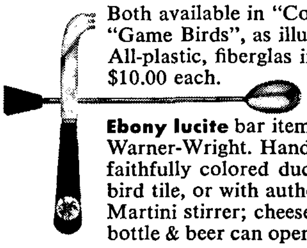

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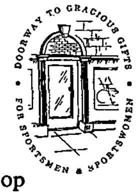
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BALTIMORE, MD.,
SEPTEMBER 10, 1954

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

NOT long ago, under the heading "A Thought for This Week," you published an excerpt from a speech delivered by me, as chairman of the Surgical Section, at the hundred-and-second annual convention of the American Medical Association and subsequently printed in the *Journal* of the Association. The excerpt ran as follows:

> Think how much good it would do Mr. Malenkov to travel around a bit and attend meetings such as we do, especially such a one as the African Violet Growers Association.

Now, what made that excerpt funny to you and your readers was, I suppose, a sense of my apparently bottomless naïveté. Poor Trimble, I picture you and your readers thinking, with a rueful shake of the head. Imagine suggesting that the present world crisis could be eased by any such trivial and preposterous means! How parochial can a man get, even in the pages of the A.M.A. *Journal*? The fact is, however, that poor Trimble wasn't being naïve. Indeed, it was precisely my point to appose as a delightful (and yet possibly meaningful) incongruity the gross mystery of Malenkov and the homely familiarity of the African Violet Growers Association, and if you will read my sentence in context, I think you will agree that I make the point successfully. The rather formidable title of the address from which my sentence was taken is "Opportunities and Responsibilities of the Physician in World Affairs," and the pertinent passage goes:

> Shyness and unfamiliarity lead to misunderstanding, suspicion, and fear, which are largely responsible for the enmity that exists among individuals, communities, and nations today. If a driver blows his automobile horn at another motorist, he turns and scowls and looks upon the incident more or less as a personal insult. However, if he recognizes the driver as a familiar face when he turns, his irritation and suspicion vanish and he waves gaily. So often the rather fierce, forbidding look on the face of a stranger is put there by shyness and as a protective reaction. A quiet word, a casual comment, and the forbidding stranger becomes a genial companion.
>
> Lasting peace can be possible only when people understand each other; understanding can come only when people can be given the opportunity to meet each other fre-

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quently to listen, to talk, to discuss. The American people are great joiners and have a great affinity for travelling all over the country to meetings and conferences. Sometimes foreigners speak derogatively of this American characteristic, but it is a healthy custom. In Nashville, Tennessee, I recently attended a meeting of the Society of Clinical Surgery, where members came from all over the country. In the same hotel was a national meeting of the African Violet Growers Association. They seemed to be having just as profitable a time and seemed to be spreading just as much understanding among themselves as we in our society.

Mr. Malenkov and almost all the high-ranking members of the Soviet High Command have never left Russia. No wonder they become introspective, ruminative, suspicious, and fearful. Think how much good it would do Mr. Malenkov to travel around a bit and attend meetings such as we do, especially such a one as the African Violet Growers Association.

Yours in the hope of a better world, but with no real expectation of meeting Malenkov in Nashville,

I. RIDGEWAY TRIMBLE, M.D.

•

WINDFALL

This was as promising as any bud
among the new leaves after petals fell
in a May snowdrift, and the hard green fruit
began to swell,

began to ripen under languid heat
and heavy dews, curved into perfect shape,
straining the sunshine through a skin that turned
dark as a grape,

resisting with the stoutness of its hold
the livid thunderstorm, the August hail,
then loosened, crashing earthward in a wild
September gale,

still lovely where it lies among the grass,
wine-dark and round, still snowy-fleshed and tart,
but not worth storing, for the cancerous bruise
deep in the heart.

—FLORENCE B. JACOBS

•

Edward Smith, 27 years old, of St. Louis, reported to Illinois Highway Police that a bullet struck the rear of his automobile on the outskirts of Decatur. He said he looked back and saw a man leave a clump of bushes and drive away in a blue automobile. Smith, whose name was not learned, was not injured.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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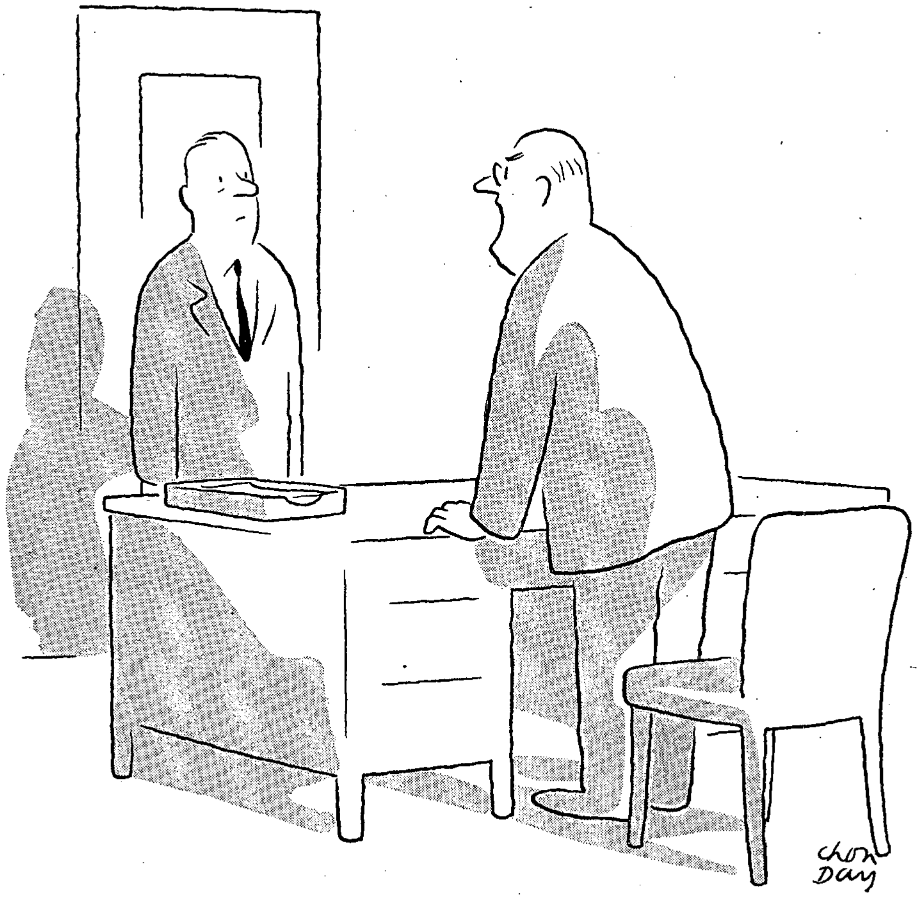
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

YOU have all heard, I am sure, that this is to be the Year of the Tweed. The American ready-to-wear designers have become so fond of tweed that they have brought out this hallmark of the paddock and the golf club in a hundred elaborate arrangements, often combined with velvet or satin, for life in the big city. Many a time, particularly in the case of lower-priced clothes, I would prefer such fancies executed in plain wool or broadcloth, for it takes art to manage heavy country fabrics so that the customer won't be as dowdy as the British are the moment their clothes diverge from the classic line. But many of the results are so high-style and look so magnificent that husbands will be forced, in self-defense, to wear these weighty tweeds themselves even in the drawing room. Central heating will have to go, that's all. A prime mover in this outbreak is a newcomer named Galanos, from California, who goes in strictly for line—no embroidery, no beading, just intricate detail that is especially lyric around the bust. One Galanos, a dinner dress of soft, heavy red plaid tweed, has a cockeyed sweetheart décolletage in front and a U neck in back. Demure buttons descend its bodice and its swirling skirt. (Galanos will have none of the sheath, as far as I can discover; his skirts are all immense and fall in lovely loose folds, without a sign of reinforcement.) A Galanos coat dress of a very heavy tweed in a gray as green as the Limpopo River is given a casual, rolled-back collar above a deep, slashed neckline, a leather belt, and a wide, stitched band that comes from behind the hips to button low across the center in front. The skirt is circular beneath this hulking, hippy band. There's a refreshing air of newness about the whole thing. Another Galanos, a casual type of shirtwaist dress in black wool, flaunts widish lapels, a fly front on the bodice, and a huge skirt with flaps jutting out on the hips. His masterpiece for formal evenings, of orange-red whipcord, is constructed with broad shoulder straps, and black bone buttons go all the way down the front. Bergdorf Goodman have a special admiration for this young man, but Lord & Taylor, Gunther Jaeckel, and other nobby places are not far behind. And speaking of very heavy tweed coat dresses, Lord & Taylor are duplicating the Balenciaga one that's fly-fronted like a coat but looks like a suit in back because of a little flat peplum below the waist there. The material is a mixture of beige and gray. There will be still more details about sports fabrics for cocktails and evening as this treatise progresses (about such items as Harvey Berin's ingratiating gray French-broadcloth cocktail confections with scoop necks and either long or pushup sleeves—all over the city for $95 and $110), but let us stick for the moment to more familiar ground by discussing tweeds and other heavy wools for suits and coats.

Never have women had a greater choice of silhouettes in suits. Jackets have a lot to do with this situation. There is, for one, the Ike jacket, waist-length and bloused, with tidy revers. Traina-Norell do it splendidly in a heavy, lined jersey—a dark-red bloused jacket to go with a navy skirt and a white China-silk shirt whose rhinestone cufflinks show below the sleeves of the jacket. (The shirt, by the way, is a trademark of the house this year.) They also do the jacket and skirt in two shades of gray, with a white blouse. Lord & Taylor are only one addict of this ensemble. Frechtel and Rosenstein are two other designers who dote on this sort of jacket, and Bonwit Teller have acquired many, many examples. The skinny skirts they provide often have trouser tops. Larry Aldrich shows a beauty of this nature (at Jay Thorpe) with a pleated skirt and a drawstring in back to control the fullness. It's in black wool. If you like a semi-fitted look, Adele Simpson has a handsome ensemble involving a jacket of thin broadcloth, reaching just to the hipbones and adorned with one of the innumerable sailor collars to be seen around town. The jacket goes over a broadcloth dress with a satin surplice top and short sleeves. (Saks Fifth Avenue has invested in this outfit.) Maurice Rentner has put together a staggering ensemble of tan wool—a sheath dress whose neck plunges to the waist (it's filled in with matching chiffon, though) and a box jacket with a band of mink around the neck and down each side



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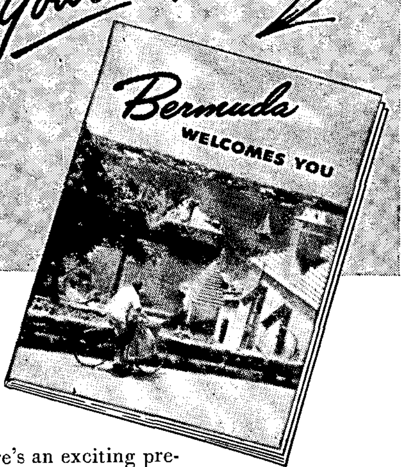

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in front (Bonwit). As further proof that couturiers can be thoroughly nonconformist with suit fabrics, Rentner plays pranks with beaded lace. The bateau neck of a nipped-in jacket of dark-gray flannel is banded with beaded gray lace, and there are lace cuffs; a jacket of light-gray wool has a prim shawl collar of white lace embroidered with pearls; one of dark-gray tweed heavily flecked with white has a folded white lace collar beaded like crazy. Saks owns all three. The short, flaring jacket is a favorite of Jablow, who makes it of tan tweed with a brown velvet turnover collar standing away from the neck. (Immense or intricate collars do the damnedest things this season.) A string tie goes across the small of the back, but the jacket flares just the same (Bonwit).

Ben Zuckerman, the old reliable, is doing his usual above-par job on suits. Most interesting to me are his long jackets that cling at the hip-length hem but blouse out casually and barrel-like above. One is of gray fleece with a white satin tie (Saks), another is of black wool with a biggish huddled collar, and a third, of gray, blue, or brown tweed, buttons up to a dégagé little open-at-the-throat collar (the last two at Bonwit). Moderately long Zuckerman jackets sometimes appear in a hopsacking tweed of a sharp electric blue or raspberry, single-breasted and classic, or in a black-and-white herringbone tweed with one of his new emblems—a little buckled belt across just the front. (Rosette Pennington has fallen for them, and the shop is also well stocked with Dior's meticulously tailored suits, which are equipped with long jackets, too.) Dior gives us some of the best box jackets of our time. One of gray herringbone tweed sports that tiny front belt, down almost at the hem, which is where the pocket flaps are (De Pinna). This has a small shawl collar, as well as the omnipresent velvet ascot. And Zuckerman's hipbone-length box jacket of navy or camel's-hair wool with up-and-down Norfolk detail is peripatetic (Rosette Pennington, Bonwit, et al.). One of the dressiest of the season's suits, a gray herringbone tweed, is by Balmain-New York. The jacket is fitted, and there's a deep oval neck with a self scarf building out of it at the sides. The scarf can be crossed or draped to fill in the neckline, or fastened back with clip pins at cocktail time. De Pinna has completely capitulated to it.

And there are coats. Such coats! Pauline Trigère has been out trapping reversible fabrics—rust, brown, and

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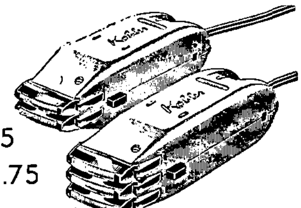

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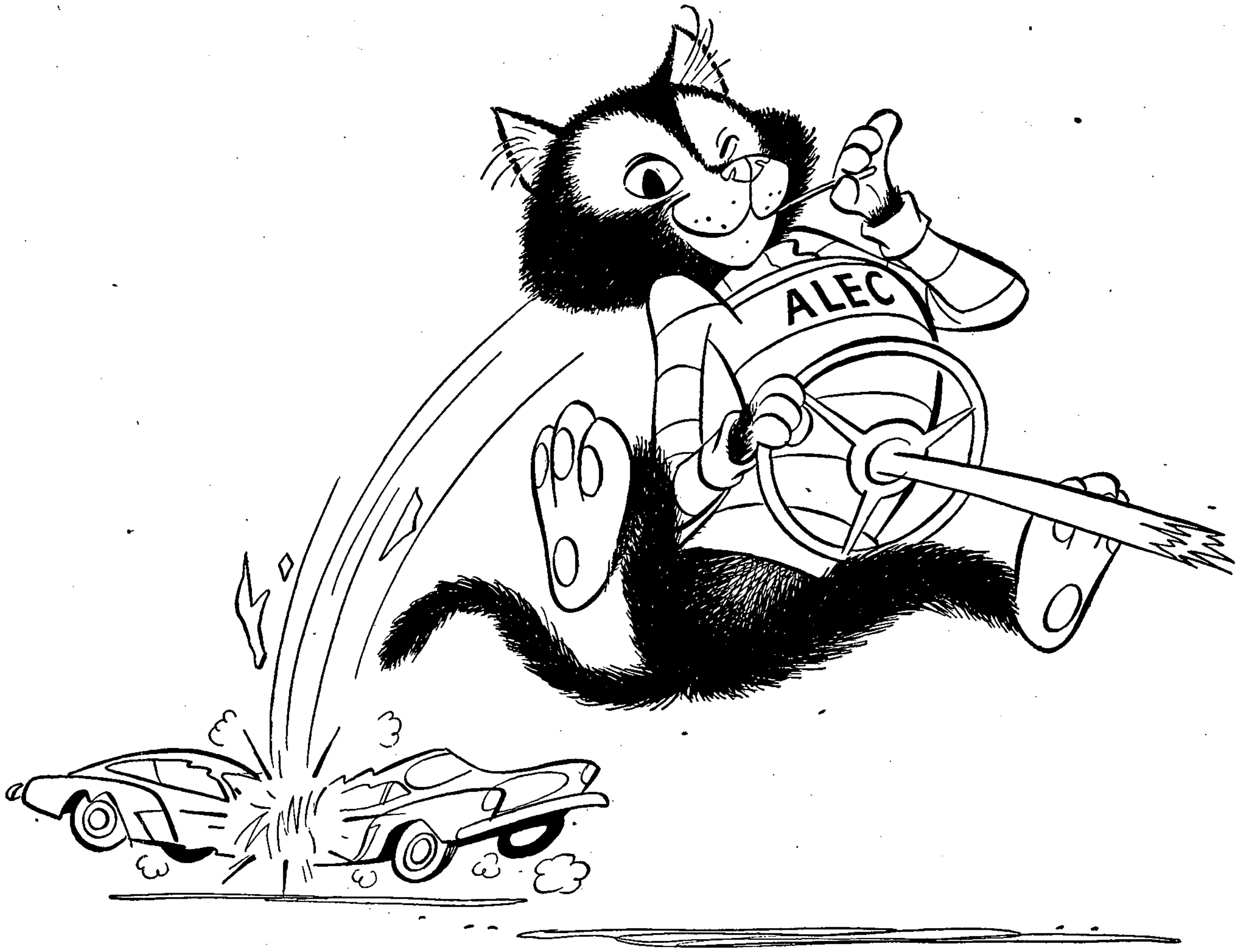

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white tweed on one side, say, and tan wool on the other, or heavily flecked peacock tweed backed with plain blue. She uses the stuff for, naturally, reversible coats—one is a wraparound that hangs straight to the hips and then bells out below; the other, likewise trumpet-shape, has a heavy seam starting at the waistline in front and dipping deeply over the buttocks in back (De Pinna and Bonwit have both). Charles James has committed a splendid barrel-shaped coat of tortoise or red chinchilla cloth (the sort you get in a youngster's Sunday coat), with an oval yoke in back and a deep turnover collar that is closed by a big black satin bow at one side (De Pinna). Bonwit likes a forty-inch length, exemplified by the coats of Jablow (polished fleece) and Montesano (black wool with the rib twisted to give it lustre), all with deep patch pockets. An ensemble by William Fox has a topper that could go with anything. It's a double-double-breasted red chinchilla cloth with tailored revers, and black seal goes around the back of the neck. Bergdorf is showing it with a black wool sheath dress. Straight, *soigné*, full-length boxy coats of gray chinchilla cloth have come from the atelier of Traina-Norell (a back belt holds in some of the fullness) to Hattie Carnegie, where they nestle next to her own fleecy tan one. Montesano has made a vast, huddly charmer of highly polished looped Italian wool that looks for all the world like caracul. Gunther Jaeckel is heir to it—a simple shawl collar, big kimono sleeves; all in all, a coat that's just waiting to be wrapped around someone—as well as to many other examples of the Montesano technique. Saks has taken to his coat of rough black-and-white tweed lined with red jersey and touched up with the same fabric on the wide revers. And there is still more Zuckerman. His slightly fitted *grand-luxe* coat (Saks), with his typical white satin scarf tied or twisted under the turnover collar, is done in sleek seal cloth and lined with white squirrel bellies—ah, me! Carnegie, on the other hand, has gone for his coats of black-and-white hobnail tweed with a velvet tie under the collar and big flaps on the hips (below which the skirt goes circular), to say nothing of his perfectly straight coat of black suède cloth with bone buttons and a white satin tie under the black velvet turnover collar.

I have noted that there is lace and satin on day suits now, but I should also point out that, in recompense, velvets and satins are being used in the most out-of-doors, sporting, shirtwaist ways. Lar-

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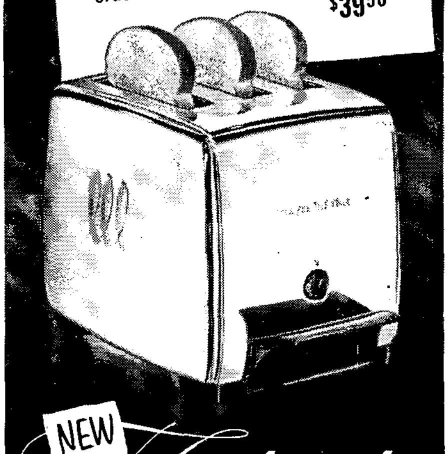

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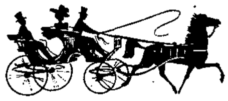

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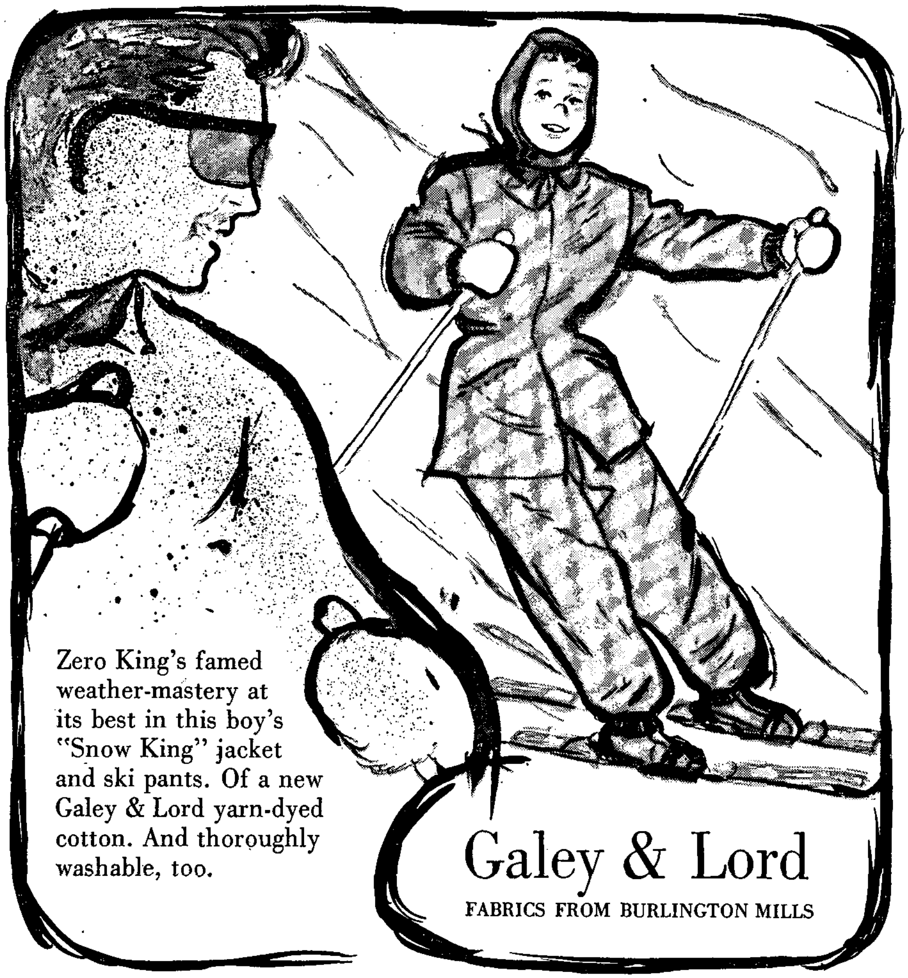
ry Aldrich's simple cocktail dresses of velvet or satin have below-elbow sleeves ending in wide shirt cuffs. Some of the skirts are box-pleated and flare crisply; others are straight, with peg-top folds. Either way, Jay Thorpe loves them. Dior-New York is providing all sorts of shirtwaist dresses in black satin, the skirts box-pleated in the back, a notion he fancies this season. (One whose deep, oval neck is filled in with a velvet- or lace-covered bra isn't exactly for the playing fields of Eton, though.) He also approves of garnet velvet for dresses with middy collars, self belts, and short sleeves (Bendel), and of gray satin brocade with woven-in velvet rosebuds for dresses with wide lapels, the lower parts of which are pulled into drapery under the bust (Bonwit, De Pinna, and many other shops have these). The cocktail skirts of Traina-Norell are side-pleated on a hip yoke that dips a bit, and the pleats give them a very round, puffy look. Everyone has wanted (and bought) their black taffeta one with a Quaker collar of white Venise lace and lace cuffs flaring upward from the long, tight sleeves. (Lord & Taylor have a huge selection of Traina-Norells, including their deceptively simple little jersey or wool chemise dresses—nothing to them at all except class.) Bonwit has cottoned to the Traina-Norell three-piece cocktail dresses—tailored satin shirts with jewelled links in the French cuffs, plus wide velvet cummerbunds and big, puffy velvet skirts, in several color combinations; pink, olive, and wine is one. I do not understand the *raison d'être* of these things, but I thought I ought to tell you about them.

The individualist Pauline Trigère has conformed to the extent of a tweed ensemble with fur in the conventional places (her princesse dress has a deep yoke of black satin, a tie collar, and a waist-length jacket trimmed with black mink), and has then turned her back on conformism and wrapped mink skins to make short sleeves on sheath dresses of sheer black wool or white satin. Her cocktail dresses may have very high turtlenecks and be sleeveless to show most of the shoulders, an idea that could scare part of the public, but she also offers some of the most enchanting wool dresses in town. Such inventions as corselet detail starting on the ribs and going across the back of a dress of sage-green wool with a little round neck and pushup sleeves, and a dress of brown wool with big leather buttons and a narrow leather belt, plus zigzag detail that flatters the midsec-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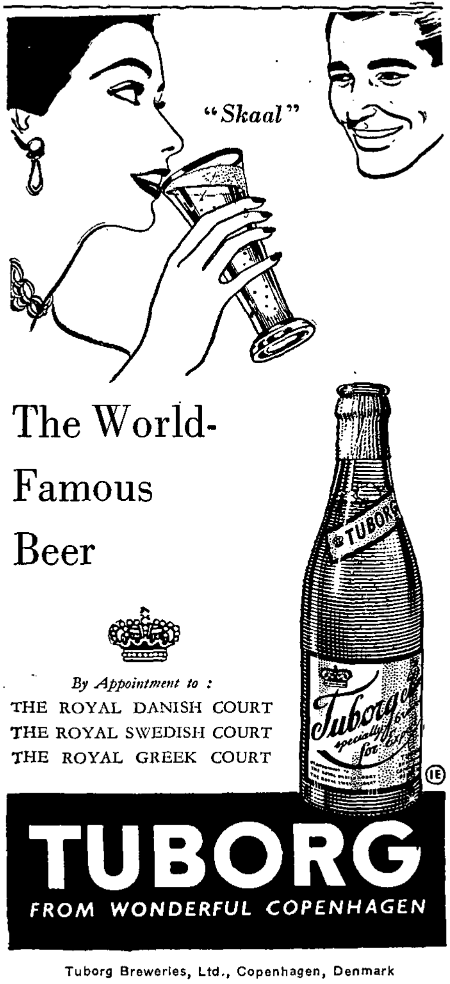

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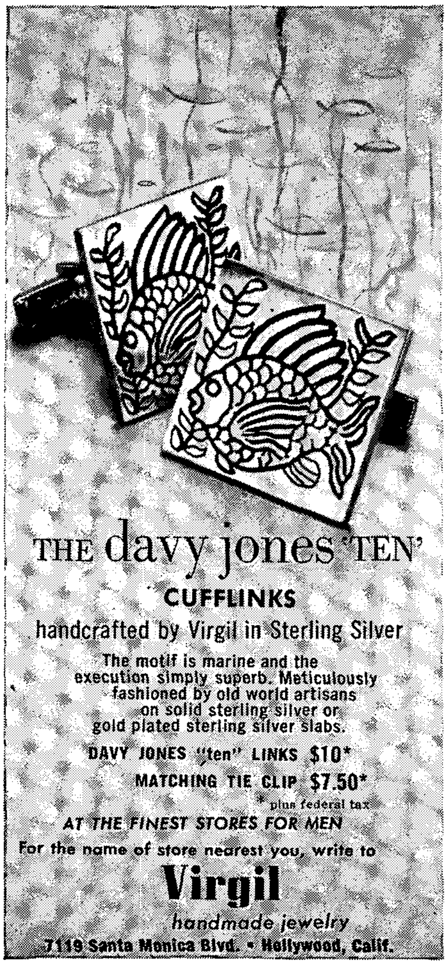
tion. All these have a beautiful ease, and Lord & Taylor are the proud possessors. Admiration is general for Trigère's cocktail dress of black wool crêpe cut in a straightish line across the neck and finished off with crushed below-elbow sleeves of faille joined to the bodice of the dress with Vs.

AND now to review, at random, some treasures that appear to express the jaunty and extravagant air of the day. There is Countess Alexander's manic half-and-half dress of black velvet and black wool—one sleeve of each, and the two fabrics butting into each other all the way down, front and back (Bergdorf). Fun, too. . . . Marusia's dramatic white satin full-length evening dress has black satin twisting around under the bosom, going around the ribs, and making the back of the circular skirt. So practical! (Bonwit). . . . Suzanne Augustine's offerings include a white faille taffeta strapless ball gown with a tulip top that is covered with a gold-beaded wheat design (Bendel), and a day dress of nubbly black wool with an unusually flattering neckline—a narrow U, with a champagne faille scarf inside, going down almost to the waistline (Bergdorf). . . . Balmain's black broadcloth cocktail sheath involves an oval neck and a cummerbund of cocoa faille (Jay Thorpe). . . . Chanel's comeback may not have been world-shaking, but her influence is still enormous—witness Harvey Berin's two-piece cocktail dress, the top hanging almost straight to the hips. There's a white piqué turnover collar and a grosgrain bow and streamers; the skirt is straight; the tunic buttons down the back (Bergdorf). . . . Hattie Carnegie shows a more modern two-piece job, with a long-sleeved black jersey tuck-in top decorated with a dickey of the tweed that makes the swirling circular skirt. . . . Ceil Chapman goes on and on, turning out cocktail dresses of black, taupe-brown, or a rust-red mat jersey with shirred sleeves and low-cut bodices that are tucked and tucked and draped and draped and crisscrossed and crisscrossed. It's a sort of madness that could be called the "Don't" Look, and in every sense of the phrase, too. . . . Jane Derby makes a great lady out of black jersey by setting it on crinoline and converting it into a flaring skirt with deep, inverted pleats to give a divided-skirt effect. The sash belt and the trimming of the round collar are both tobacco grosgrain (De Pinna). . . . Seymour Fox has produced one of the nicest fur-laden suits around, of a white-



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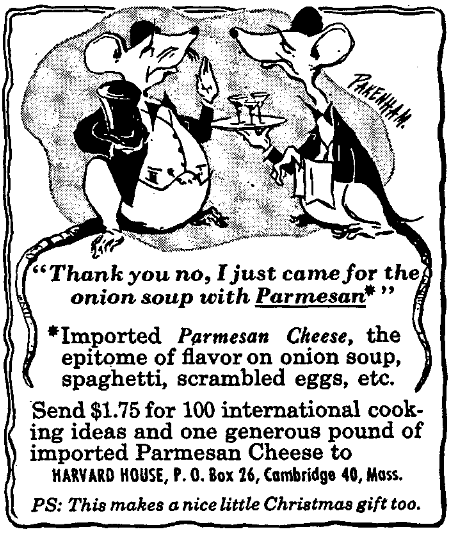

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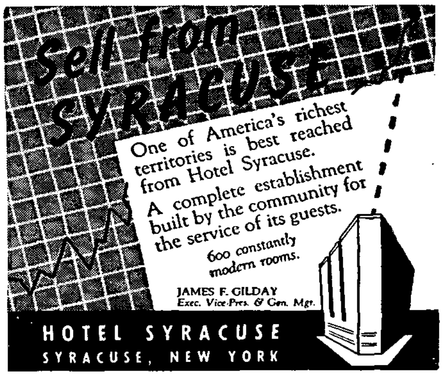

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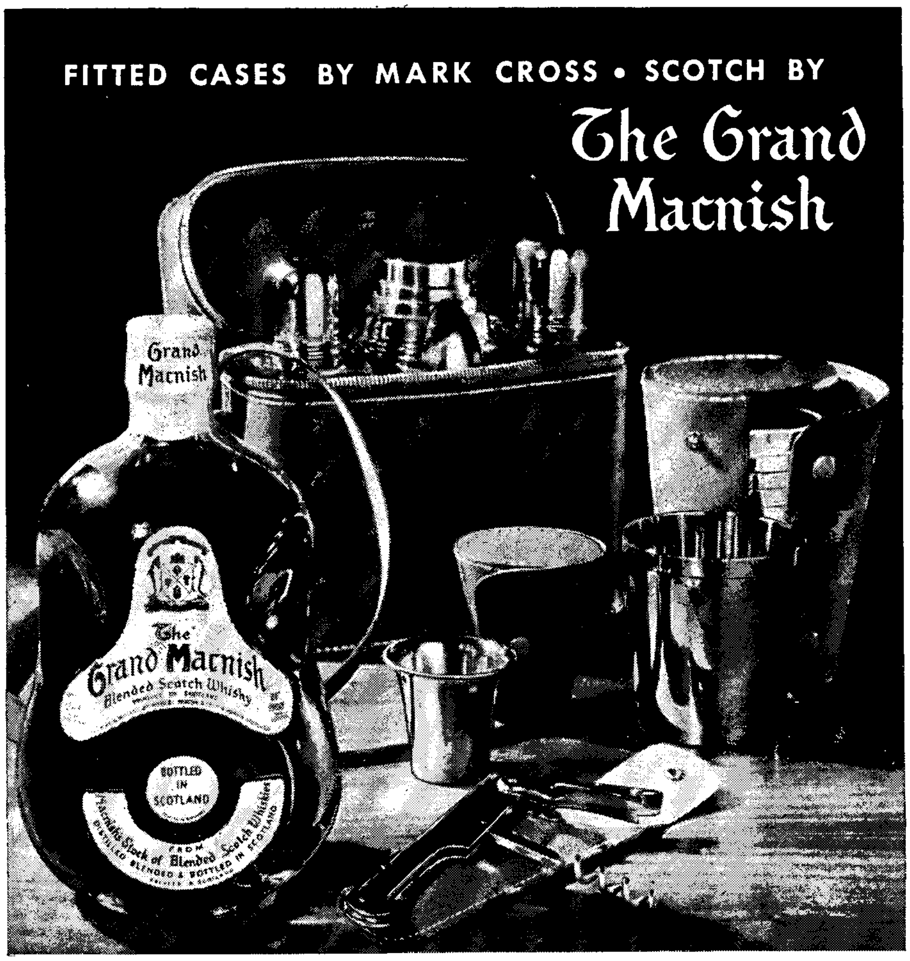
flecked oxford-gray tweed, the hip-length box jacket lined with black lapin (Rosette Pennington). . . . Anna Miller's most swashbuckling cocktail ensemble is to be found at Saks—a coat of copper satin, flaring sharply to mid-thigh over a black broadcloth sheath; there are wide shoulder straps and a pleated cummerbund of copper satin. . . . Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room, which chortles over its excellent copies of custom copies of Carnegies, is strong for Nantucket Naturals, basic little jersey sheaths for all day long, any time; $30 and $35. *Very* inexpensive. To wear under your mink, of course. One has a round neck with a band collar split in front, and a belt starting from a flat front panel encircles it. That's all there is to it. They come in pink tweed, too. . . . Mollie Parnis uses tobacco silk brocade with a black rose pattern to make a dance dress for Lord & Taylor. The long torso goes into a skirt with pleats at each side of the flat front panel; there are puffed sleeves; the décolletage is V front and back. . . . Among the many suits with lavish fur trim, Saks particularly favors Pattullo's princesse job of taupe wool with bows on the shoulders; its waist-length wool jacket is trimmed with Norwegian blue fox. . . . Talmack's pepper-and-salt box-jacketed suit has a tuxedo collar of black fox (Saks).

THERE has been outraged uproar in Paris about Dior's new elongated torsos, with no fullness above the hips, and I do not understand this consternation. We've had high, Empire waistlines here for some time now, plus a long body line, often beltless, that ended very low. Even Larry Aldrich, who would be startled at being considered a fashion leader, has done a charming, wearable ensemble of gray tweed, trimmed with black faille bands around the collarless neck and short sleeves, that undulates down the body and has pleats starting only at the hips (De Pinna). The jacket is semi-fitted. More elaborate and formal clothes that were being designed in this country way back in May have that elongated, hourglass look or else are sheaths that slither down the body and then break into great poufs here and there. Among the full-length formals in this category is Dior-New York's dress of bay-leaf satin, with folds wrapping very low on the right hip and ascending to a giant pouf on the other side. Hulitar makes another full-length dress of faille and satin with crossed detail to raise the bosom (seems I've heard rumors about *that*,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too). There is a sleek midriff, a jutting peplum, and fishtail detail back of the knees. He has also used silvery satin brocade to concoct a honey with black velvet around the strapless top. Velvet lines two enormous poufs in back that sweep to one side like a deranged butterfly. All these are at De Pinna. Dull-gold bees are embroidered on a Jane Derby ball gown of black net with a U neck and demure puffed sleeves, but the real fullness doesn't start until the velvet ribbon threaded around the hips has been reached (Bonwit). Don Loper gets into the mood with a cocktail-length wool sheath that has taffeta draped through the middle to make the torso seem extra long; the taffeta then descends into a dramatic circular panel at one side (Rosette Pennington). Finally, Rosenstein, in her short dresses of peau de soie or crêpe, gets mighty tubular before her skirts break out with huge juts on the hip or turned-under looped panels (Jay Thorpe).

IT is my impression that almost all romantic poetry has, over the years, been addressed to women of the water-sprite or dryad conformation, and that the Mae West silhouette has inspired literature of little or no intrinsic value. But our eyes have for far too long been accustomed to the artifices of the padders (often so exuberant that they simply create a deformity), and thus the new subdued Dior bustline, which really isn't flat at all but just slightly restrained and uplifted, seemed meagre at first. Our pretty American mannequins looked most appealing that way, though, despite the clamor. All of which is a way of leading into the fact that the town's new collections of custom clothes from Paris will be my next project.

—LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Bright and Dim

FOR years, I have been passing the handsome displays of period crystal-and-ormolu chandeliers in the windows of Nesle, at 151 East 57th Street, under the impression that the shop contained nothing less magnificent than those museum pieces, and I long ago promised myself that if I ever got around to reporting on furnishings for opera houses or ballrooms, I would certainly take a look at the dazzling ornaments that I took to be perennially on view inside. Well, I dropped in at Nesle not long ago, mostly out of curiosity, and found myself taking a good deal more than a look. (Anyone who sets foot in the place

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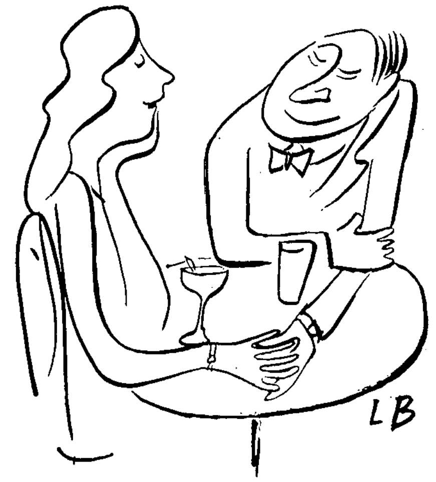
is likely to spend the rest of the day there, as I did.) Consequently, I am now in a position to state that the shop is crammed with beautiful antique lighting fixtures that are a lot easier to live with—and pay for—than the glittering elegance visible from the sidewalk would lead one to expect. Of course, the regal crystal pieces *are* the most spectacular things in the house, and maybe I should give any readers with dreams of grandeur some idea of what they are like before passing on to the more modest fixtures, improbable though it is that anyone planning to invest five thousand dollars in a chandelier, which is what Nesle asks for some of these, is waiting for advice from me.

By far the two most imposing chandeliers are a perfectly matched pair—I understand that such pairs are extremely rare—made in Paris around 1790 for a Russian nobleman, who naturally wanted to outdo the vogue set by Versailles. Each of these sparkling masses is thirty inches in diameter and thirty-eight inches tall, and consists of countless long crystal pendants surmounted by a gilt bronze crown that gives an uptilted, pagodalike effect to what is unmistakably a Louis XVI design. The price is $1,600 each. A larger French chandelier, suggesting even more eighteenth-century pomp and circumstance, is a pear-shaped structure of gold-plated, sculptured bronze bands, dripping with long, tapered prisms of crystal and held together by festoons of small crystals. This costs $2,000, but there are numerous smaller French antiques, made of ormolu decorated with crystal pendants, which would be suitable in formal rooms of reasonable size, at from $200 to $1,000.

In addition to the majestic chandeliers, there is a group of candelabra, which not only are stunning in themselves but suggest a way of life that the anemic present-day imagination fairly



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boggles at. They look like outsize vases (they are forty-two inches high) of cobalt-blue glass, and each is set on a graduated pedestal of white marble banded with narrow lines of ormolu. Around the body of the vase, and forming a background for the sculptured ormolu candleholders, are five tiers of just about the largest and most brilliant crystal pendants I have ever seen. Nesle originally had twenty-four of these candelabra, which were made in Vienna in the early eighteen-hundreds to fill twenty-four niches in the dining room of a Polish nobleman. (This dining room, I am told, was one of five dining rooms in the house.) All but ten of the pieces have now been sold, and the rest are offered only in pairs, at $2,200 a pair.

Assuming that the householder who is preoccupied with the problem of furnishing a ballroom has now been taken care of, I will move along to Nesle's more subdued fixtures, which represent a variety of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century decorative styles—some in the less-than-heroic Empire manner, and others with the lightness and simplicity of the purest Georgian design, but most of them typifying the new coziness that, along with the new homey virtues, was briefly so modish in France under the Citizen King. Wherever these devices were originally intended to go, they are perfectly adaptable to the illumination of present-day halls and apartment foyers—areas that have shown themselves especially vulnerable to the banal and the smug. The chandeliers are all innocent of wiring now, but Nesle will do whatever is wanted, for an extra charge.

One remarkably elegant fixture, which would look well over a dining table or in a small drawing room, has a shallow bowl, twenty-five inches across, of Royal Vienna white porcelain, encircled with delicately chased strips of gilt bronze. Six arms for candles extend from this, and the whole hangs from the ceiling on gold-plated chains. It's an ideal arrangement for both direct and indirect lighting, and looks as if it had been thought up yesterday. This airy, graceful light costs $780. A chandelier dating from the Empire period, when a passion for antiquity was flourishing in France, begins with a bronze bowl, suspended on slender gilt chains, that has more or less the look of a Roman lamp—or of what its Empire designer probably hoped was a Roman lamp. Eight stubby candle arms arise from the bowl, almost concealed by stylized swags of sculptured gilt. This one would make a decorative ceiling light in a study or

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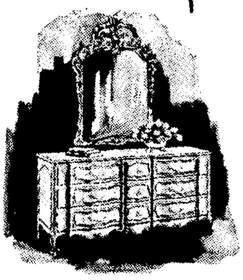

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a library, and would be almost equally effective in a hall. The price is $440. A much more elaborate Empire fixture, obviously the work of a craftsman who didn't take the classical revival very seriously, consists of a bronze bowl suspended from a feathery bronze wreath and rimmed with six particularly robust female angels, who serve as candleholders. The whole thing is gilded exquisitely, even when judged by the high French standards of that period, and that probably accounts for the price, which is $880.

One of the loveliest of the Louis Philippe chandeliers is a wide bowl of pink opaline outlined in chased brass and hung on short lengths of pink opaline strung together with brass ornaments. The bowl is big enough to hold a cluster of electric bulbs, but the original socket is for a single candle, which could scarcely have illuminated even the elaborate frivolity of the design, much less a whole chamber. For some reason, this fragile conceit, which should, by rights, give an effect of quaint femininity, strikes me as exactly right for a satirically modern bedroom. The price is $360.

It isn't easy to pick a favorite out of a display like this, but if I were asked to pick one, I think it would be a ceiling light, made in France in 1800, that is an example of the very best decoration of that period. It is a large bronze globe painted an ethereal shade of blue-green and spangled with gold stars. Girdling it is a broad band of ormolu, on which the signs of the zodiac appear in deep relief, along with six ormolu griffins to hold the candles. I can't imagine a really impressionable connoisseur so much as raising an eyebrow at the price tag, which says $1,000.

After all I've had to say on the subject, I find I have hardly scratched the surface of the Nesle collection. It deserves a far more detailed consideration than I am able to give to it. For instance, at prices ranging from $150 to $500, there are dozens of eighteenth-century lanterns (the kind still to be seen in the Faubourg St. Germain and in old English country houses), there are some enormous and very beautiful Georgian hall lanterns, and there is an assortment of small French hanging lamps of around 1820, each with a colored glass shade—amber, rose, or red—as well as a matching smoke bell, and another assortment of hanging lamps, with shades of deeply cut overlay, not to mention an especially handsome piece of eighteenth-century French decalcomania on a lamp that has the shape of a church censer. Besides all these period lamps, there are

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some unpretentious chandeliers, which are merely old, as opposed to antique, having been made within the past seventy-five years as reproductions of Georgian designs; they range in price from $250 to $600. In short, here is an exhibit that anybody faced with a problem of traditional lighting will miss at his own risk.

A BRAND-NEW development in light control—the Luxtrol dimmer, manufactured by the Superior Electrical Company, of Bristol, Connecticut—is by no means such a far cry from Nesle's romantic antique lamps as one might think. It's a compact and reasonably priced unit that makes it possible for the lights in a home to be dimmed or brightened, like those in a theatre, but without a theatre's elaborate system of wiring or complicated switchboard. I ran across the Luxtrol at the recent National Homefurnishings Show, in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, where it was to be seen in a dramatic little display involving a small supper table with a recessed light in the middle of its top, an overhead crystal chandelier, and some fancy spotlights here and there. All these were operated from one simple wall switch, and were made to run the full scale of illumination, from the dimmest glow to utmost brilliance. Impressive as the demonstration was, it didn't give me a very clear idea of what could be expected of Luxtrol in the home, so I made it my business to see the apparatus at work in more intimate surroundings. These turned out to be the living room and patio of an obliging Bronxville householder, who is so crazy about his new dimmer that—to all appearances, at least—he actually enjoyed showing it off to a total stranger. His living-room lighting is a conventional domestic setup, with two wall fixtures for indirect light and a table lamp, and on the patio there are two more wall fixtures for indirect light. Since each Luxtrol unit is able to take care of any combination of bulbs up to a total of three hundred and sixty watts, only two controls were required for all this—one for the living room and the other for the patio. There's a dial for each control, set on a wall plate about twice the size of the ordinary light-switch plate—which it replaces—and by turning the dial one can step up the lighting from no light at all through every gradation to intense brilliance. (All the lights controlled by the same dial are, of course, dimmed or brightened together.) The control need not even be installed in the same room as the

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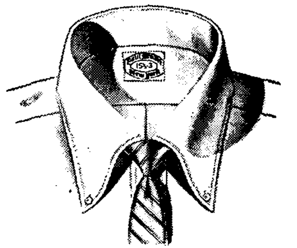

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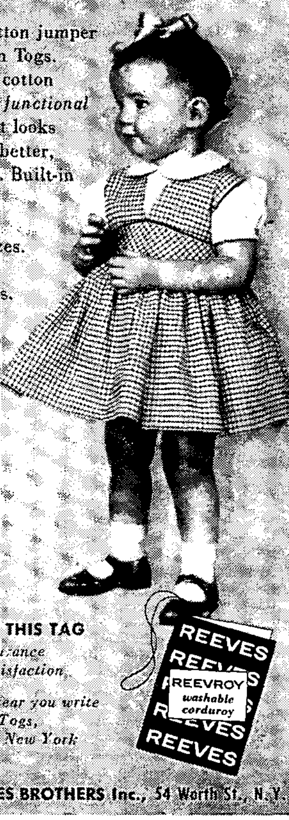

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lights it governs. My Bronxville host, who felt that the magic of light varying with the mood of his guests would be all the more impressive if the hand of the magician weren't visible, had had his two controls put in a pantry, off the living room, where drinks were mixed—a strategic post, he said, for gauging the company's emotional temper. For the benefit of the householder who wants to know more about the actual operation of Luxtrol, I had better explain, using the same jargon in which the facts were communicated to me, that the control is essentially a three-hundred-and-sixty-watt variable autotransformer that operates from any hundred-and-twenty-volt A.C. source. It is provided with a movable brush contact that rides on a bared portion of the winding and is always in contact with this winding—a circumstance that insures an entirely silent, flickerless operation. The unit, which can easily be wired into existing circuits, is housed in a wall box seven and a quarter inches high and five inches wide, and it is sold at the General Electric Supply Company, 585 Hudson Street. With a painted steel plate (ivory, black, or gray), it's $30; if the plate has a chrome or aluminum finish, it's $31, and if it has a brass finish, $32.50. And that should be enough about lighting for this week. —S. H.

•

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There is still left us—
when we are cast off and sit,
sea-swung, in the cramped bows,
watching blue herons stalk
out the breakwater, beyond which
is fog and the end of the world—still

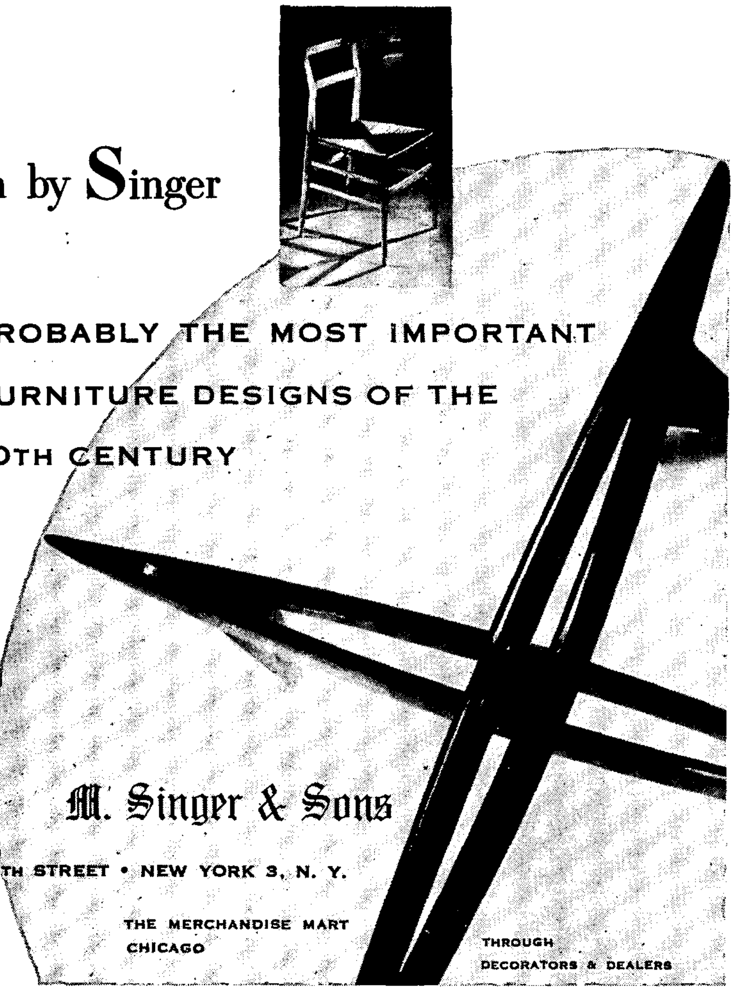
left this miniloquent
gesture wherewith we effect,
having lighted our cigarette,
the demise of the match:
backhand, minimal
wave of inconsequence which,
as we helm upchannel,
semaphores to diminishing jetties
and fisher- and dinghy-men
(should they happen to notice) that
all we must leave behind
suddenly weighs no more
than a mouthful of gray smoke
blown in the sea's face.

—Peter Kane Dufault

•

Fruits and Flowers of Nice, 1925 is one of the most sumptuous still-lifes Matisse painted during his "Nice" period. On view at Rosenberg, it is lent by Henry Ittleson, Jr. (32 inches high).—*Art News.*

Itsey Ittleson?



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LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 15

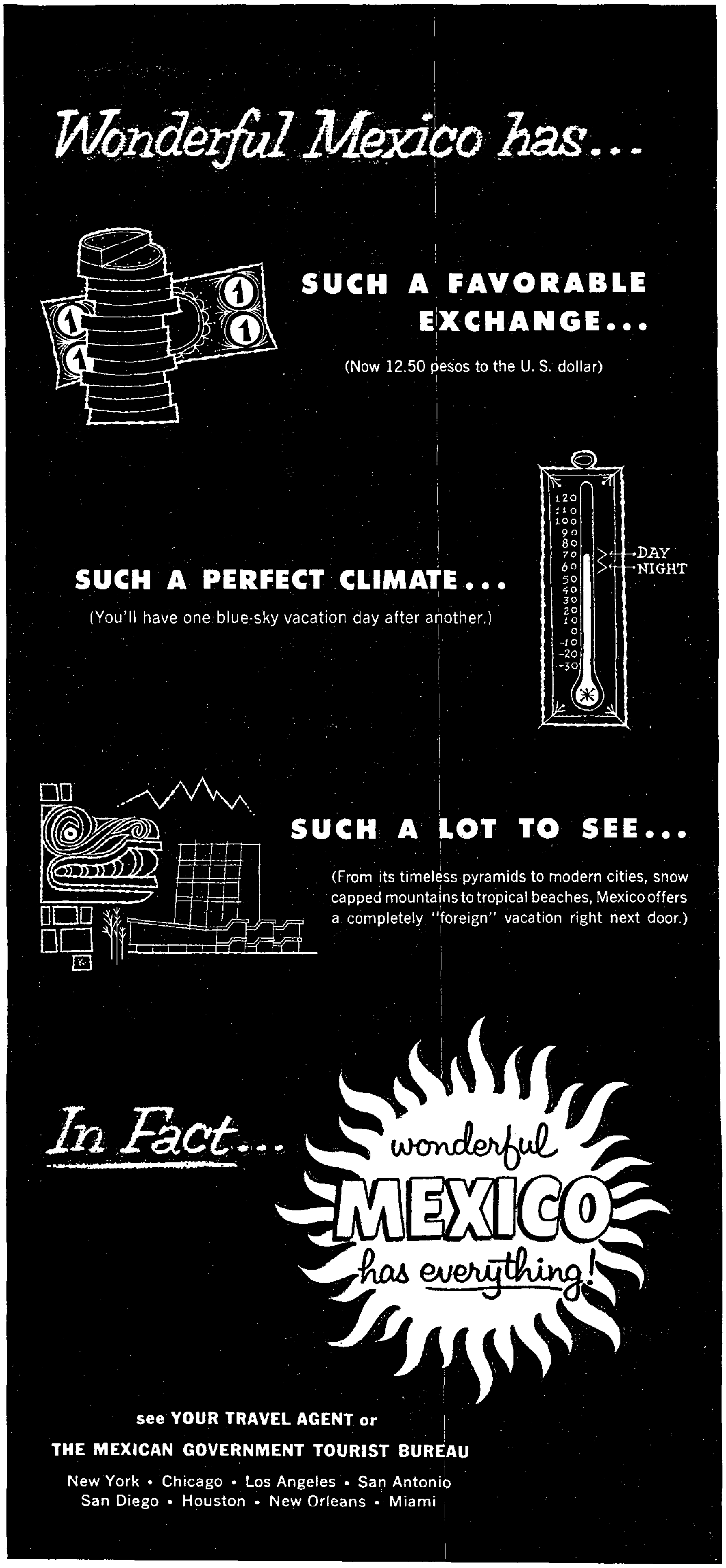
"THE ALICE B. TOKLAS COOKBOOK"—it seems that the "B" stands for Babette, which was the name of her French godmother—was, as Miss Toklas circumstantially states in her preface, lately written in Paris during a bout of jaundice, "when good foods hover in the invalid's memory," and will soon be published in New York. It constitutes delicious reading, in the opinion of Paris friends of hers who have seen the manuscript and who have, at her memorable lunches in the famous Rue Christine flat, eaten some of her gastronomic treats, for which she gives three hundred and fifty-eight recipes in the book. As might be expected, the Toklas opus is an unusual and often very droll cookbook, firm in its statement of essential eighteenth-century French cooking principles, and interlarded with comments, as dry as her favorite Chablis, on the kinds and classes of French who eat this or that, and in what type of bourgeois apartment or country château. It is also seasoned with pungent recollections of Miss Gertrude Stein, and contains as well a kind of palate history of war foods in France, which the two ladies knew in their two wars. In the first war, they munched luscious Alsatian cookies (the recipe for Alsatian cookies is given) while visiting the heroic ruins of Verdun, and they ate classic regional dishes (recipes also given) at local inns while driving their old Ford from Lorraine to the Spanish border to deliver medical supplies for the Red Cross. In the recent war, the degree of their extremity while living in their country house in Bilignin, near the Swiss border, is made clear in a chapter called "Murder in the Kitchen." Here Miss Toklas practiced her first assassination when her fishman kindly gave her a live carp, to which she had to take the knife, feeling weak afterward (a recipe follows for carp and homemade noodles, plus her editorial assurance that "these noodles are very delicate"); later occurred the grimmer business of smothering pigeons, since the French think neck-wringing brutal, besides being a waste of the blood essential to the rich taste of the fowl. (A first-rate recipe follows for braised pigeon on croutons.) There is also the instance of the demise of the two ladies' Barbary duck, which was chased one day by a neighboring farm dog. The household's quondam peasant cook decided that it was about to die of heart failure, so she gave it three tablespoonfuls of brandy to swallow, "to add flavor," and then killed it—and how did Madame wish it to be cooked? "Surprised at the turn the affair had taken," Miss Toklas writes, "I answered feebly, 'With orange sauce.' " (Properly in sequence comes a recipe for duck and oranges.) Her Liberation fruitcake (recipe given) was concocted with the help of a few dried orange peels saved in a jar for over four years against the great day when, to everyone's astonishment, the American Army really did march into unimportant Bilignin.

As a sample of her domestic recollections of Miss Stein, Miss Toklas remarks, in connection with gooseberry-gathering and jelly-making at Bilignin, "Wasps, hornets, and bees rarely sting me, though my work with them has always been aggressive. Gertrude Stein did not care for any of them, nor for spiders, centipedes, and bats. She had no violent feeling for them out-of-doors, but in the house she would call for aid." The book also contains strict rules to be observed in good cooking, which "permits of no exaggerations," as well as thoughtful advice, such as that delicate sauces should be stirred with a wooden spoon and not a metal one, which can tinge the flavor, and that cream should be added to sauces only at the last moment, in time to heat but not to boil, and "should be tilted in the pan, not stirred." It is a book of character, fine food, and tasty human observation. Handsome decorative drawings by Sir Francis Rose head the chapters. Miss Toklas has a collection of nearly a hundred authoritative volumes on refined cooking. Her own volume can properly adorn her library.

THERE was a good deal of disappointment in movie circles here when what was regarded as the best French gangster film of the year, "Touchez Pas au Grisbi," failed to fetch a prize at Venice's fifteenth International Film Festival last week. (A prize for acting, though, was given to the star, Jean Gabin, for his portrayal of Max le Menteur—Max the Liar—which is considered to be one of the most sympathetic impersonations of his long career.) The appeal of the film, which was excellently directed by Jacques

Becker, lies in its understated acting, its polite, cynical, sadistic, and comic French underworld touches, its dry sentimentality, and its oddly happy ending, in which Max machine-guns his rivals so that he may retire from the profession. It also has other attractions, such as its theme song, commonly called "Le Grisbi," which is a melancholy, bloodcurdling tune composed by Jean Wiener, of the famous old Bœuf-sur-le-Toit piano team, Wiener and Doucet, and is played in the film on a harmonica. Its aim is to equal the celebrity of "The Third Man" zither music, and it can now be heard in all the St.-Germain-des-Prés *discothèque* night clubs—places too small for an orchestra, where phonograph *disques* are played for dancing. The film has been banned to moviegoers under the age of sixteen, and this has added to its popularity among the younger set, whom the authorities were trying to protect from its truly impressive vocabulary of underworld slang. The movie was made from a novel of the same name by Albert Simonin, a taxi-driver who apparently knows his way around. He has written unnoticed previous gangster stories, but this time he has attracted academic attention by his real feeling for argot, which Pierre MacOrlan, of the Goncourt Academy, says in the book's preface merits entering "the literary history of French patois and trade slang." The book's language is so incomprehensible to respectable French citizens, let alone foreigners, that a glossary has been appended, in which nicely brought-up boys and girls can learn that "*Touchez pas au grisbi*" means "Lay off the dough" (in this case, ten solid-gold ingots stolen in a postal holdup on a Paris airfield), that "*bing*" means prison, that "*carats*" means age, as in "She's going into her thirty carats," and that "*courant d'air*" means not a draft but a double cross. The film is one that Americans could savor for its authentic Frenchness, though certain realisms might have to be cut for an American showing, such as the torture scene in which a young gangster is strung up by the wrists after being judged guilty of a *courant d'air*.

OF all the political parties, only the Socialist Party came dangerously near the brink of disintegration during the vote on E.D.C., when it illustrated, in common with most other non-extremist parties, how nearly split in half the sentiment of France's political center was on that issue. Among the Socialists, support of E.D.C. had been



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made an element of Party policy; that is, the fate of the Defense Community was not left to the Socialist deputies' individual consciences. But in the final drama, Socialist deputies voted fifty-three against the treaty and fifty for it, and now the Socialist Parliamentary group is cut exactly in twain, because the three leading anti-E.D.C. voters—Daniel Mayer, Jules Moch, and Max Lejeune—have just been fired from the national Party for insubordination, which leaves the Assembly group divided against itself fifty-fifty, and in a lot of trouble. The Party chief, Guy Mollet, who was pro-E.D.C., could also throw out the fifty other deputies for their disobedient ballots, except that this would be murder, like separating political Siamese twins, with no chance of survival, once apart. Bidault's M.R.P. Party, the only other one that was doctrinarily pro-E.D.C., could afford to, and did, throw out its few members who failed to side with their eighty M.R.P. brethren. In the two violently anti-E.D.C. extremist parties (the Communists, whose ninety-five deputies voted solidly against the treaty, of course, and the Gaullists, who voted sixty-seven to two against it), there were clearly no worries about discipline, and these combined party votes—cast on the same side, yet by such bitterly opposed kinds of Frenchmen—sufficed to defeat E.D.C. Nor were there any such worries in the split-up-the-middle moderate parties, such as the Radical Socialists, who voted thirty-four against and thirty-three for, and the Paysans, who voted ten against and nine for, because these moderate groups had made E.D.C. a matter of their deputies' individual consciences, rather than a party affair. Parliamentary experts think that the most serious result of the E.D.C. vote—aside, naturally, from how Washington and Bonn felt at first—is the fix the French Socialists are now in.

The Socialist Party is a strange and remarkable one—the oldest in France, for generations mostly made up of men of strict, if impractical, consciences, and by doctrine usually pacifist and anti-militarist. This last is probably what led Mollet and his friends to believe that an entire European Army was a better bargain than a rearmed West Germany without E.D.C. At the time of the Socialists' July caucus, Mollet thought that by squeezing all but one anti-E.D.C. figure from the Party's thirty-member steering committee, and by threatening to excommunicate any deputy who voted against the Party's pro-E.D.C.

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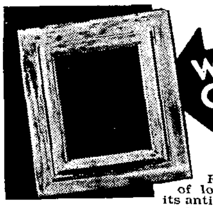

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policy, he could obtain a big pro-treaty majority vote in the Assembly—an optimistic error in divination that was shared at the time, it seems, by nobody else but our State Department back home.

The Socialist Party had already been weakened by getting a million fewer votes in the 1951 elections than it won in 1946, when it was fresh and stalwart after the Liberation. Its efficacy as France's traditional moderate Left counterweight for intellectuals and the working class against the French industrial Right has of late been so diminished that Premiers Pinay and Laniel were able to come to power with governments that were considered by Assembly observers to be the most conservative and reactionary France has known in the last ten years.

It was Socialist Premier Léon Blum's prewar government that inaugurated paid summer vacations as a great and needed French social reform. During this entire month of August, just when the Socialist Party paper *Le Populaire* might have been editorializing on the benefits of E.D.C. and influencing the dissident Socialist deputies in favor of it, the paper itself was on vacation and not one issue appeared—one of the most loyal, funny, strict, and senseless applications of Socialist principles in that strange party's entire history.

THE autumn entertainment season has just opened—or half opened, anyhow—with an unfortunately half-full house at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées for the first-night appearance of admirable old Vicente Escudero's small troupe of gypsy dancers and of some splendid flamenco singers, or *cantaores*. These singers are apparently the real thing, such as is usually heard only in Spain and never in foreign capitals, except in debased music-hall form. The obviously outstanding artist among them

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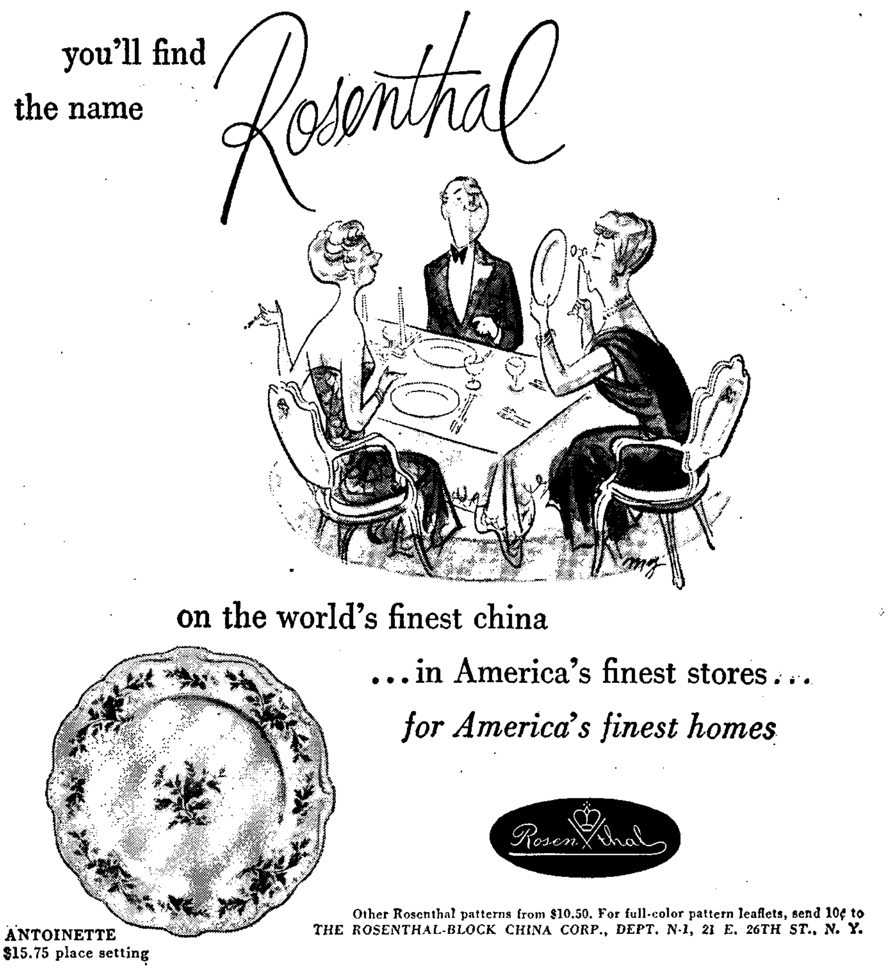
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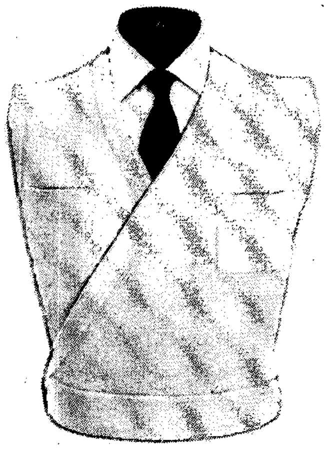

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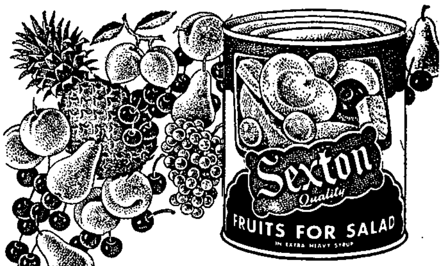

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is the stocky, seventy-four-year-old Sevillian, Pepe el de la Matrona, so called because his mother was a midwife. (His real name is José Nuñez Meléndez.) His style and sounds are extraordinary—an extended rolling vocalization of syllables, his voice stretched to the very last element of breath, controlled and subtle, releasing long, perilous, trailing phrases that ended in tiny drops of separate music. In a mountain song, he had great lonely dignity in his gestures and in the rise and fall of his voice, which made the music sound as if it were going up and down the slopes. Another highly appreciated singer was the forty-two-year-old, beak-nosed Rafael Romero, especially admired in a tragic gypsy lament of violent, abrupt cadences; he was accompanied by the famous flamenco guitarist Perico el del Lunar, who had trained him as a youth. To all the singers in the troupe, however, Spaniards in the audience shouted their traditional "*Olé!*," often interrupting the finest musical moments.

Escudero himself, his face as thin, refined, and lined as a Goya etching, has preserved himself and his dancing in a ritual of perfected style, which today for him must take the place of vigor. Yet in the dramatic "Seguiriya Gitana" he moved with such flawless balance and dainty speed as to remain not only a master but a schoolmaster of his art. But in the final number came the real dance star of the evening, an unidentified but unforgettably dynamic young male whose handsome limbs and face, whose rapidity in whirling, stamping, and stepping, and whose talent, bursting from him in every movement, were all like the wonderful performance of a young cock given under the eye of an old cock—in this case Escudero, who is still the amazing head of his flock.

THE death of André Derain last week at the age of seventy-four, as the result of being ignobly run into by an automobile two months ago, was sad, because what he had been painting for the past twenty-five years made it difficult to recall how great he had started to be when young. In the 1905 Salon d'Automne, he showed with the Fauves, led by Matisse, and his wild-beast gorgeous colors—scarlet cabbage fields and a purple Seine—were second to none, not even those of Vlaminck, whom he had met in a railroad accident on a Paris suburban line, whereupon they both started painting in the new manner. Their paintings were like a paintpot thrown in your face, one critic said in shock. Derain later spent several

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summers with Picasso on the Mediterranean, became momentarily Cubist, and then went into a classical, rather noble formality of line, where he remained, by and large, until the end of his days. Recently, a court order was issued preventing him from working on or altering any of his recent paintings, since his wife, from whom he was separated, thought he might ruin them and thus diminish their sales value after his death. It was only what he painted forty or fifty years ago that today would fetch great, sincere high prices.

—GENÊT

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Jottings of New York," by the nineteenth-century Scottish poet William McGonagall*]

Oh mighty City of New York! you are wonderful to behold,
Your buildings are magnificent, the truth be it told,
They were the only thing that seemed to arrest my eye,
Because many of them are thirteen storeys high.

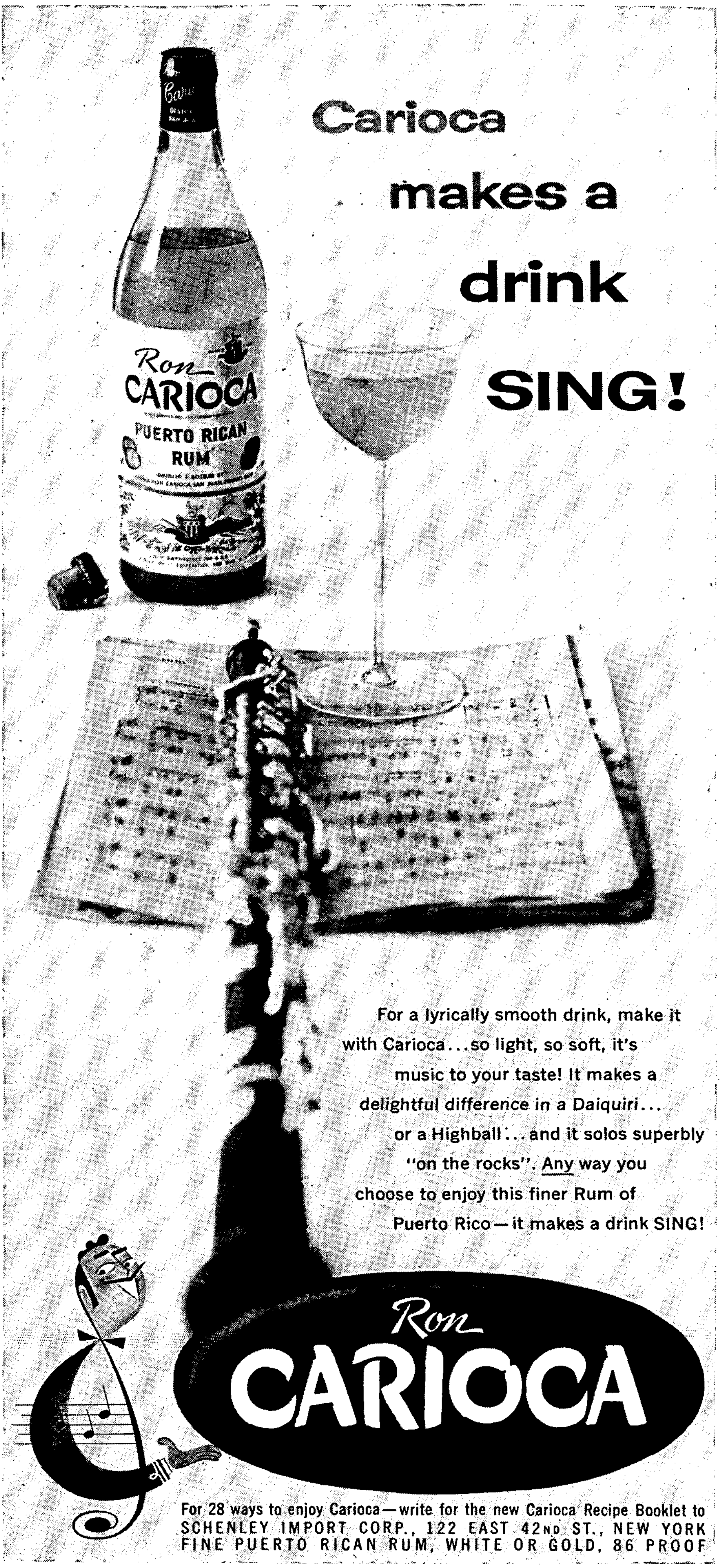
And as for Central Park, it is lovely to be seen,
Especially in the summer season when its shrubberies and trees are green;
And the Burns' statue is there to be seen,
Surrounded by trees, on the beautiful sward so green;
Also, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott,
Which by Englishmen and Scotchmen will ne'er be forgot.

There the people on the Sabbath-day in thousands resort,
All loud in conversation and searching for sport,
Some of them viewing the menagerie of wild beasts there,
And also beautiful black swans, I do declare.

And there's beautiful boats to be seen there,
And the joyous shouts of the children do rend the air,
While the boats sail along with them o'er Lohengrin Lake,
And the fare is five cents for children and adults ten is all they take.

And there's also summer-house shades and merry-go-rounds,
And with the merry laughter of the children the Park resounds
During the livelong Sabbath-day,
Enjoying the merry-go-round play.

Then there's the elevated railroads, about five storeys high,
Which the inhabitants can see and hear night and day passing by,
Oh! such a mass of people daily do throng,
No less than five hundred thousand daily pass along,
And all along the City you can get for five cents,
And, believe me, among the passengers there are few discontent.



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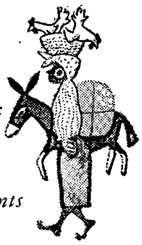

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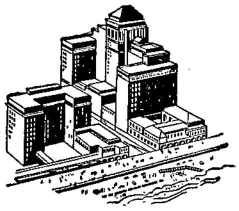

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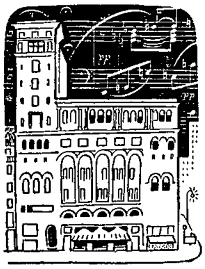
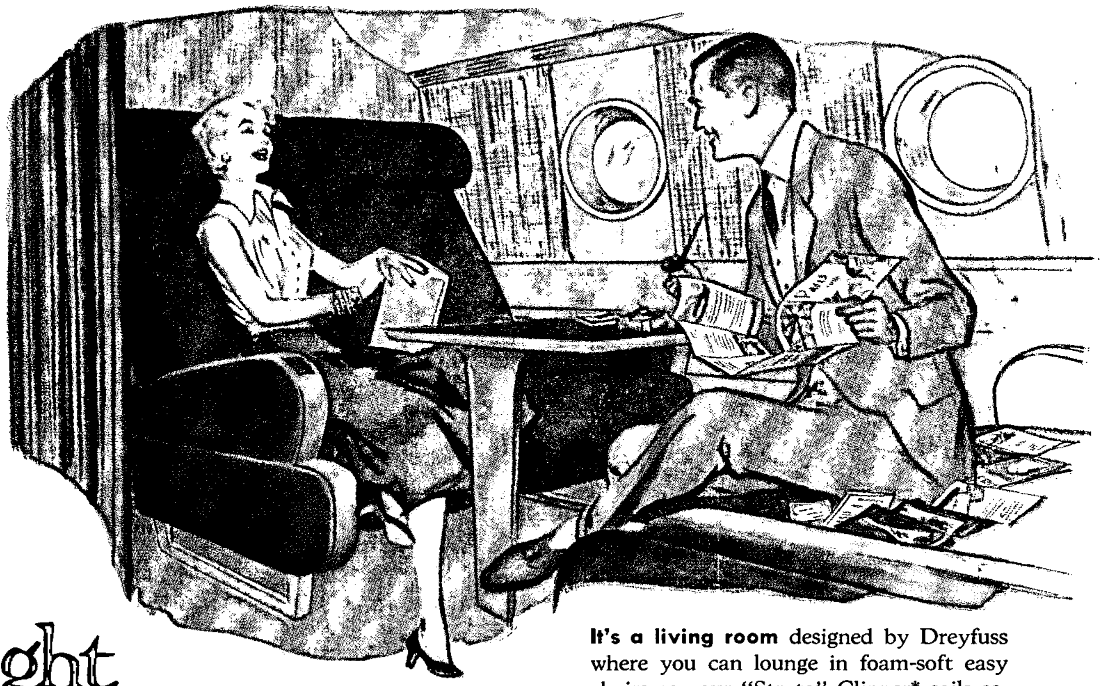
MUSICAL EVENTS

Short Cut



IT seems to be accepted as an axiom by most music enthusiasts that the more people there are who are interested in great music the better. This axiom has always struck me as debatable, but I am not prepared to argue against it at the moment. Music is, of course, a rather complicated art and, for those who are not acquainted with it, a rather mysterious one. To acquaint the unacquainted is certainly no crime, and I am convinced that the process of pedagogy and salesmanship known as "music appreciation" is not without its usefulness. As a rule, the process involves altering the mind of the uninformed listener to the point where it becomes receptive to the message of great music. However, in a recent large-scale venture into the field, R.C.A. Victor has taken a novel approach—that of altering great music to fit the uninformed listener's mind. This venture takes the form of a neat box containing ten 45-r.p.m. records and labelled "The Listener's Digest." Originally issued with the subtitle "The Exciting New Short Cut to Great Music," the package is now being advertised a bit more confidently as "The Greatest Cultural Opportunity Ever Offered to Music-Minded Americans." In examining all this excitement and opportunity last week, I encountered first an introductory booklet with a preface by Leopold Stokowski expressing the hope that it would help put me "on friendly terms with music." Then came a series of biographies of eminent composers in which Ludwig van Beethoven was described succinctly as "the general of the musicians," Johannes Brahms as "the tender bear," César Franck as "the naïve organist," and Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky as "the man with the emotional music." Impressed by the fearless simplicity of these descriptions, I went on to listen to some of the recordings. I found Beethoven's Fifth Symphony deftly trimmed from thirty-two minutes' playing time to fourteen, an editing job that all but eliminated the development section which constitutes the main intellectual interest of the first movement. And as for that tender old bear Johannes Brahms, I found his



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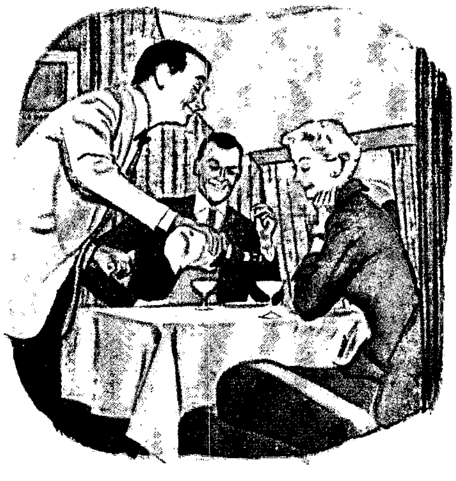

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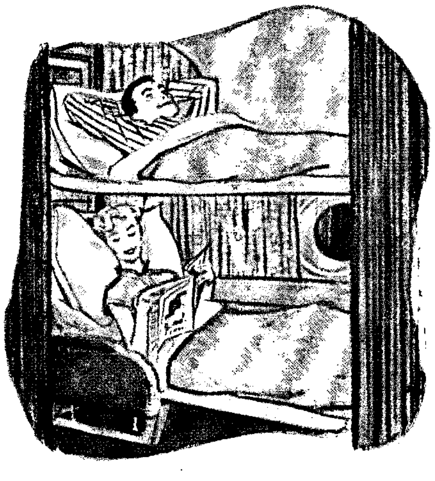

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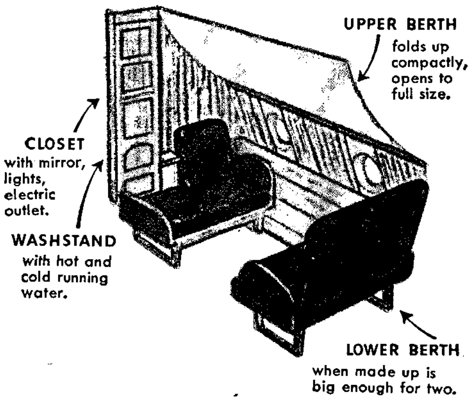
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First Symphony processed and packaged into a sausagelike item that could be ingested in fifteen minutes instead of the usual forty-two. At this point, I quietly packed the records back in their box and returned them to the man at the record counter, reflecting that the next logical step would be to eliminate the music entirely, and thus eliminate the whole problem.

A somewhat more successful venture in this same field has been launched by the Book-of-the-Month Club, which has just released the first of a series of "Music-Appreciation Records" that are to appear once a month from now on. Each of these records will have on one side an unmutilated performance of a symphonic masterpiece, and on the other an analytical lecture, interspersed with musical details, by Thomas Scherman, who will explain the composition's themes and structure. The first of these records is devoted, naturally enough, to Beethoven's Fifth, in a reasonably good reading. The jacket contains a tolerably bright biographical note by Deems Taylor, and Mr. Scherman's remarks on the analytical side of the record seemed to me quite apt and lucid.

DURING its current season at the City Center, the New York City Ballet has introduced two new items into its repertory, both of them choreographed by George Balanchine. The first is a bouncing and generally spirited ballet called "Western Symphony," the second a rather confusing affair with music by the late Charles Ives and appropriately entitled "Ivesiana," which made its first appearance on Tuesday evening of last week. Of the two, I much prefer the former, in spite of the fact that its musical score—the product of a Broadway arranger named Hershy Kay—is a remarkably undistinguished potpourri of familiar American cowboy tunes. In this ballet, Balanchine has entered territory already thoroughly exploited by such well-known American choreographers as Agnes de Mille and Martha Graham, and it is interesting to observe how his eminently European and classical mind has responded to these surroundings. "Western Symphony," unlike most previous undertakings of its kind, has no plot; its attraction lies entirely in the ingenuity of its abstract structure and in the exuberance and humor with which it shows off the ingratiating athletic accomplishments of the troupe. Thus, aside from a few suggestions of barn-dance movement, and some boots, cowboy hats, and patches of

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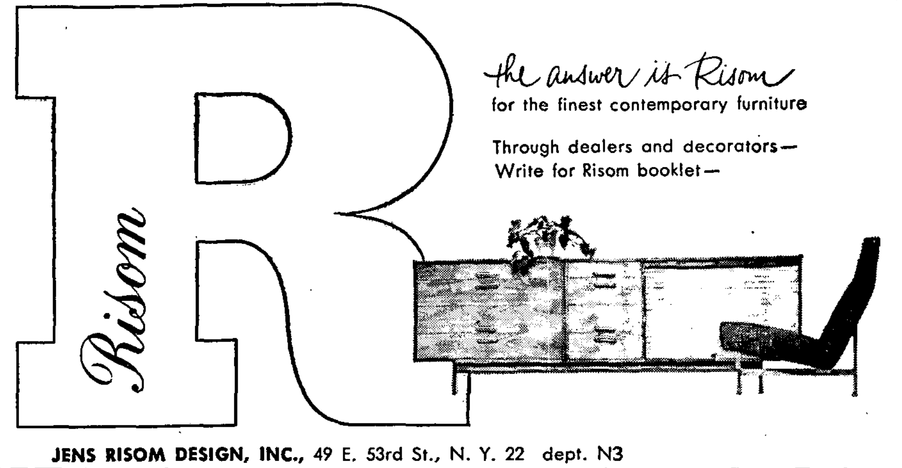
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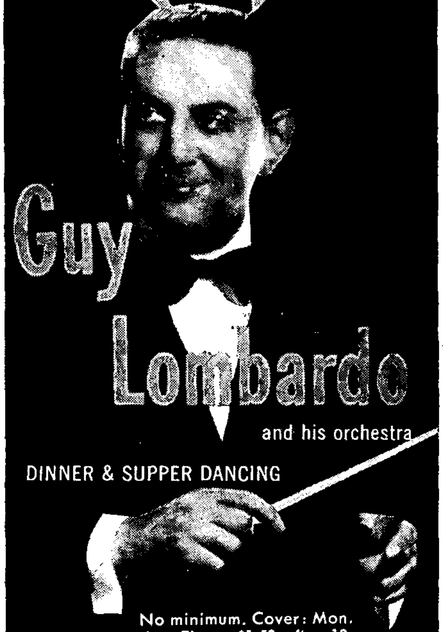

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blue denim, it remains ballet in the classical tradition, and very enjoyable ballet at that. Of the solo dancers who contributed to this enjoyment, I was especially impressed by the apparently double-jointed Tanaquil LeClercq; by Patricia Wilde, who seems to be growing into a ballerina of some stature; by Herbert Bliss and Jacques d'Amboise, who danced with notable grace and vigor; and by that old familiar artist André Eglevsky, who manages to carry something of the grand manner into everything he takes up. The audience at the première, which took place the Tuesday evening before "Ivesiana" was introduced, was wildly demonstrative, leaving no doubt that "Western Symphony" will prove to be a great popular success.

"Ivesiana" is a very different matter—a ballet in which the ebullient and dynamic side of the art is subordinated to some sort of cosmic message; just what this message is, though, I couldn't figure out. The score, conducted with great precision and insight by Leon Barzin, consists of a half dozen of Charles Ives' highly original and formidably difficult orchestral compositions, whose impressionistic sound effects I find moderately interesting, but which, on the whole, seem particularly unsuited to ballet. Using this music as an atmospheric background, Balanchine has created a series of moody acts, one of them involving the hoisting and aerial manipulation of a dancer named Allegra Kent by a group of slow-moving males, and another presenting nothing but the rather depressing spectacle of the whole troupe moving forward on its knees. Despite a few moments enlivened by Miss LeClercq, Todd Bolender, and the extremely decorative Diana Adams, I couldn't help thinking that this sort of thing has been done far better by the modern-dance groups, which make a specialty of it. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Standard-size bath towels will be available in a new range of colors called "Italian Sketchbook," which will include a brilliant green, a pure bright red, and a nut brown called espresso, as well as the brass, charcoal, clay and black now available. Two delightful "Mr. and Mrs." patterns will offer an all-over reversible design for a woman and a solid color with patterned border for the man. In a fleur de lys design, the pair will be called appropriately "Mademoiselle et Monsieur" and in a crown motif, "Milady and Milord."—*The Herald Tribune.*

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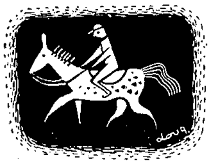

CONSIDERED by itself, without a thought for past Beldame Handicaps, the sixteenth running of the fixture, won by Foxcatcher Farm's Parlo at Aqueduct last weekend, was a pretty exciting affair. However, since comparisons are hard to avoid, I'm afraid that the race struck most horsemen as just a bit disappointing. For one thing, the Beldame usually brings out a big collection of the better fillies and mares (on three occasions there were so many starters it had to be run off in two sections), but this time only nine went to the post. For another thing, two of the especially fancied high weights—Sunshine Nell and La Corredora—were scratched at the last minute. (Sunshine Nell developed ankle trouble, and La Corredora strained herself or twisted something while getting up too quickly in her stall.) And, sorrow's crown of sorrows for the favorite-players, Lavender Hill, rated by many the best of the older race mares, ran last all the way. Parlo, a frisky little chestnut filly—she's almost as small as Fisherman—took the lead in the second quarter and was never headed. Halfway down the stretch, it looked as though Clear Dawn or Open Sesame might catch her, but she drew away quickly and easily; it was a smarter effort than her victory in the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga last month. By the way, if you care to make anything of it, Parlo's mother, Fairy Palace, is a half sister of Fairy Chant, who won the Beldame in both 1940 and 1941 for Foxcatcher Farm.

Altogether, it was a profitable weekend at Aqueduct for William du Pont, who races the Foxcatcher horses, for on Friday his Chevation galloped off with the Discovery Handicap. Perhaps I am using the word galloped a bit loosely, because in the stretch Chevation came from six or seven lengths behind to win by ten lengths. I don't know when I've seen anything like this Discovery. Half a dozen of the fifteen runners went around the first turn head-and-head, with most of the others on their heels, and for nearly a mile of the mile and a furlong it was a horse race. Then, before you could say "Bingo!," Chevation popped out of the bunch, and paid a $28.30 mutuel. While we're on the

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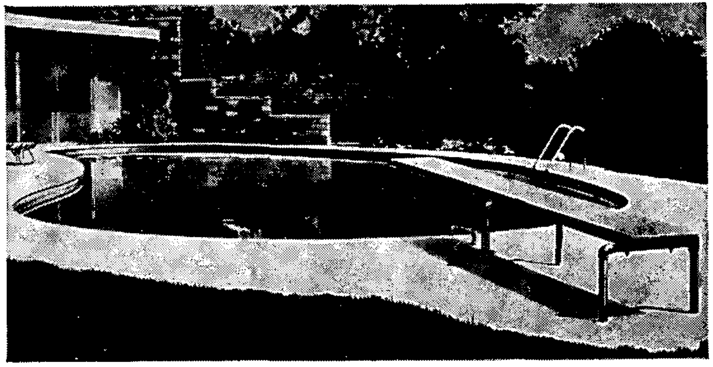

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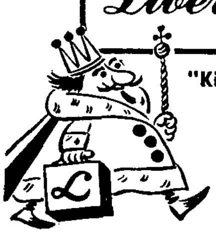

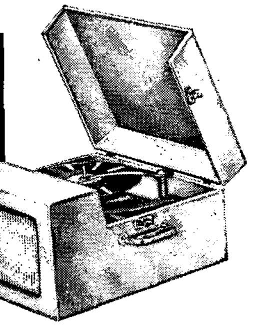

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subject, Chevation's prize money was $20,590, and Parlo's share of the Beldame purse was $45,500—a $66,000 double for Mr. du Pont. He wasn't there to see it, though; he was at his track at Fair Hill, Maryland, for the meeting of the Foxcatcher hounds.

The only other race worth remembering at Aqueduct last week was the Babylon Handicap, in which Bunny's Babe, a rangy gray colt, beat eleven other two-year-olds. Nobody could help liking the way he polished off his opposition, for he did it with even less effort than he'd needed in the New Jersey Futurity at Monmouth last July. Still, how can anybody take a racer called Bunny's Babe seriously?

I DIDN'T see any of the turf-course races at Atlantic City last week, and to judge by the praise I heard, I missed something. As you probably know, the American Bred Stakes was won by Brush Burn, who I'm told has developed into a jim-dandy on the grass, and the Foreign Bred Stakes went to Iceberg II, the Chilean runner who was at the top of the list of turf runners last year. Those two, and the horses who placed behind them, qualified to start in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City this weekend, and it should be a good show. It seems to me, though, that if the importation of more runners from abroad for races like these is to be encouraged, there should be a change in the rules. In most states, unless an exception is made for some special event—such as the Washington, D.C., International—all races on the flat must be started from the gate. Needless to say, horses coming from countries where this contraption is unknown are at a disadvantage. It would be no more than fair to let such animals start outside the gate if going into it sends them into a dither.

COLONEL MARTINGALE says he knows a man who knows a bookmaker in Washington who puts a ten-per-cent surcharge on every wager—to pay his income tax. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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BOOKS

Holding the Mirror Up to History

I HAVE never been able to agree with those literary critics who, following Turgenev, have deplored the historical disquisitions in "War and Peace" as inartistic irrelevancies; they have always seemed to me not only of great interest in themselves but also an essential element in the novel. I am naturally delighted, therefore, to find my opinion confirmed by so eminent an authority as Mr. Isaiah Berlin in his beautifully written and suggestive essay on Tolstoy, "The Hedgehog and the Fox" (Simon & Schuster).

Every good novel gives us the illusion that we are reading history; it makes us believe that the happenings in it really happened as described, and it makes them intelligible to us; if a character acts in a certain way, we perceive his motive, and if the consequences are not what he intended, we understand why. The more talented a novelist, the more conscious he must be of the simplifications—the selection of suitable characters, the exclusion of everything that might compromise the unity of pattern—that enable him to give us this illusion, and the more ambitious he is, the more he will feel the writing of actual history, from which all such easy conveniences are banned, as a challenge to his powers. Tolstoy was both immensely gifted and immensely ambitious, and "War and Peace" might be called a prolegomenon to a work he never managed to produce but considered the only literary task really worth doing ("To write the genuine history of present-day Europe: there is an aim for the whole of one's life"), all the more so because, on reading the accepted and respected professional historians, he found them guilty of a glibness and superficiality no reader would tolerate in a third-rate novel.

Mr. Berlin has two theses, a major and a minor. The first is that, while unexcelled as a negative critic of historical theories, demolishing one after the other the attempts to explain history by Great Men, Ideas, and Forces, Tolstoy failed to arrive at a positive theory of his own because he was a man divided against himself. One part of him, the part that included all his natural gifts, saw the multiplicity of life too clearly to accept any pattern that might overlook its full concreteness; the other part yearned for some single and absolutely simple principle that would make sense of everything. Such a principle was not granted him through either an intellectual or a mystical vision, but, refusing to admit this and determined to banish the sense of meaninglessness by which he was haunted, he ended up adopting by force of will a simplification that satisfied neither his head nor his heart.

In his view of history—and this is Mr. Berlin's minor thesis—the writer Tolstoy most closely resembles, despite the difference in their conclusions, is de Maistre; both have the same genius for destroying liberal optimistic hopes for a planned rational society, and though Tolstoy adopts a sort of Primitive Gospel Anarchy and de Maistre an Ultramontane Catholicism, in both cases the position is assumed out of defiant despair rather than heartfelt conviction.

All men, Mr. Berlin suggests, can be divided into two classes—hedgehogs and foxes. The hedgehogs

> relate everything to a single central vision, one system less or more coherent or articulate, in terms of which they understand, think, and feel

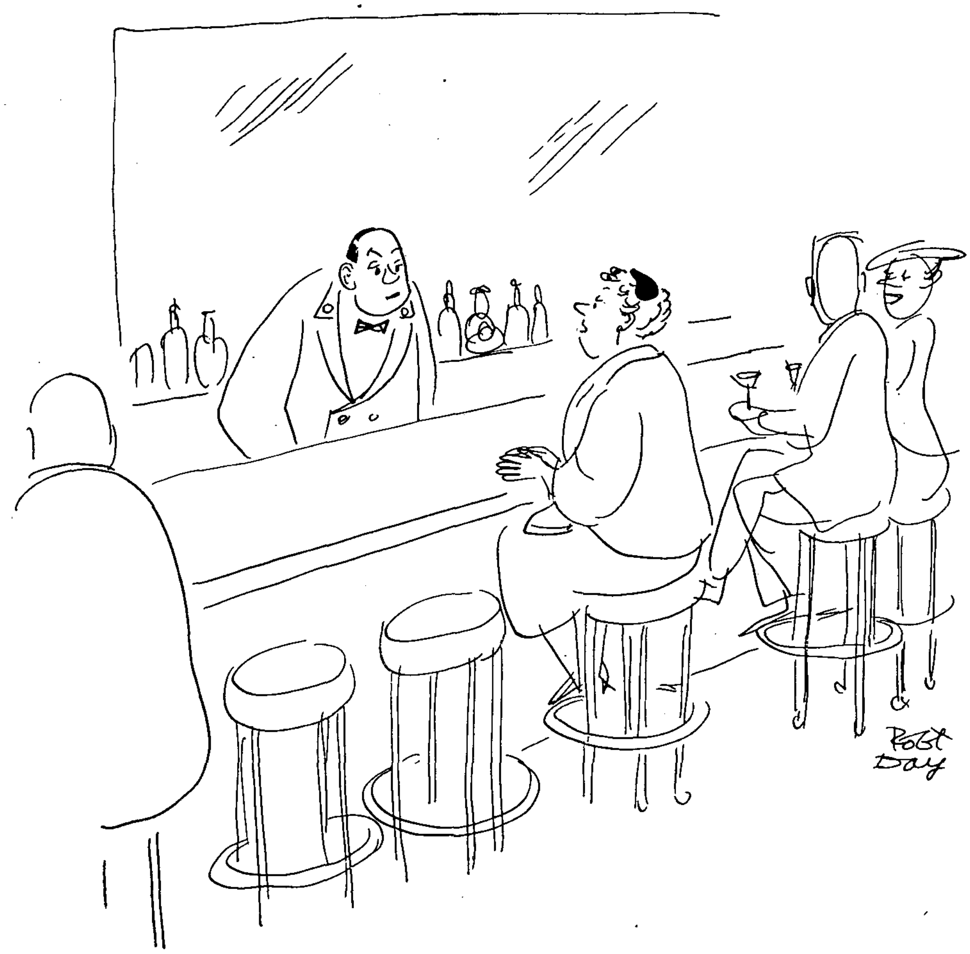
while the foxes

> pursue many ends, often unrelated and even contradictory, connected, if at all, only in some *de facto* way, for some psychological or physiological cause, related by no moral or aesthetic principle.

Examples are given:

HEDGEHOGS	FOXES
Dante	Herodotus
Plato	Aristotle
Lucretius	Montaigne
Pascal	Erasmus
Hegel	Molière
Dostoevsky	Goethe
Nietzsche	Pushkin
Ibsen	Balzac
Proust	Joyce

Tolstoy and de Maistre, says Mr. Berlin, were like each other in that both were by nature foxes but both wanted



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and tried desperately, though unsuccessfully, to become hedgehogs.

I find this classification entertaining and illuminating, but I think it needs elaboration. Are there not artists, for example, who, precisely because they can perceive no unifying hedgehog principle governing the flux of experience, are aesthetically all the more hedgehog, imposing in their art the unity they cannot find in life? Is not Joyce such an artist, or Henry James, who possessed, in Mr. Eliot's famous epigram, "a mind so fine that no idea could violate it"? Conversely, are there not hedgehog visionaries—Heraclitus? Nietzsche?—whose vision by its nature forbids any presentation in a systematic hedgehog form? Further, must one not consider also the kind of activity either temperament is engaged in? Mathematics would seem to be a field forbidden to foxes, while no pure hedgehog could ever succeed as a novelist or a historian, though he might as a poet.

If we leave Tolstoy's theories for a moment and look at "War and Peace" as a historical novel, what conception of the historian's purpose is implied by what he actually writes? Certainly not the discovery of laws that would make the future scientifically predictable, or the reduction of infinitesimals to statistical probabilities. Tolstoy's purpose seems to be what I suspect always is and must be the purpose of any historian who goes beyond mere documentation, pedagogical and moral. All the forces of his genius are employed to persuade the reader that Napoleon, Anatole Kuragin, Princess Helena are the sort of people he should not imitate and that Kutuzov, Platon Karataev, Natasha are the right kind of model, that military glory and salon triumphs are a pseudo-life as compared with the real life of work and marriage as led finally by the Rostovs and the Bezukhovs. Tolstoy attacks the Great Man theory of history so violently precisely because "greatness" is the only thing he really cares about, and what all the historians call great he finds a wicked sham. Though wars and the military virtues are in themselves part of the sham life, so long as they are admired there will be wars and the question "What is the good kind of soldier?" must arise. Kutuzov is one because it is impossible to think of him as the head of an invading army; he does nothing that is not purely defensive and has no aim in fighting beyond ridding his country of the invaders with the least loss of life.

Some of the theoretical difficulties with which Tolstoy is confronted are

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self-created; in his determination to demolish the legend about the fellow once and for all, he portrays Napoleon as a man with neither talent, character, nor personal magnetism. So when, for instance, he tells how a troop of Polish uhlans, who had barely escaped drowning while fording the perilous Vistula under Napoleon's eyes, had, "as soon as they had got out, in their soaked and streaming clothes, shouted 'Vivat' and looked ecstatically at the spot where Napoleon had been but where he no longer was, and considered themselves happy," their behavior seems not understandable but foolish, like Prince Andrew's musings—"I want glory, want to be known to men, want to be loved by them . . . want nothing but that and live only for that;" it seems inhuman, impersonal lunacy. Tolstoy is not content to point out that many of Napoleon's orders at the battle of Borodino could not be executed; he has to deny him any role whatsoever: "Had Napoleon forbidden them to fight the Russians, they would have killed him and have proceeded to fight the Russians because it was inevitable."

It is impossible for the average reader to know to what extent Tolstoy's portrait of Napoleon is a distortion, but by watching Tolstoy at work in a field he can check against his own experience, he can gain an insight into Tolstoy's satiric technique. For various reasons, Tolstoy disapproved of opera, and in Book VIII, Chapters 8 and 9, he describes one attended by Natasha. The description is perfectly truthful but for one little omission; he tells you exactly what you would experience at the opera if you were healthy, intelligent, with twenty-twenty vision, but stone-deaf. This technique, which Tolstoy inherited from the writers of the Enlightenment, creates, unfortunately, an imaginary human being, half purely rational and absolutely free, half purely emotional and the creature of blind forces; if the satirist should now turn philosopher, he is faced with the insoluble task of putting the halves together again. When Tolstoy comes to discuss Free Will and Determinism, he is committed to some absurd positions—that, for instance, the better you understand a man's motive for acting, the less free you think his act, or that the farther back into history you go, the more fated actions appear, because you cannot imagine what the present would be like had they not occurred as they did.

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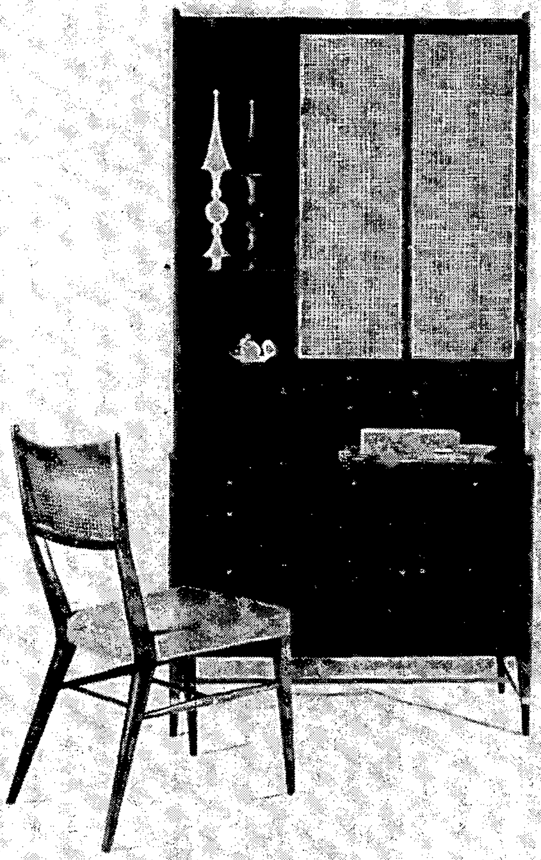

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and calculation play a small part in the causation of historical events, I am not completely persuaded by Mr. Berlin's contention that de Maistre had a considerable direct influence on Tolstoy. There are two passages in "War and Peace" which, I admit, do sound like pure de Maistre:

> The cannon-balls flew just as swiftly and cruelly from both sides, crushing human bodies, and that terrible work, which was not done by the will of a man, but at the will of Him who governs men and worlds, continued.
>
> Why did millions of people kill one another when it has been known since the world began that it is physically and morally bad to do so? Because it was such an inevitable necessity that in doing it men fulfilled the elementary zoological law which bees fulfill when they kill each other in autumn, and which causes male animals to destroy one another.

The reader notices them immediately, because in their pessimistic obscurantism they are so unlike the rest of Tolstoy's comments.

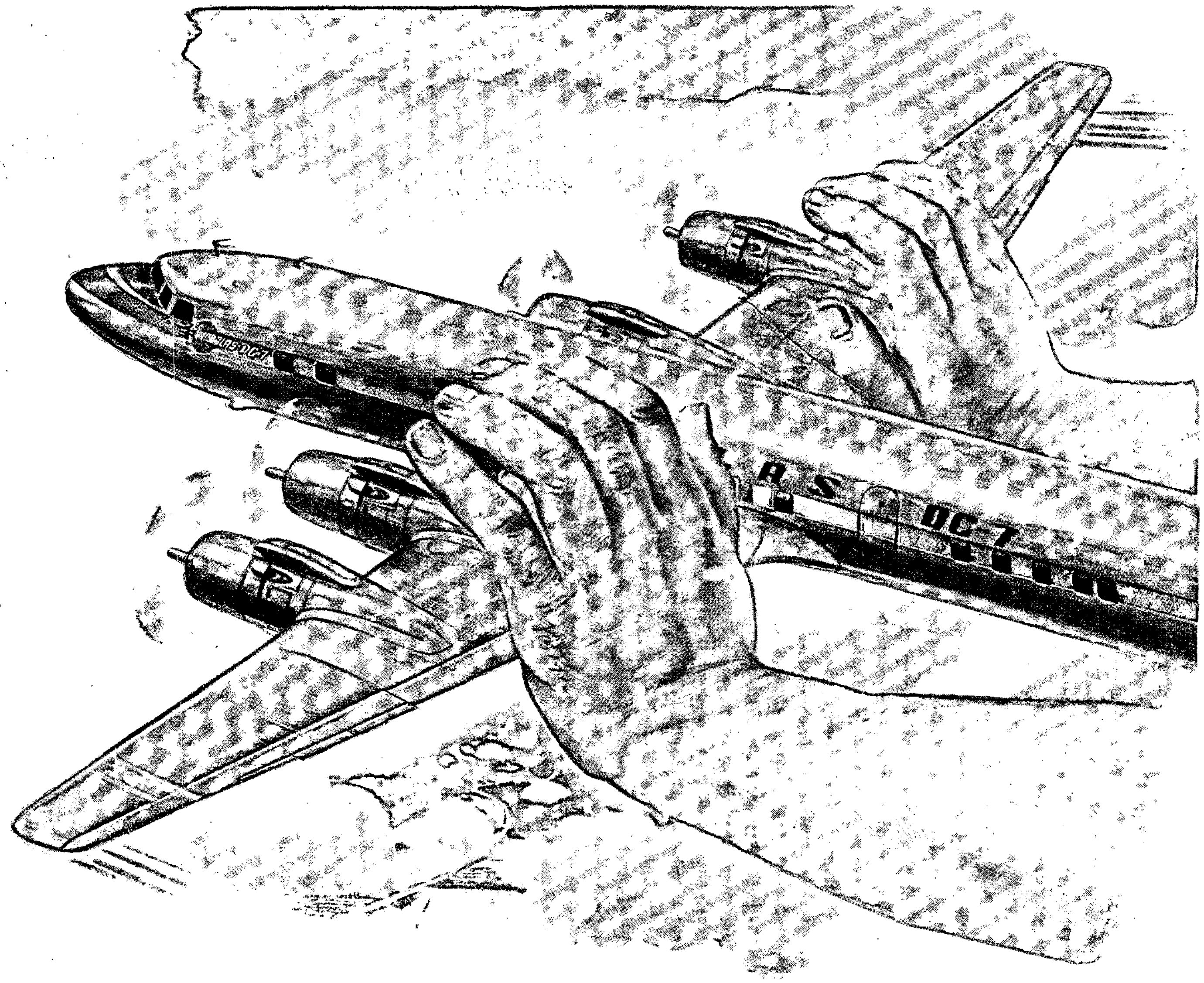
Mr. Berlin derives his two classes of men from Archilochus; I would like to suggest a classification of my own, derived from "Alice in Wonderland":

> And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.
>
> "I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh, she knows such a very little! . . . I'll try if I know all the things I used to know." (*Alice fails to remember anything properly and starts to cry.*) "I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh, ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here!"

If all men may be divided into hedgehogs and foxes, they may also be divided into Alices and Mabels. Examples follow:

ALICES	MABELS
Thucydides	Tacitus
Horace	Juvenal
Marvell	Donne
Leibnitz	Schopenhauer
Jane Austen	Richardson
Verdi	Wagner
Henry James	Dostoevsky
de Tocqueville	de Maistre
Tolstoy	Joyce

All Alices have strong nerves. When he has to describe a flogging or a lynching, Tolstoy is as coolly detached as Homer. What shocks him most about human nature is not its love of violence,



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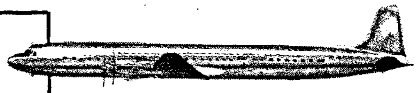

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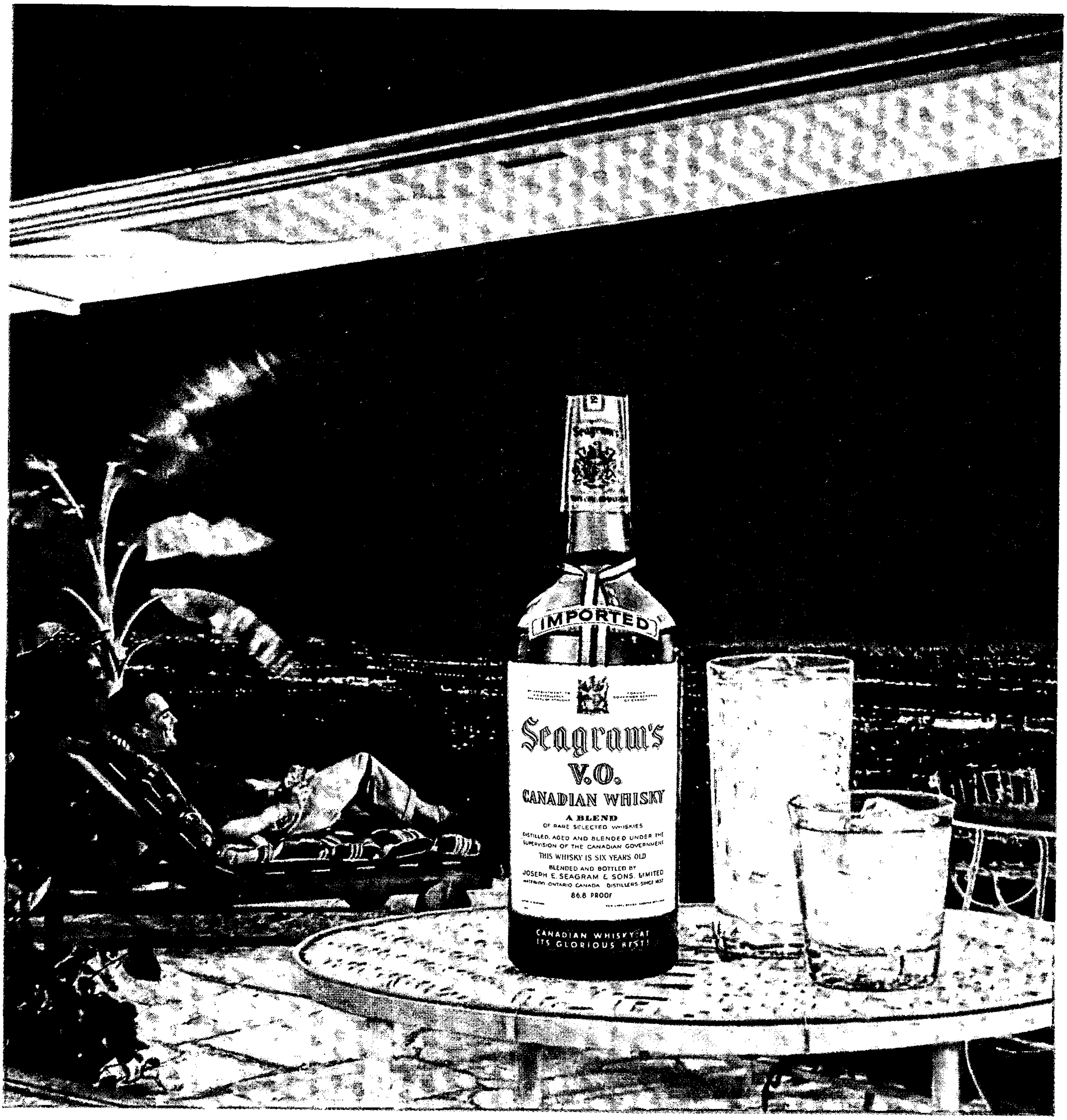
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its capacity for hatred, but its willful stupidity, its preference for illusions to the truth. De Maistre, on the other hand, seems to me to belong to a type that is becoming, unfortunately, commoner—the intellectual with weak nerves and a timid heart, who is so appalled at discovering that life is not sweetly and softly pretty that he takes a grotesquely tough, grotesquely "realist" attitude. He would like William Godwin to be right and man to be perfectible; if that cannot be, then man must be utterly depraved—de Maistre is much more Calvinist than Thomist—and the public executioner is the saviour of society. One cannot imagine de Maistre, the advocate of punishment, beating up a peasant with his own hands, like Pierre Bezukhov, and then being humanly ashamed of himself. The "real life" led by Nicholas and Princess Mary on their country estate presupposes neither an Inquisition nor Spiritual Exercises but only obedience to the same principles, stoic but cheerful, that the Red Queen recommends to Alice:

> "Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!"

Like all Alices, Tolstoy possessed a morality that was aesthetic. What is most noticeable about Napoleon and Pfuel as he describes them is not that the one is insanely ambitious and the other absurdly pedantic but that both are ill-bred; Kutuzov may be a general and Platon only a private, but both have the assurance of the gentleman. Even in "What Is Art?" Tolstoy appears more motivated by a distaste for the vulgar airs of self-importance put on by artists than by a disapproval of art itself.

In his last years, Tolstoy adopted a position that to almost everybody else seems false and in contradiction to his nature, and about which it is hard not to think like D. H. Lawrence:

> The big flamboyant Russia
> Might have been saved, if a pair
> Of rebels like Anna and Vronsky
> Had blasted the sickly air
> Of Dostoevsky and Tchekov,
> And spy-government everywhere.
>
> But Tolstoy was a traitor
> To the Russia that needed him most,
> The clumsy, bewildered Russia
> So worried by the Holy Ghost.
> He shifted his job on to the peasants
> And landed them all on toast.

Mr. Berlin's comparison of Tolstoy in his old age to Oedipus at Colonus is singularly felicitous, suggesting that Tolstoy's tragic flaw was not Christian

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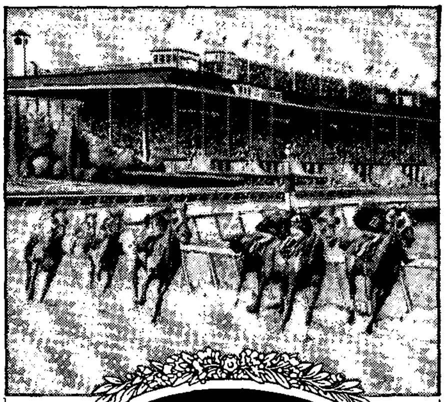
pride, from which we all suffer, but pagan *hybris,* into which only the strong and exceptionally fortunate can be tempted. Tolstoy was, and knew himself to be, an aristocrat, a superb animal, and one of the most intelligent men who ever lived. Indeed, I cannot think of anyone else in history upon whom Providence showered so many gifts. It is hardly surprising, then, if he was tempted to think that he was a superman to whom no problem was insoluble. Behind his chapters on the nature of history, one feels his baffled fury that he, Tolstoy, should be no more able to find a satisfactory explanation of why and how historical events occur than all the little men whose ridiculous presumption he had exposed. De Maistre preached a theocracy as the only possible form of society, but he preached it as a theory he never expected would be put into practice—one suspects he would have been rather annoyed if anyone had seriously tried—but the moment Tolstoy comes to his theoretical conclusion, the times and the rest of society are ignored with a fantastic aristocratic arrogance, and he sets to work immediately to turn the Tolstoy estate into the New Jerusalem. What he lacked was not so much a hedgehog vision of unity as humility. It is proper that Alice should remember that she is not Mabel, but when she begins to believe that she is the Queen of Heaven, she, too, forgets her station. —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NORTH OF WELFARE, by William Krasner (Harper). Mr. Krasner, a thoughtful, vigorous, and consistently entertaining writer, describes a quite ordinary, unambitious, goodhearted young man, Mike Volkis, who wants to live unencumbered by creatures and possessions and jobs but knows—although the knowledge does him no good—that he is irresistibly drawn toward people who are essentially and overwhelmingly dependent on him, however consciously and however successfully they may camouflage their helplessness. In the end, he capitulates, with good, if rueful, grace, to a cold girl who seems exceedingly desirable to him, and he marries her knowing that she will drive him relentlessly into the inmost narrow of respectability, and will repay his devotion only by "improving" him as fast as possible into the conventional, obedient husband she yearns for. The scene is a street



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Monday, Sept. 27
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Tuesday, Sept. 28
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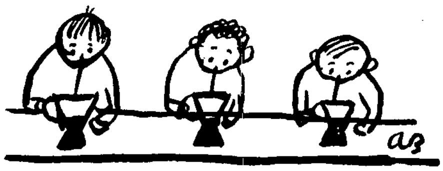
in East Harlem, and the action, for the most part, is violent.

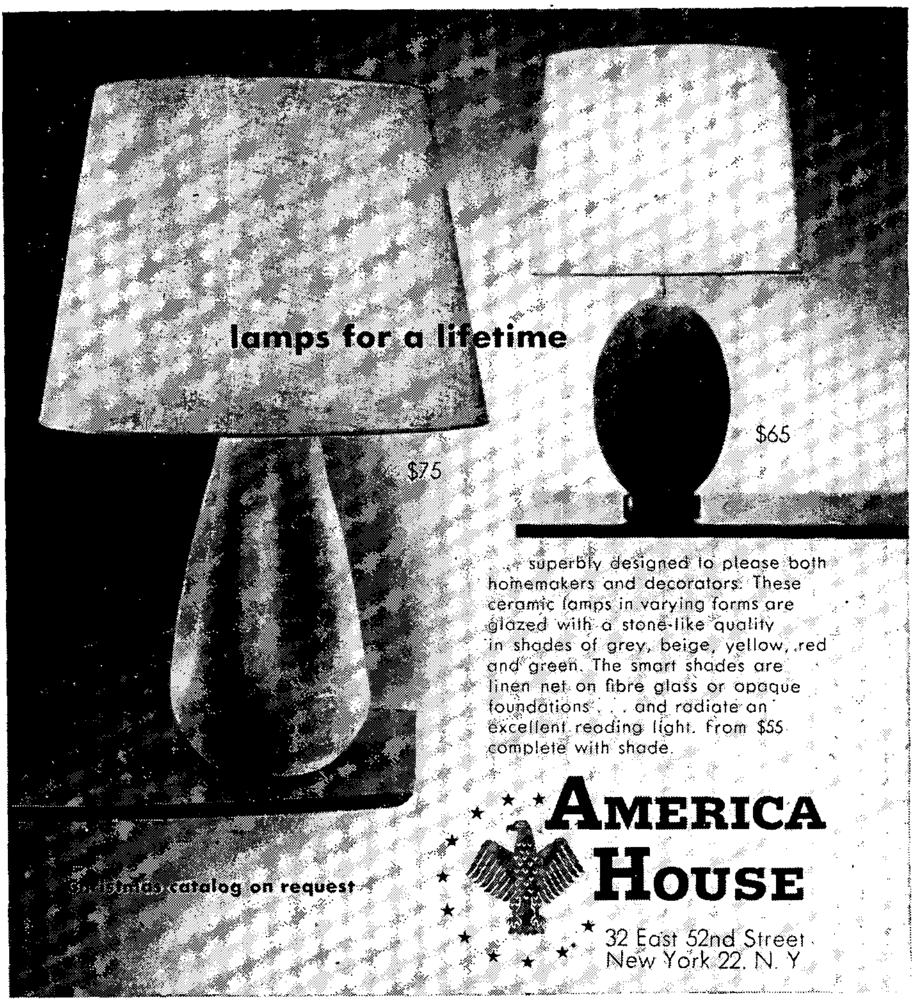
High Water, by Richard Bissell (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A fast, breezy, good-humored tale, in which a fierce Mississippi flood brings romance and a happy ending into the lives of a young orphan girl and the handsome, hardboiled river-boat mate who rescues her from the roof of a drowning house.

The Long Ships, by Frans G. Bengtsson (Knopf). This massive and adventurous story of a tenth-century Viking and his wanderings is either leisurely and engrossing or merely tedious, depending on the amount of time the reader is willing to devote to it and on the degree to which he is willing to sink himself into it. A solid book, very much alive in its deliberate, dispassionate, agreeable way, it recounts all the ins and outs and ups and downs of a great warrior named Orm, whose life was robust and untrammelled and lasted a long time. Translated from the Swedish by Michael Meyer.

Giveaway, by Steve Fisher (Random House). A seventeen-year-old Indiana high-school boy, Eddie Shelton, driven more by restlessness than anything else, runs away from home and ends up in Hollywood, where he joins forces with a mother and her teenage daughter who make their living appearing as contestants on television giveaway programs. Eddie observes a good deal during his short partnership with these two women, and what he observes disgusts him, encouraging him to go home and try to get along a little better with his family. This story, which is told in the first person by Eddie, sounds real; it is touching and also, in a general, almost remote way, amusing, although the book is not at all a funny one.

The Iron Maiden, by Edwin Lanham (Harcourt, Brace). The city room is authentic enough in this chronicle of a crisis on a big daily newspaper; but the people in the city room—those who inhabit it and those who pause on their way through or merely haunt its fringes—seem to be present only so they may draw strength and character from its strong, familiar, and inevitably fasci-

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nating atmosphere. Mr. Lanham's story is fully and variously populated, but his main concern is with a pretty, stone-hearted young woman who marries the publisher of the paper and then proceeds to bend her husband, his paper, and his staff in the directions that suit her best.

MARGIN OF ERROR, by Mary Borden (Longmans, Green). Several people who are flying at Christmastime from their native England to the small African colony that is now home to most of them are marooned in the Sahara when their plane crashes. Before they are rescued, the enforced contemplation attendant on their predicament has changed all their lives, and the lives of those who await them in Africa. This threadbare plot is neither concealed nor improved by the glaze of professional, omnipotent tolerance and understanding deposited upon it by its present manipulator, Miss Borden.

GENERAL

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE, by Lesley Blanch (Simon & Schuster). Four seething but most enjoyable studies in headlong nonconformity. The subjects are nineteenth-century European women who, though wholly dissimilar in background and temperament, were similarly possessed by imperative drives—neurotic, atavistic, or sexual—toward the desert East. Of the group, the best known—and the one that Miss Blanch, a former editor of the London *Vogue* who has an undisguised enthusiasm herself for camel bells and flyspecked splendor, lingers on longest and most revealingly—is Isabel Arundel, whose triumph it was to capture Richard Burton, the celebrated Orientalist and Islamophile, and tame him into love, domesticity, and a knighthood. While the others are examined less closely, they are, if anything, even more extraordinary figures: the Honourable Jane Digby, a post-Regency wanton who, having exhausted several dozen of the most virile males in the *Almanach de Gotha*, found emotional contentment as the wife of an Arab chieftain; Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, a product of a French convent who was abducted by corsairs and thrust into the harem of the Great Turk, where she discovered a natural bent as an enchantress; and Isabelle Eberhardt—a Russian, a mystic, and a nymphomaniac—who died in her

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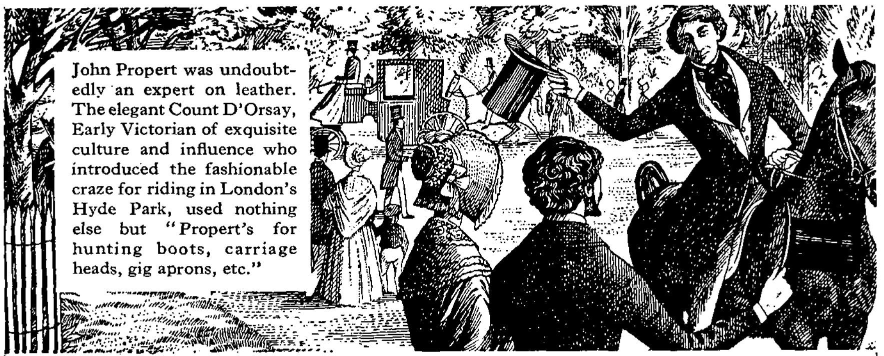
twenties, syphilitic but fulfilled, on the edge of the Sahara. Contemporary portraits and engravings.

THE ROAD TO MECCA, by Muhammad Asad (Simon & Schuster). The author, an Austrian Jew whose original name was Leopold Weiss, was doing very well as a foreign correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in the nineteen-twenties, when he became entranced by Islam. Soon, he embraced the Moslem faith and then, reversing the usual process, went to live among the followers of Mohammed. The nominal theme of this book is the author's hadj—the pilgrimage to Mecca expected of every true Moslem—which he made, with an Arab companion, in 1932, starting from the deep interior of Arabia. The tale of that journey, an absorbing one, is enriched and illumined by digressions on the theory and practice of Mohammedanism—which, unhappily, are as much at variance as they are in other religions—and by efforts to disabuse Westerners of a great deal of the nonsense they have swallowed about Islam. Muhammad Asad has risen to prominence in the Arab world (he was until recently Pakistan's Minister Plenipotentiary to the United Nations), and his adventures since his hadj will undoubtedly be the subject of another book. This one is compelling as a literary, if not as a religious, work. Photographs.

BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN: JOHN WESLEY POWELL AND THE SECOND OPENING OF THE WEST, by Wallace Stegner (Houghton Mifflin). A celebration of the home-made scientist and social prophet who is generally remembered, if at all, for his pioneering descent of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in 1869. That this feat was a memorably tumultuous triumph, Mr. Stegner is in no way inclined to deny (indeed, it occupies nearly a third of his study), but he is chiefly and far more profitably concerned with reminding us of Major Powell's later, and rather less rough-and-ready contributions—as a geologist, an agronomist, a conservationist, and, above all, a long-sighted realist—to our essential understanding of the subhumid plains and bleak plateaus that lie between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. An important book and, what is more, an exciting one. Photographs, contemporary engravings, and a tipped-in panoramic view of the Grand Can-



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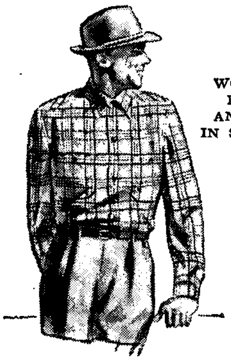

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yon. Introduction by Bernard DeVoto.

THE UMBRELLA GARDEN, by Maria Yen (Macmillan). Originally published in Hong Kong in Chinese, under the title "University Life Under the Red Flag," this account of a co-ed's year at the National Peking University under the Communists has now been adapted, with added background material, by Miss Yen and Richard M. McCarthy, for American and English readers. Any such readers who are breathless for Red atrocities and mad rapists are apt to be disappointed by the ironic, low-keyed chronicle, which pictures the Communist soldiers as amiable country boys trying to light their cigarettes from electric bulbs, the officials as insecure bumblers, and the students as the victims principally of boredom, malnutrition, and such popular songs as "The Favors of the Communist Party Are Too Many to Be Told." Miss Yen, who escaped to Hong Kong in 1950, is not crazy about the Formosa government either, and it is easy to see from her admirable and disturbing book why university students are traditionally regarded as the true conscience of China.

STEFAN AND FRIDERIKE ZWEIG: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE, translated and edited by Henry G. Alsberg (Hastings House). This is an almost unbearably painful book, because its tragic climax seems to brood over every page. Stefan Zweig and Maria Friderike von Winternitz met in 1912 and fell in love. He was even then a famous man of letters; she was a young woman, married and the mother of two children. During the years before she and Zweig were able to marry, they exchanged letters, and after their marriage, because Zweig was a prodigious traveller, they continued to. The correspondence begins on a note of high hope and joyous acceptance of the world; it ends with a letter from Zweig dated February 22, 1942—the day he took his life in a suburb of Rio de Janeiro. The letters in between reflect three decades of the glitter of the intellectual world of Europe, and they also reflect a mounting despair. Zweig, who was deeply ingrained with what he called the "Jeremiah instinct," began to be subject to melancholy in the middle nineteen-thirties; the rise of Hitler, the persecution of the Jews, the Anschluss (which deprived him of his homeland), the shadow of a war that he believed would silence

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the intellectuals for a lifetime—all these struck at him personally, and the worst blow came when he was finally cut off from people who could read the language in which he wrote. In his last years of bitterness, depression, and exile, he even divorced his wife and married another woman (who died with him in Brazil). He was a rare man, if not a particularly strong one, and a man the world could ill afford to lose. This little book is a reminder of the amount of damage jackbooted anti-intellectualism can do.

MINOR WORKS OF JANE AUSTEN, edited from the original manuscripts by R. W. Chapman (Oxford). The Oxford Illustrated Jane Austen, with Dr. Chapman's scholarly and lively editing, is one of the solid publishing achievements of our time. This volume, the sixth in the edition, will be of almost as much interest to confirmed readers of Jane Austen as the five previous ones, which comprise the novels. Very little in the book has not already been edited by Dr. Chapman and published separately, but he seems able to add something new each time he reëdits an Austen manuscript. "Minor Works" contains the three charming books of juvenilia; "Lady Susan," the sketch in the form of letters; the two unfinished novels, "The Watsons" and "Sanditon;" the satiric "Plan of a Novel, According to Hints from Various Quarters," with the author's own footnotes explaining from whom these annoying hints came; the "Opinions of 'Mansfield Park' and 'Emma,'" Miss Austen's careful compilation of her friends' comments on the two novels; and a handful of verses, charades, and prayers, including one verse written the day before her death. There are five illustrations from contemporary sources—a pleasure in themselves—and, of course, Dr. Chapman's illuminating forewords, notes, and indexes. It is to be hoped that the Oxford Press will soon round out the set with a seventh sturdy green volume, containing Dr. Chapman's edition of the Austen letters.

THE ANNOTATOR, by Alan Keen and Roger Lubbock (Macmillan). In 1940, Mr. Keen, a British bookseller, acquired an old copy of Halle's "Chronicle" scrawled with hundreds of marginal notes in an Elizabethan hand, which he soon became convinced was the young Shakespeare's.

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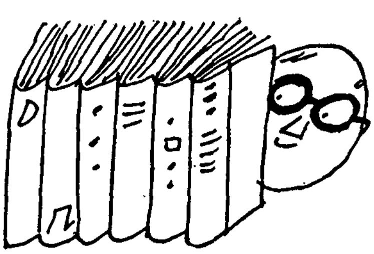
editor at large



Have you picked a book to read on Saturday, September 25?

It's a decision you should make with more than usual care, because on that night, in most parts of the country, Daylight Savings ends, giving you an extra hour of reading time.

To some this will mean time for two mysteries instead of one; others will go for a double-decker novel. My own choice will be some work of nonfiction.

If you should happen to share this interest, I'd like to recommend a writer you might not have thought of in this field: Thomas B. Costain, whose history of the French regime in Canada, "The White and The Gold," has just been published.

Costain is known for his best-selling novels. But he has also written two highly praised books of English history, and in his new work he is telling the story of his native country.

To Costain, history is chiefly a matter of personalities, and early Canadian history has some fascinating ones. Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, LaSalle, Radisson, Tonty of the Iron Hand, Marquette and Joliet: these are just a few of the famous names that come alive again in "The White and The Gold."

Here, south of the border, we know too little about Canada, and this book not only lets us in on our neighbors' past, but tells us much of our own early history as well.

Since it's a big book (though not a heavy one), I recommend it as one to be started on the longest reading night of the year.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The White and The Gold: The French Regime in Canada," ($5.00), by Thomas B. Costain is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops—especially those in Detroit and Grosse Point, Michigan. Also available, and highly recommended, are Mr. Costain's two volumes of English history, "The Conquerors" and "The Magnificent Century."

(*Advertisement*)

In this book, with the help of Mr. Lubbock, a journalist and publisher, he presents his reasons for this conviction and draws several startling conclusions, among them that Shakespeare must have spent his so-called "lost years" in Catholic noble households, perhaps even in Douay and Rome. If the annotator was Shakespeare, he was a Shakespeare singularly lacking in poetry and imagination, and the theory that he was once a Catholic raises as many problems as it solves. The chain of conjectures is nevertheless fascinating, and some of the book's appendixes—particularly a study of the six authenticated specimens of Shakespeare's signature by an expert, who finds in them symptoms of rapid alcoholic degeneration—are well worth having.

THE FEMALE APPROACH, by Ronald Searle (Knopf). The American premiere of a cartoonist well known to readers of *Punch*. It includes cartoons (among them the already celebrated St. Trinian's series), caricatures, and decorations in sufficient number and variety to make it tolerably plain that Mr. Searle is an extremely funny artist. It also demonstrates with almost equal clarity, however, that his ideas are sometimes rather on the primitive side. Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of *Punch*, contributes a cheerful introduction.

•

HARTFORD, CONN. (AP.)—Police said a man complained last night about a peeping blonde at his window.

He said the blonde looked to be about 18 years old, wore a white blouse and full skirt and could run like the dickens.—*Santa Monica (Calif.) Outlook.*

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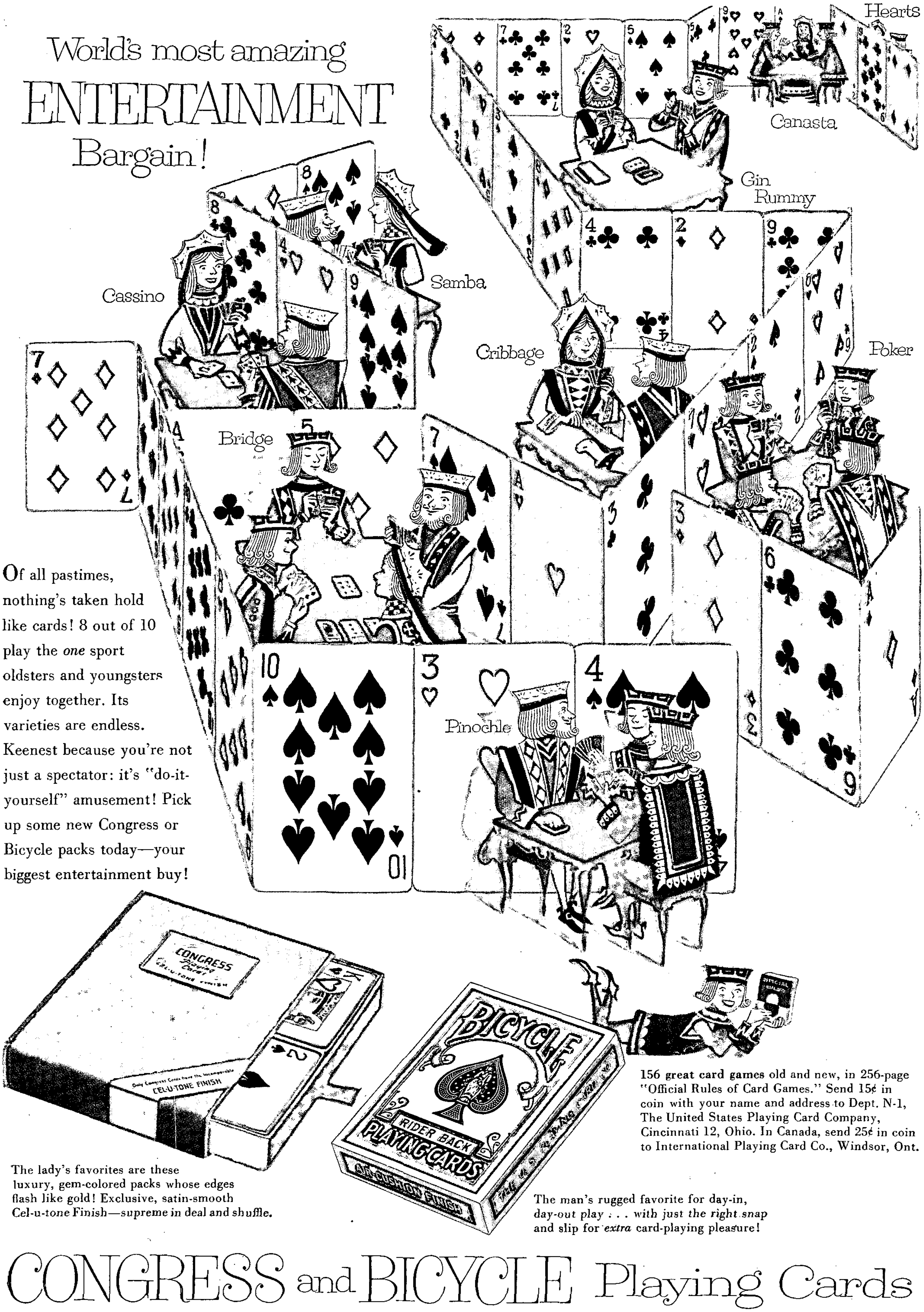
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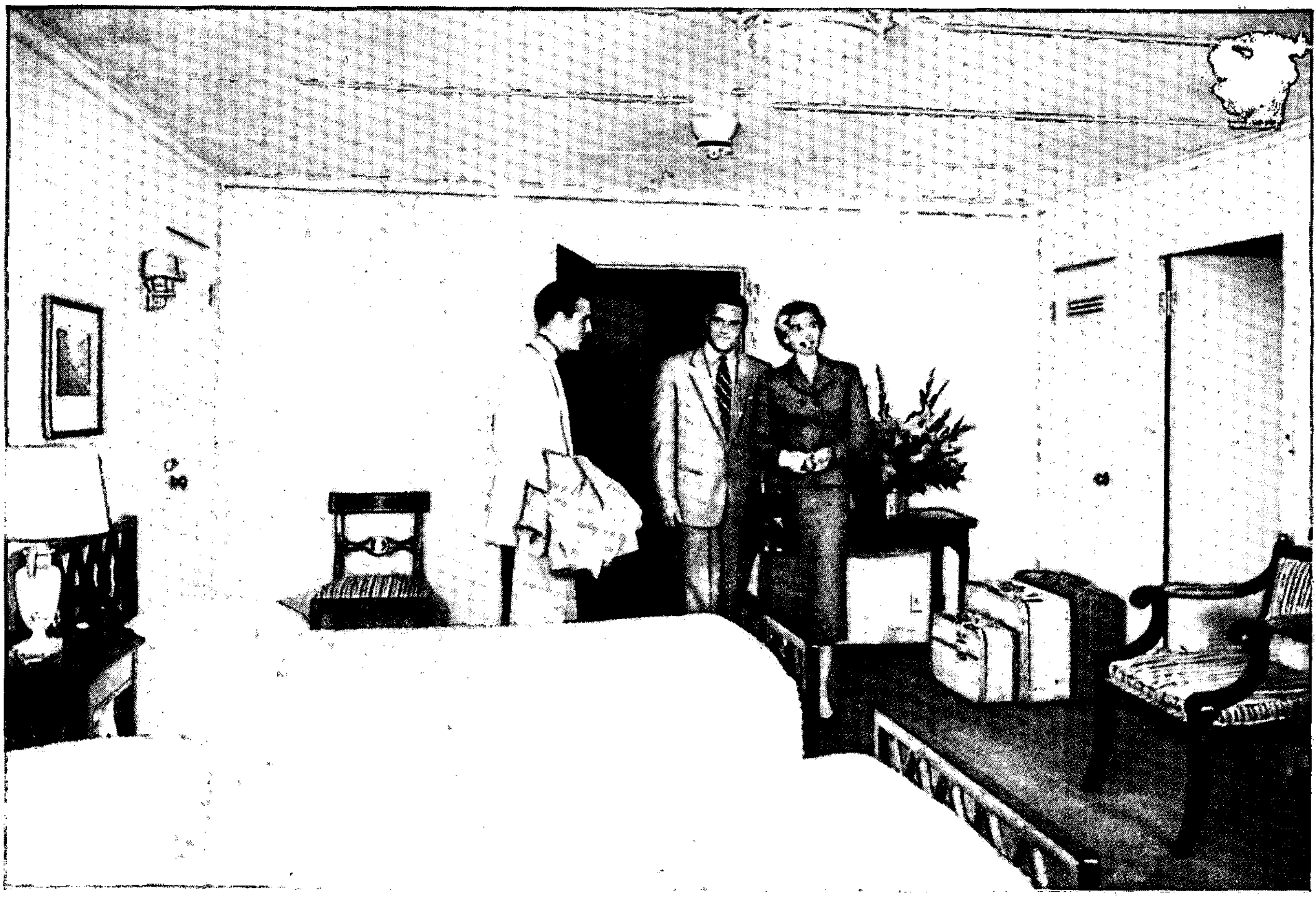
CONGRESS and BICYCLE Playing Cards

GRACE LINE



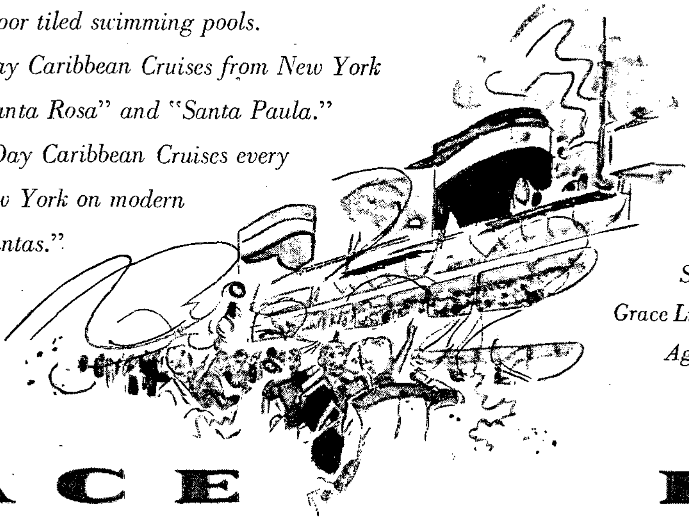
A Santa stateroom of homelike comfort and charm. Cruise clothes B. Altman & Co., N. Y. Photograph by Robert Bagby

CARIBBEAN CRUISES

Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising . . . all rooms outside, each with private bath . . . light, airy dining rooms . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools.

Twelve Day Caribbean Cruises from New York every Friday via "Santa Rosa" and "Santa Paula."

Also 16-18 Day Caribbean Cruises every Friday from New York on modern cargo-passenger "Santas."



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